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ORIEL COLLEGE

AND

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

VOL. II.

September 1882.

REMINISCENCES

CHIEFLY OF

ORIEL COLLEGE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

BY THE

REV. T. MOZLEY, M. A.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF ORIEL
SUCCESSIVELY PERPETUAL CURATE OF MORETON PINCKNEY, NORTHANTS;
RECTOR OF CHOLDERTON, WILTS; RECTOR OF PLYMTREE, DEVON;
AND RURAL DEAN OF PLYMTREE AND OF OTTERY

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REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER LXIX.

AIDS AND SUPPORTS.

THERE can seldom have occurred in the history of the world such an example of many men of high qualities and considerable promise, bringing their respective powers and opportunities to a religious cause, not clearly defined, and offering no earthly inducement whatever. In those days everybody was to rise. Ambition, whether in the Church or in any secular service, was everywhere urged. The good books of the period, whether for the poor or for the better off, had their differences; but in one thing they all agreed. You were to rise; you were to be a great man; your virtues were to be discovered, proclaimed, and rewarded, and you were to end your days in a blaze of triumph. Every boy whose quietness and steadiness marked him for Holy Orders was reminded by many examples that he might one day be a dignitary, perhaps even a bishop. Church patronage was generally administered by and for aspirants; and the quantity of what profane people called jobbery was, consequently, enormous.

With all my real love and reverence for Russell, I cannot recall that he once suggested what could be

properly called a religious motive, even in the simple form of serving God and furthering the interests of the Church. The very lowest downfall he could threaten idle boys with was that they would live to be country curates, and even then they would have to keep the accounts of a coal fund. It is only fair to say that Russell devoted all the latter part of his life to parochial duties and church work. When I met him in the streets, he would invariably ask, "What are you doing for us?" meaning for the Societies and occasional movements. It must be considered, too, that if he had ever offered the boys any motive of a distinctly Christian character, it would probably have been made a jest of, and it would have caused holy names to be taken in vain.

This proves all the more the spirit of those days. It may be pleaded in excuse for this intense earthly greed that rising was then exceedingly difficult, because there were so few openings. There was a great explosive force below, and an immense and compact weight above; so the ambition of the middle and lower classes could only heave, surge, rumble, and occasionally bellow. The instant a path to success or an avenue to promotion showed itself, it was crowded. Greek scholarship, antiquities, and Iambics, every kind of criticism, became the occupation of many hundreds who looked to see what they could get by them. Nobler minds revolted from the vulgarity of such a pursuit, and perhaps excused their idleness or their dreaminess on that score.

When the trumpet of no uncertain sound, as it seemed, was now heard at Oxford, a direction was given and no more. All were to retrace their steps to an age of which they knew nothing, except that it

was in every respect the very contrary of that we live in. As far as any hope of comfort, luxury, or splendor was concerned, it was a march to the North Pole, the Equator, or nowhere at all. That a dozen men with golden futures should abandon them for such an enterprise would be something; but hundreds did so, and if I name a few, many of my readers could easily and immediately double or quadruple the list.

In this place I wish only to enumerate them as I should the candidates for an office, or the gifts laid on the table of a bride; though one or two may detain me, to be dealt with once for all.

Copeland was an eminent and still rising man in the University when he contributed to the "Tracts for the Times," and the "Library of the Fathers." Isaac Williams was a very considerable poet, and for his share in the movement was beaten in the contest for the Professorship of Poetry by a man who could not write a line of poetry. Robert and Henry Wilberforce contributed, not the least part of their sacrifice, an illustrious name upon which England was just then desirous to heap honors and rewards. The former brought a wide range of reading and much literary power; the latter his full share in the precious heritage of a bright and sympathetic nature.

John F. Christie, born to be a poet and a novelist, preached sermons and wrote articles and reviews in the cause, and died comparatively young in the faithful and diligent discharge of parochial duties. Long after his death, a very distinguished man, and a very good judge of character, observed to me that he could not conceive Christie doing anything that he knew to be wrong. Indeed he inherited from his Scotch extraction a certain excess of scrupulosity, presenting a strong contrast to the poetical side of his character.

Henry Bowden had been Newman's earliest friend at Trinity. Together they revived at Oxford the forgotten memory of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Bowden went along with his dear friend so far as to write, in anything but a Protestant sense, the Life of Gregory the Great, but no further, though his surviving family could not rest where he had left them.

Prominent, if not the foremost of the group that contended round Newman, but fighting battles of their own, were two men, Oakley and Ward, as different as can well be imagined, but somehow as much associated as Castor and Pollux, Damon and Pythias, or any two inseparable pairs. The points in common between them were that they were both Baliol men, great names in the University, and very considerable personages to come spontaneously, from a distant part of the sphere, to a centre of attraction which did not invite everybody. Both of them, having received their new impulses, went ahead, disregarded warnings, and defied control. As it had been entirely their own choice to come, so they consulted their own choice in going on. The differences between them were great.

Oakley was a rather brilliant essayist, a poet, and a musician. He was very impressible and impulsive. Years before the movement, a clever but cynical Oriel friend described him as so impressed by worship and devotion, that if he should come upon a temple filled with a multitude prostrate before an idol, he would throw himself down amongst them. Nobody cared less for himself, or took less care of himself. He spent his life eventually serving a poor congregation, chiefly Irish, in the not very attractive region of Islington. He might be seen limping about the

streets of London — for he was very lame — a misshapen fabric of bare bones, upon which hung some very shabby canonicals. Yet his eye was bright, and his voice, though sorrowful, was kind, and he was always glad to greet an old friend. He could sometimes be induced to dine quietly at Lambeth and talk over old days with the Primate. There was always something aristocratic even in the wreck.

Ward was the very opposite in most personal respects. He represented the intellectual force, the irrefragable logic, the absolute self-confidence, and the headlong impetuosity of the Rugby school. Whatever he said or did was right. As a philosopher and a logician it was hard to deal with him. He had been instantaneously converted to Newman by a single line in an introduction to one of his works, to the effect that Protestantism could never have corrupted into Popery. Instantaneous conversions do not pretend to be amenable to the laws of reason, but it can hardly be thought a necessary note of a true Church, that it shall be easily and rapidly corruptible into something very different from its first self. The conditions of the first three centuries, and of the nineteenth, are so different that it is not possible to make a comparison between the Christians of the two periods; and any one who seriously sets about such a comparison will encounter a few surprises. Ward's weight in the University was great, and that weight he brought to Newman's cause, though eventually he became a very unaccommodating and unmanageable member of the crew. Ward, I must add, was a great musical critic, knew all the operas, and was an admirable buffo singer.

Robert J. Wilson, besides some literary power,

brought a large stock of those social qualities which in this country are the readiest means of advancement in any walk of private or public life. If he gave way to his humor till it became his leading quality, that measures the sacrifice he had to make when he addressed himself to ecclesiastical and theological questions, and the hard drudgery of translation.

Oldham was no inconsiderable figure in the group; a man of sure sense, invariable good nature, and solid abilities. He was never young, and promised never to be old, for when I saw him at the age of seventy, he looked scarcely older than he did at nineteen. If Wilson could find so much to amuse him in Oldham's singular staidness of character, he will not be surprised to find himself associated with his friend.

Woodgate, of St. John's, was one of the most important accessions from the outer circle. He was about the most popular man at Oxford, or wherever there were Oxford men, whether in Newman's cause, or when that cause had lost its chief. His popularity, however, depended latterly rather on some special unction or singular grace, beaming and warming through his face and his manner, than on the particular gifts by which it is usually acquired. He could not speak intelligibly, or hear distinctly; nor would he write with common care. Yet the very sight of his *caput honestum*, as he strove to know what was going on, and to say something to the purpose, but in vain, moved all hearts to love and accord. It only proves how little reason has to do with the affections, even in the greatest of causes.

Woodgate was Bampton lecturer about this time. He took the subject everybody was then talking and

writing about, Scripture and Tradition, and the thesis he maintained was not itself difficult. When there were no Christian Scriptures, there must have been oral teaching, and till that teaching was committed to writing by the teacher it must have remained oral tradition. The same circumstances and the same necessity must have continued in greater or less degree, and must still continue. Woodgate was said to afford a practical illustration of his thesis. Like some other Bampton lecturers, he mounted St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday with his lecture only half written, and after ten minutes, in default of Scripture, his hearers had to be content with oral tradition. Modest as the scope of his argument was, he knew what he was about, which Shuttleworth did not. Baden Powell entered the lists with "Tradition Unveiled," in a way which unveiled Scripture also, and proved, at all events, that they have a common cause.

Rogers, now Lord Blachford, a distinguished Etonian, member of an old Plymouth family, numbering among its worthies John Rogers, the Marian protomartyr, and another John Rogers, a not less consistent and obstinate Fifth Monarchy man, brought to Newman's cause a lawyer's career and prospects of office, guaranteed by sound scholarship, practical judgment, and very great industry.

Samuel Wood, brother of Charles, now Earl of Halifax, with his brother's politics, and, it may be added, his brother's abilities, had great possibilities before him, but he became warmly attached to Newman, and to the cause. I remember a discussion I had with him at Golightly's lodgings, opposite Merton Chapel, on Canning's policy. Warm I was going to

call it, but the warmth was on my side, the coolness on his. He knew much more about the matter than I did, and people seldom come well out of a controversy if they are not so well informed as their opponent. I might perhaps have known more of the matter before 1825, but on coming to Oxford I had dropped politics, and only retained some general ideas and personal antipathies or predilections.

Church, named above, the present Dean of St. Paul's, brought high critical powers, and a large stock of that poetry and philosophy which are never seen so well as together, and which enabled him to invest with a light new to English eyes the career of Anselm, the period and the work of Dante, and the christianizing of the Empire. In this he had to encounter Gibbon, and to qualify Milman.

George D. Ryder, one of Newman's early pupils, brought a name then high in the Church as well as in the State, much and deservedly reverenced in the religious world. But he had also qualities that made him valuable as well as dear to a large circle of friends; kindness, a quaint humor, knowledge of men and things, and the finer perceptions most easily learnt in good society.

Medley, leader in Burton's private classes, and, after making his mark in Devonshire, Bishop of Newfoundland, undertook a translation of Chrysostom. Charles Thornton, bearer of a respected name, and in charge of what was then a very dingy chapel in Margaret Street, undertook Cyprian. Hubert Cornish, with the talents and gentle manner of his family, and at that time taking pupils at a curacy, undertook some of Chrysostom's Homilies. Macmullen, with a University career before him, joined

the cause at every risk, and stood the consequences. Cotton, a man of much power and promise, gave his help.

Albany J. Christie, of the eminent family of auctioneers, had come up with special introductions from Blanco White and Whately, and had taken high honors. Becoming Fellow of Oriel, he took a strong line in favor of clerical celibacy, and rendered Newman material assistance in his edition of a selected portion of Fleury's "Ecclesiastical History." He finally entered the Roman Catholic Church, and the medical profession.

James Round, a Fellow and tutor of Baliol, and father of the Conservative member for Essex, gave a hearty though safe contribution in an edition of the works of the nonjuring Bishop Ken. Dodsworth, first at Margaret Street, then at Christ Church, Albany Street, early gave all he had to bring to the cause, and followed Newman to Rome.

CHAPTER LXX.

J. B. MORRIS, EDWARD CASWELL, AND DALGAIRNS.

John Brande Morris, otherwise "Jack Morris," or "Symeon Stylites," when I saw him was occupying the uppermost story of the tower over the gateway of Exeter College. His room was a chaos of books, out of which rose three or four tall reading-stands, upon each of which were open folios in tiers, the upper resting on the lower. The first production of his pen that I ever saw was "Nature a Parable." Quaint as it is, and difficult as it is occasionally, it was and is to me a very interesting book. Newman has always stood by it most resolutely, pronouncing it a beautiful poem. There are beautiful touches and beautiful passages in it, but I have not myself the courage to call the whole beautiful in the face of the very strong expressions I sometimes hear to the contrary effect. You have to understand and accept a certain groundwork, of which this poem is the natural growth. That groundwork is that Nature is much more than a Parable, at least that a true Christian makes it much more. The book excited a storm of indignant criticism when it came out, and from a purely literary point of view it was vulnerable. But where there was so much to be found fault with, it was hardly necessary that a reviewer, finding a line about missionaries ending with "wives that eat," should stop the quotation there and omit the follow-

ing line, signifying that they absorbed too much of their husbands' time and attention. My own opinion is that Morris ought always to have written nothing but poetry, and that in that case he might have become a great poet. His line of thought is not one that readily adapts itself to prose.

When I edited the "British Critic" for two years, I received an article from Morris, I believe the one on "Pantheistic Tendencies," April, 1842. Never in my life did I see such a crabbed, complicated, twisted, unintelligible piece of English. Though my time was precious, the day of publication approaching, MSS. coming in, and myself with much in hand, I sat up one whole night trying to lick the cub into shape; to make it comprehensible, or at least not wholly unfit to appear. Yet I doubt whether many read the article, or whether I did any good by my pains, except try the writer's admirable temper.

Morris, I presume, wished to be understood. His "Nature a Parable" is intelligible, even though the meaning lies under the surface, between the lines, and not always in the text. But prose does not generally admit of letting the meaning play about in the air. In the article I am speaking of Morris seemed to aim at bringing as many mysteries as he could into a sentence, leaving them to struggle which would first present themselves to the reader. Morris undertook some of Chrysostom's Homilies. Whether he excelled most as a translator or as an original writer I could not say.

Edward Caswell, also, was one of the quaintest of men, but he was quaint after the manner of men. He was younger brother of Henry Caswell, who, from certain misgivings as to English Orders, and the

political complications of the English Church, took American Orders, and wrote about the American and Canadian churches. Henry published also an account of Mormonism, for which purpose he visited the "Prophet" in his city. Soon after that he came home to spend the rest of his days in the heart of Salisbury Plain. Edward had a vein of humor all his own. When an undergraduate he wrote the "Art of Pluck." This humor he had to chastise, but it occasionally broke out, and might be detected even in his serious writings. He loved to hover free between the seen and the unseen world.

He had for some years the charge of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury, containing the famous borough of Old Sarum, and himself occupying an old mansion full of historical associations. When on a visit at his house, he entertained me with the probable meditations of a toad that had been found under the pavement of the church, where it must have been, hearing though not seeing all that passed above, for centuries. As Caswell had to leave early the next morning, I was asked to take the early daily service for him. The congregation consisted of the clerk, some school children, and a bright-looking old fellow, with a full rubicund face and a profusion of white hair. The service over, the children went to the parsonage for the breakfast they had well earned. The old gentleman hung behind, waiting for me. He expressed his warm approval of the daily service. When people had nothing else to do, they could not do better than say prayers. For his part his work was over, and he was proud of it. He had been the Borough of Old Sarum, and had returned two representatives to Parliament for forty years, all honest

men and gentlemen, not the sort of fellows they were sending to Parliament "in these days."

Caswell followed Newman to Rome, and was for many years associated with him at Edgbaston. His wife had died young. It was stated that he gave all her fortune to religious uses, — masses for the repose of her soul, so people expressed it, possibly putting their own construction on the matter.

Dalgairns was a man whose very looks assured success in whatever he undertook, if only the inner heat, which seemed to burn through his eyes, could be well regulated. His account of the Abbesses Angélique and Marie des Anges, two leading figures in the history of Port Royal, deserved the unqualified admiration of all sides; but one side at least made the discovery that these ladies did not patronize the laundress, or "tub," quite as often as is now the custom of genteel society, and heavy was the storm of indignation that fell on Dalgairns. He went with Newman to Littlemore, and thence to Edgbaston. This, so far as the Church of England is concerned, was the end of a man who, I feel sure, might have taken his place among the most popular and instructive writers of the age, and become a household word in England.

As I tell these names, and feebly recount their services, other names, and other still pierce through the haze of many years. The constellation grows, and brightens, and surrounds me. Some have gone their way, and I have gone mine. There has been failure and shortcoming; decay of mental power, and diminution of lustre, not without touch of sadder infirmity. There have been mistakes, miscalculations, and extravagances, with humbling and mortifying consequences. But in no like cause, or like number or

kind of men, was there ever less to be remembered with shame. If I may estimate them by the measure of my own feelings, they are all good and true men; they are a goodly company that will never wholly part, and what they lack of present unity or other fulfilment, they will hereafter enjoy.

CHAPTER LXXI.

WILLIAM FROUDE.

WILLIAM FROUDE gave his heart in with his brother's work at Oriel, though his turn even then was for science, and his lot was eventually cast in railway engineering and naval construction. He was the chemist as well as the mechanist of the college. His rooms on the floor over Newman's were easily distinguishable to visitors entering the college, by the stains, of sulphuric acid I think, extending from the window sills to the ground. The Provost must sometimes have had to explain this appearance to his inquiring guests, as they could not but observe it from his drawing-room window.

He made laughing-gas and kept a depôt in his rooms. This was freely resorted to with various and ridiculous results. It was about this time that an officer superintending the recruiting service, who used regularly to attend Daubeny's lectures in the basement of the Ashmolean, upon taking laughing-gas, attacked the company so vigorously that in half a minute he had the room to himself. One of the sweetest tempered men I ever knew, upon taking the gas, doubled his fists, and made menacing gestures at the company, with a smile which seemed to say that he could soon get the better of us all if he wished it. Cameron, no doubt from the North, imbibed the harmless intoxication, and immediately while

retaining his sedentary posture, revolved round his seat as far as the back would allow, making a wonderful burring sound. He afterwards explained that he had imagined himself a regiment of cavalry performing rapid evolutions.

I declined to partake of either Daubeny's gas or W. Froude's. Hurrell Froude asked me why. I said I could not voluntarily put myself beyond my own control. He replied, "Then you must not go to bed." Of course the answer to that is that one must sleep, but one need not take laughing-gas, and that sleep is an ordinance of the Almighty, which laughing-gas cannot be called, except in the same sense that alcohol may be. Froude brought down his apparatus one day to Henry Wilberforce's rooms, when Robert happened to be there, myself also. Robert imbibed, and in a minute was pursuing us all about the room with cushions or anything he could lay hold of. While we were all dodging him, James Bliss entered with an old Oriel relative, who had high ideas of college propriety, and was somewhat surprised to find himself immediately belabored by a tutor he had heard much of, but never seen before.

William Froude took a small Oxford sailing boat, strengthened its frame, decked it fore and aft, and himself made a pump with which he could discharge the water as fast as a waterman standing in the river could throw it in with a bucket. He gave much study and pains to the work, putting it to severe tests. His intention was to sail down the Thames and the Channel, up the Dart, and surprise his father at Dartington. But he wanted a comrade, as he must sleep, and might find himself in difficulties. He asked me to share the perils of the voyage. I was

charmed with the idea, assented, and made my plans accordingly. The day before our intended cruise he chanced to make the timely discovery that I had not the least idea of navigation, and that I trusted entirely to mother wit to get me safe through. He did not think this sufficient, and either gave up the scheme or carried it out in a very modified form, the boat making its appearance in the Dart somehow or other.

William Froude worked some years, under Brunel, in laying out the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and from the way in which I have heard him speak of his master's tendency to grand and costly ideas, I conclude that he did something to check his extravagance in this part of the Great Western system.

For many years before his death he was laboriously and anxiously, but successfully employed in experiments upon the respective resistance which various forms of vessels meet with when in motion through water, and also upon flotation and oscillation. The conclusion come to, and mathematically as well as experimentally demonstrated, was that there had been great mistakes. One way of putting it was that whereas it had always been supposed a ship was a fish, it is really a duck. It is one of those truths that have only to be pointed out and one sees the reason. These experiments were conducted in a tank a hundred yards long, under a shed, with an engine at one end. The engine drew the various models through the water at various rates of speed, and there was an apparatus for measuring the tension of the rope, which would of course indicate the force necessary to be employed, which would be according to the resistance of the water in each case. There was also an apparatus for producing a storm. It is

to be feared the work and the extreme delicacy of the experiments, not to speak of the elaborate calculations necessary, proved too much for W. Froude. So it appeared to me when I visited him several years before he succumbed.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THOMAS STEVENS.

Others there were, men of position, hopes of families, and destined pillars of society or centres of some local world. Some had extraordinary powers not finding their scope in the beaten track of life, and only to show themselves in something approaching to eccentricity. Of these, several contributed to the movement their friendship and their influence, with a sincerity costing their life's work, and all they had in the world. One of the first examples to occur to Oriel men will be Thomas Stevens, the Founder and Warden of Bradfield College.

It is often said that the child is father of the man, but the child is more easily seen in the man, than the man in the child. To be the founder of a public school, designed to emulate, and in some important respects to surpass, those which are among the glories of England, was about the very last thing that could have been imagined of "Tom Stevens." Nobody so easy, nobody so pleasant to get on with, nobody so full and overflowing with practical matters. But classics and literature did not seem his line. He was a true child of Nature, and of her kindliest mould. There was a homely wit and rural dignity about him that always recalled green fields, water-rights, timber-falling, and harvest time. Such a character was a pleasant contrast to those who had their fortunes

still to make, or had had large fortunes provided for them. The heir of two or three thousand acres is but a small man compared with the heir of half a county, or better still half a suburb. But there was something free, ready, and wholesome in Stevens' talk, that usually seemed solid ground to rest upon.

He had a troop of friends about him, always at home there. Like most genial men he had special command over nature, as well as the human kind; though I think it was not he, but his friend John Marriott, who could call a cuckoo and make it perch a few yards from him. Thomas Stevens kept a tame snake in his room, which he could whistle out of its hole in the floor for a saucer of milk at breakfast time. He rented an apartment in the town where he used to employ himself, properly armed and attired, for hours in stuffing birds. Going out one morning with his gun to Bagley Wood, he brought home fifty different species and varieties. But there were arriving also, in various stages of preservation, birds from Norway and other countries. The museum he established at Bradfield soon contained two hundred and fifty specimens, all of his own stuffing. Every now and then Stevens had to go home, and sacrifice a term, in looking after his father's property, for his father was squire as well as rector, and in years. When he returned to college it was to talk of saw-mills, crops, wages, and poor-rates.

Not very long after taking his degree, Stevens formed his own Poor Law Union, and had some very hard fights with the prejudices which prevailed against the new system. The Bradfield Poor Law Union was so well formed, and worked so well, that the department pressed him into its service, and

made him Assistant Poor Law Commissioner. In that capacity he drove over the country far and wide, wherever there was a bit of rough work to be done, a refractory Board of Guardians, or some old Parliamentary Union obstinately persisting in its own lines.

Stevens had at last to take orders and settle. His father's friends told him he must do as his fathers had done, for they had been rectors and squires of Bradfield for two centuries. But Stevens inherited a practical genius which could not find its whole sphere even in this double character. It is not very difficult to hold to one career, but when a man has added a second to it he immediately wants a third. There are "Jacks of all trades," but never of two.

An ancestor of Stevens had been captain-general of Charles I.'s wagon train, or transport service, and in constant communication with that king and his ministers, at Oxford and elsewhere. He had managed to keep them and their horses well supplied with food and other requisites under very difficult circumstances, doing much of his work by night, and making distant forays, with the connivance of the Royalist proprietors, whose corn, hay, and straw he carried off to the Royalist headquarters.

Stevens was nephew of Tinney, the eminent Chancery lawyer, and had thus legal as well as practical ability in his blood. When, therefore, on the death of his father, he finally settled in his double position at Bradfield, it was on the express condition that he was to do "something." Whatever he did grew in his hands. Perhaps the spirit of Oriel, and the contagion of Newman, told in that. He put his hand to his village church, and it became a small

cathedral. The little organ grew into a big one. Two or three village lads multiplied into a choir. They must have some education, and so there came a good school; two indeed, one better than the other. The better school grew into a college, with magnificent buildings, on Stevens' own land, a few hundred yards from his front windows. He trained his own artisans. A lad was apprenticed to him to learn the trade of a blacksmith, and became a second Quentin Matsys, and might perhaps have grown into an Apelles. But the founder had to be warden, and to maintain the life of the college as well as its bodily frame. He had to manage schoolmasters, a race that loves its own way, and cannot easily work in harness.

Who could have expected such a development from the bird-stuffer and land-bailiff? Yet it can be easily traced backwards, especially if we take into account the element of a nobler ambition supplied by a residence in those days in the circle of Newman's friends at Oriel College. The generous flame caught a rich material, and it burnt well.

That there was a vast and lamentable intermixture of error in all this outcome is no more than must be admitted of all movements whatever. There was much exaggeration; there was excessive self-confidence; there was often the disregard of sound advice and the plain dictates of common sense; there was the reading of providence by the light of one's own inclination, and there was even a neglect of the homely maxim, "Be just before you are generous." The fate of Radley I have to tell. The elder of the two Monroes, who were at Oriel about this time, founded a school at Harrow Weald for the transmutation of raw ploughboys into sweet choristers and

good scholars, and he easily obtained the assistance of confiding college friends, philanthropists, and dignitaries. It was a forcing-house, and wanted money to keep it going; money, and more money. When that failed, the little paradise collapsed, and Monro found himself and his poor *protégés* under the iron heel of vulgar necessity.

Bradfield College survives, but has ruined its founder. He started in that complex and absolute position which Englishmen seem to have a special weakness for, and which they seem to tolerate in everything and everybody, except the Pope. He was rector, squire, priest, and king. His house was parsonage and mansion, all in one. To this hybrid form he must add the material plant, and the wardenship of a most magnificent college. It was calculated to flourish and pay its way on 150 scholars, and there really seemed no reason why it should not attain that measure of popularity, and even exceed it. But the competition, both that from the beginning and that which came after, was overwhelming. Marlborough was already in the field, Woodard was now starting his first, second, and third-class schools all over the kingdom. Wellington College rose like a *mirage* in a summer's day, peopling a waste. Reading developed a public school. All the public schools were putting on steam. Charterhouse went down into the country within a walk of Berkshire, which, with Eton at one end and Oxford at the other, and half a dozen private schools midway, was now the school-ground of England. These rivals had the benefit of ancient foundations, noble and wealthy benefactors, national subscriptions, or Royal patronage; some had a strong hereditary hold on the best blood of the nation.

Stevens had to do everything himself. Every pound in his pocket, every acre, every brick and stone, in his ancient patrimony, did the Warden of Bradfield College throw into the tremendous venture, fighting against such odds as no hero of romance ever encountered. It was all in vain, and Bradfield College has now that touch of tragic interest which in one way or another is ever to be found in the noblest of human enterprises.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

WILLIAM SEWELL.

William Sewell, the founder of Radley College, was for a long time one of the most prominent men in the University, and always before the public as the most industrious of readers and of writers. Had he thought a little more he might have written to more purpose; and had he tried for less he might have obtained more. Newman observed that he had a word ready for everything. His words and his ideas thus fitted too quickly, and he never had occasion to see them better mated, or to improve either his conceptions or his expressions. Hard thinkers like Hampden called him namby-pamby, that is, without solidity, consistency, and formation. He had an exuberance of style which oddly corresponded to the rotundity of his face and form. However, there was fire within, and he was ambitious and enterprising. His rooms were a show.

When the Professorship of Moral Philosophy was founded or revived, it suggested itself to a good many minds not likely, for one reason or another, to find a vocation in any other professorship. Sewell, to be beforehand, established a Moral Philosophy Club, which was to meet at the members' rooms in succession, to hear papers and to hold discussions. In effect it was he who wrote and he who talked, for the rest were unprepared, and he was always well prepared;

indeed, only too happy to make up for everybody's default. This proved a great encouragement to the general idleness.

On one occasion, when all were assembled at Sewell's own rooms, and nobody had anything to read or to say, Sewell, rose to the rescue. He had been reading a very learned work on the interior history of Mahomedanism. It presented in all respects the most marvellous correspondence to the history of the Christian Church; exactly corresponding schools, sects, divisions, controversies, tendencies, shades of thought, and varieties of practice. Point at anything in the Christian Church, and Sewell could put his finger on the Mahomedan equivalent. *Mutato nomine*, the two things were the same; that is, the same morally and intellectually, and in what most people hold to be the substance of religion. Sewell gave illustrations, and named the Fathers, the Reformers, the leaders of thought, and the founders of schools in Mahomedanism, the very counterpart of our own. In truth, Cæsar was very like Pompey, and as to be like is a feminine and dependent quality, it followed that Mahomedanism was the likest of the two. Sewell was still dilating in this strain, and seemingly on the eve of still more startling disclosures, when the clock told us time was up. The club looked like a club; it said nothing, asked no questions, and parted, sadder perhaps, but not very much the wiser. There was not much gained by having it made out so satisfactorily that Turk is only another name for Christian, that is, for the Christian corresponding to the Turkish variety.

At another meeting of the club in Oriel College, Sewell had made a great *coup*. He had got Jacob-

son to come. The discussion was desultory; but Sewell had contributed so ample a share that he could justly claim the honors of the day. Turning round, he rallied some of the members on the smallness of their contributions to the day's entertainment. They were used to it, and submitted. He felt emboldened to attack the new member. "Jacobson, I think you 've said nothing to be remembered." "Nor heard," was all the reply; and so began and ended Jacobson's relations to the club.

Jacobson cannot be named without a word more. To think of a man being the dear, admired, and trusted friend of two such different and differently circumstanced men as Henry Wilberforce and John Thaddeus Delane, the late and long editor of the "Times"! Newman, I must say, was a little surprised when Jacobson took charge of Iffley, delivered seventeen discourses, published them as Parochial Sermons, and gave up his charge.

But to return to W. Sewell. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was considered to do Newman good service both as professor and also as a writer of reviews. In 1839 there was a more important professorship, that of Logic, to be filled. The University itself, it should be borne in mind, had little to give in those days, while the expectants were many. The final list of candidates for this position was Mitchell, Lowe, Vaughan, Wall, Stocker, Lancaster, Sewell, and Hill of St. Edmund Hall. In the letter from Rogers, now Lord Blachford, containing the list, and dated May 24, 1839, every name is underlined to show the extraordinary character of the conjunction. How many more lines might he add now! Sewell had called on Newman. He had been

a little afraid that by jumping into the candidature he might incur the opposition of Newman, or of his friends. So he came with a sop. This was nothing less than a hope, implying the use of his influence, that upon his own election to the chair of Logic Newman might succeed to his own cast-off shoes, that is, the chair of Moral Philosophy. He would use his influence for Newman in that matter, even though it would not be without some sacrifice, for he did apprehend that Newman's treatment of moral philosophy might diverge from his own. However, the word was passed among Newman's friends to support Sewell, and that earnestly.

Four years before this, in 1835, Sewell had offered himself for the head-mastership of Winchester College, when Moberly was elected. He was said to be much disappointed. As tutor of his college, he did little else but talk to his pupils, especially those that he thought he could most rely on to benefit by his talking, or who might become men of influence. The result was they got wearied with his talk; forgot it; didn't get up their books, and lost their honors.

Sewell started Radley College, literally squatting, that is, holding by a temporary and precarious tenure, on the estate to which Sir George Bowyer has now long succeeded. The institution was made the opportunity of some grand experiments, and of course was over-built, and had to go through the common experience of economical reverses. There ensued a sad deficit, ascribed to a careless and unbusiness-like brother, who had the management of the accounts.

Henry Wilberforce sent a dear son there, who died at the college, as the parents thought, grossly neg-

lected, and without their being prepared for the sad news. Henry hastened to Radley, but instead of being allowed to vent his grief and complaints, he found himself soundly rated by Sewell for sending so delicate a child there, and injuring, by his inevitable death, the good name of the college.

The system pursued was mediæval, as far as names could go. Sewell himself was warden, and delighted in the exercise of monastic discipline and the use of monastic phraseology. The religious newspapers were appalled to hear that Radley boys went every night to their "cubicles." However, the college holds its ground, and is one outcome of the Oxford movement; so at least its enemies have long been proclaiming.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Among the Oriel worthies associated with the movement is one who stands in a very different category from the above. I cannot pass without notice James Anthony Froude, for he has invited a controversy as to his relations with Newman and the "Tractarians," and has himself contributed to it with some variety of feeling and expression. It is plainly a matter in which it is allowable, and indeed important, that I should present my monograph of one who has had a very peculiar and significant part assigned to him in these discussions, and who has become one of our first essayists, historians, and politicians.

Besides my long friendship with the two elder brothers, I resided at Oriel during the first year of Anthony's undergraduateship; I was in the same staircase with him, and had official relations to him. I ceased to be a Fellow in September, 1836, and from that date I resided in Salisbury Plain; but I had a brother then residing in the college, another brother residing in Oxford, and Newman was then my brother-in-law. With all these I was in correspondence, and was occasionally seeing them, and visiting Oxford.

The first thing I heard about Anthony Froude was that immediately upon coming up he showed himself

very shy of Newman. It was Newman, probably, who had managed that he should have his brother's old rooms, over his own, and this he objected to. He was not going to be in leading-strings. Newman had parties, chiefly undergraduate, in the common room every Tuesday evening, and he could not fail to invite the brother of his two old friends, but I believe I am right in saying that Anthony seldom came. My brother James was engaged in the most laborious work of his laborious life, editing the "Remains of Richard Hurrell Froude," but I do not believe he had much, if any, communication with Anthony. All this was quite compatible with a high admiration of Newman's character, preaching, talking, and writing. That admiration was then shared by many at Oxford, and elsewhere, who after allowing themselves to be carried away by a chain of argument or a flow of eloquence, would suddenly break the spell, as they felt it to be, by a violent protest. Anthony Froude had a great admiration for his father and for his brother, but while he admired he felt oppressed and repelled. The mightier the influence, the more he struggled against it. I believe he felt the same necessity for self-assertion in regard to Newman. He certainly derived much of his style from Newman, for it is hard to say whom else he could have derived it from. It is far more imaginative and poetic; far more capable of carrying the reader away, and placing him in a new and unexpected position, than the style of any one else about him. But if, under this fascination, feeling it, and to some extent yielding to it, Anthony kept the party and the movement at arm's length, and did it perhaps rather roughly, there was nothing to blame in it, or even to remark upon.

Why should a young fellow of seventeen or eighteen, coming to Oxford, for study, for society, for amusement, for honors, and for getting on in the world, bother himself about such matters as the Tracts were written upon? Why should he busy himself in all the details of Becket's career, commit himself against the Royal Supremacy, and bewilder himself amongst the Early Fathers? If he had consulted the Provost I am quite sure the Provost would have advised him to leave all these things alone, and devote himself to his college course; and I am not sure I should not have done the same.

But this is a question of fact, and the fact is that Anthony Froude kept aloof not only from Newman's friends, but from most Oriel society. Something had happened to him, and he was hardly quite himself most of his undergraduateship. There was a story that he had been disappointed in a love affair, but it was early days for that. He only knew what was in his head, but he was so unapproachable that Oriel is not answerable for it. Everybody knows that a man may live in a college, and yet be no more of the college than he can become a horse by living in a stable. His habits and amusements were solitary.

This perfectly independent course Anthony Froude pursued till he became Fellow of Exeter. Newman had felt the disappointment, but he had been powerless to prevent it, and had perhaps been too busy to make the attempt. Anthony's own account of himself, and his early recollections, and not less what all the world may now see in his writings, throw some light on the mystery of his early college life. He combined in a rare degree self-confidence, imagination, and inquiry; and he very early encountered and

felt the antagonism of authority. Parents laid down the law, no matter in what direction, just as peremptorily, and often as harshly, sixty years ago, as they do now. Youthful divers into the abyss were then pulled up quite as sharply by their less audacious elders as they can be now.

There was a sort of stoicism about Archdeacon Froude's character which sometimes surprised those who had only seen him for a day or two, conversing, or sketching, or sight-seeing. He once rather shocked his clergy by delivering a charge while a very dear daughter was lying dead in his house; but there was a romantic conception of duty in the act which affords some key to Richard Hurrell's character. From his early years Anthony felt chilled, crushed, and fettered. So at least say those who are better acquainted with his books than I am.

Any one has only to put the dates together to see that Anthony can have seen very little indeed of his brother Richard Hurrell at an age to derive any impression from him, or to be conscious of agreement or disagreement. Public schools and universities separate men from their families, and brother from brother very much; Arnold observes in one of his sermons, too much. All regularly meet at Christmas in a round of small festivities; many meet at Easter for a mere sight of one another; and during August and the first fortnight of September, young men and boys are commonly on their wanderings. While Hurrell Froude was at Oriel, Anthony was some years at Westminster. Early in 1832, there were indications of Hurrell's fatal illness, and as soon as it could be managed, he sailed for the Mediterranean. Anthony was then fourteen. If anything can be concluded

from Hurrell's published letters about this time to his brother William, he might be advising Anthony to read the Bible, and some work of a theological character, and to beware of Liberalism. Hurrell returned from the Mediterranean next summer; paid as many visits as he could manage in three or four months, and then went to Barbadoes, from which he returned to Oxford in the summer term of 1835.

Anthony, then seventeen, was summoned from his tutor at the village of Merton to meet him for two or three days. There was then a double bar to communication between them, even if there could have been serious communication in such a bustle, and in so short a time. Hurrell was incessantly talking about all sorts of things, it must be admitted returning to the Liberals very often; and Anthony was in the clouds. Later in that year the two brothers might see more of one another at Dartington, but Hurrell was then a dying man, strong enough to testify, and likely enough to do so, yet not to be accused of tyranny, or of making an undue use of his seniority, if he spoke his mind plainly to a brother so much his junior, and in that state of haze which might suggest misgivings.

Such are the simple facts of the case, and if any one will compare the dates, and consider the circumstances, he will see that they afford little ground for two misconceptions that have arisen, and which Anthony has himself unfortunately favored. One of these misconceptions is that there was an undue and overpowering pressure on his intellect and belief, by various relatives, elders, and acquaintances; the other, that under this pressure he became a Tractarian, or whatever else the thing is to be called,

and had afterwards to extricate himself from this false position by an effort which cost him his faith altogether.

I am sorry to say I never read Anthony's books embodying these misconceptions, though I might have seen them lying on a table here or there. I was not much in the way of the current literature then, and had not much time or money either. But I was painfully aware of the fact that something like a yell of triumph was raised in certain circles — there are examples of it in Whately's and Hampden's correspondence — at what was now described as the legitimate result of excessive demands upon faith. Grave writers began to point out, what is very questionable indeed, that infidelity is the outcome of Roman Catholicism, not of Protestantism, and that its birthplace is not Germany, or England, but France.

I do not think that a single being in Oriel interfered in the slightest degree with Anthony Froude's religious convictions while he was there. For the time I was at college with him I had relations with him as *Censor Theologicus*, in which capacity I might be supposed at liberty to make any demands on Anthony's faith or submission. But all I had to do was to look over his sermon notes, and satisfy myself as well as I could that he had been at one of the University sermons, and had given some attention to it. In this capacity I can answer for it that nothing remarkable passed between me and Anthony, unless it be that Anthony, having once hurt his knee, begged leave to analyze any sermon I might name instead of walking to St. Mary's. Moreover, the Provost had the overhauling of the "Notes" at the "Collections," and as he turned the leaves rapidly over, he naturally

availed himself of the Censor's annotations, to discover the questionable passages in the undergraduate's text.

In 1842 Anthony Froude was elected Fellow of Exeter. If Sewell then made a set at him, it would only amuse Anthony, and moreover it would not be in the lines of the movement, from which Sewell kept almost as clear as he. However, in a year or two, it reached Oriel College that Anthony was very much disturbing the serious members of his new college by the boldness of his speculations, and by the pleasure he seemed to feel in destructive paradoxes. Very sad suspicions were entertained.

After a time a reaction was reported. Anthony, it was said, wanted employment, and felt that he had no right to expect happiness in religion, if he was not working for it. Such a report reached Newman, and in such a form that he thought the time had come, and indeed that there was a providential opening, for him to invite Anthony's assistance.

Then comes the question which no man can answer. Why did Newman pick out from all the extraordinary Lives of Saints, the most extraordinary, and the most surpassing belief, for Anthony to shatter what was left of his convictions upon. The story ran in Oxford that Anthony accepted the task, and was very soon discussing it in college with more and more freedom. It was even added that while translating this mass of legends for Newman, he was indulging in a by-play, a bit of inventive hagiography or satire on the work before him. As Baden Powell was distinguishing himself in this line, perhaps Anthony Froude may have got the credit.

The result was a sudden snap of the slight and precarious tie. There had never been any real joining, and where the old crack had been there was now a complete fracture. But it is a very old story, and a very universal story, to plead an abuse of faith as an extenuation of unbelief. Nor is it a logical process, for it implies that unbelief wants extenuation, and that in faith there is a just mean. Hampden immediately seized on it as "a valuable evidence of the working of Tractarianism," which he described as "a general corruption of moral feeling."

Anthony Froude has latterly reviewed the story of his life, and of his own feelings, with more consideration, and more knowledge of the world. In the ordinary sense of the word, his career has been a reaction against the movement. The same may be said of the many writers who have only protested against it with increasing animosity and decision from the day it showed itself, and who never had a spark of sympathy with it. But that is very different from the reaction imagined by Newman's opponents for Anthony Froude.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE SACRIFICE AND THE WORK.

MANY of the above, and many more that could be named, had taken high University honors, had won prizes, and were in University offices, then more than now the road to the highest promotion. They sacrificed a good deal to what they must have considered the obligation of duty and of truth, exposing that for the time to some degree of obloquy also. They were denounced and abused from pulpits and platforms; by controversialists and novelists, and by many whose good opinion they could not but grieve to have lost. Most of these volunteers to the standard of truth, as they deemed it, would have been much greater men in their own original lines. Nay, the coast was all the clearer, and the competition the less fierce, for the number of those that were leaving the great highway to eminence, and taking a side path leading to nothing in this world.

It is true that common action and the spirit of a common cause keep up the fire and light of life, foster many virtues, and bring out unknown powers. But what was the common action to which many of these men of mark, of genius, and of high expectations were taking themselves? Many of them, almost before they knew well what they were about, were giving up the best years of their life and the first fruits of their newly acquired scholarship to the most labo-

rious drudgery and most thankless of all works, — Translations of the Fathers. They had to give long days and nights for long periods to the study of very indifferent Greek or Latin, — the matter itself often below the level of the language; and they had to produce an English rendering in which grace, eloquence, dignity, indeed style of any kind, was out of the question.

It is not too much to say that few of these translations are readable. Indeed, if anybody wishes to read the "Fathers," he will find it much the better course to master the difficulty of the language and read the original, instead of laboring through a translation which is neither English nor Greek. Yet nothing else could be attempted, for exact, not to say literal fidelity is the first rule of translation when the subject is Christian truth and morality. Some of these men had to write articles on subjects they knew or cared little about; to learn as they went on, and perhaps to know just so much at the end as to repent of having ever begun.

But besides those who enrolled themselves as workers and placed themselves under orders, there was a rapidly increasing crowd of other men who would do the like, if not the same. If a man is sufficiently confident of his own powers, he will naturally rather publish entirely on his own account than take a place in a series, entailing conditions of time and outward form, besides a certain share of the general responsibility. So editions and translations of the Fathers were announced at Oxford and Cambridge, and everywhere.

The old editions of the Fathers and great divines that had long been the lumber of old libraries and

second-hand book shops, folios that had been almost on their way to the grocers, or to the pulp-vat, the survivors of many that had gone that way, were now quoted in the market with rising prices. Intending purchasers went to the great booksellers' and the auction rooms, and found themselves outbid by agents from the United States. What had been waste paper a year or two before was now waited for with longing eyes across the Atlantic. To this day possessors will sometimes find, not quite rubbed out, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and in its place five guineas.

The effect on the immense outer world corresponded to the intensity of the action in the inner circle, but in more material form. The greater part of mankind will accept most readily that which addresses itself to the senses, to the ear and to the eye. It is not easy to maintain a life of perpetual devotion, or even to make true charity the rule of one's social habits. It is comparatively easy to build or restore churches, to adorn them, to have new services with an ornate ritual, to establish choirs, and set up new organs. There is much that is religious and even salutary, even though it does not go to the very root of one's nature, and has to be followed up, or be nothing at all. The truth is, people do just what they can do, and with most people simple piety is a labor, and not of love. They crowd round the threshold and remain there long. Slow as they are to enter, it is hard to drive them away with the old Pagan ban, *Procul, procul este profani.* At least the Church of England cannot and will not do it.

The publications of these men, in whatever rank or degree attached to the cause, whether movers, original writers, translators; whether organized, or tak

ing their own lines, amount to an enormous mass of literature, sufficient to tax students in time to come. Strange to say, the fault most commonly found with it is its deficiencies. So many other things ought to have been done, as well as what was done.

In the whole mass there is very little Biblical criticism — none, it has been said, besides Pusey's "Minor Prophets" and Keble's metrical version of the Psalms — or social philosophy; no original views of duty, and not much to meet the great problems of the age, though a good deal to impede their solution. With regard to absence of Biblical criticism, it is best to state the facts and leave them to themselves. There was hardly such a thing as Biblical criticism in this country at the beginning of this century. Poole's Synopsis contained all that an ordinary clergyman could wish to know. Arnold is described as in all his glory at Rugby, with Poole's Synopsis on one side, and Facciolati on the other. He knew the value of the book; but at that very time, if a country clergyman chanced to find that he had two copies of the work, and that therefore he had one to spare, he would have found it difficult to obtain five shillings for the five volumes.

Mr. T. Hartwell Horne published his "Introduction" to the Critical Study of the Scriptures in the year 1818, and in the second edition, published three years after, he says he had undertaken the work because he had found the want of it; and that as soon as he set about it he found that he had to depend entirely on foreign Biblical critics, and that had not a good list of them accidentally fallen into his hands and guided his researches, he never could have done the work. He did it well, all things considered, and

by the date of the Oxford movement he had brought out several more editions.

The clergy, and still more the laity, were content to be helped. They did not care to go into that vineyard themselves, when they could get what they wanted in the open market or second-hand. It is hard to deny that they were right, and that little good could possibly have been done by setting them to work on the sacred text. There were indeed already earnest and reiterated complaints that while we had an Authorized Version, we had not a Textus Receptus, and that it was notorious the Greek basis of our version had been fixed on imperfect data, which could now be largely supplemented. But the critics failed to inspire interest in their subject. Be the cause or the movement good or bad, it would not have been at all, but would have fallen still-born to the ground, had it gone into such questions as those which have very usefully occupied the attention of the Revision companies.

The truth is, movements are always made in one direction, and it is idle to complain that they are not made in all directions at the same time. Certainly Newman was better employed than in collating texts, and throwing upon obscure passages and brief notices the light of historical or topographical discoveries. He could do other things very much better. Very recently, upon an appeal being made to him by the "Revision editor," of a periodical, he replied that "he had never made the text of the New Testament his special study." No doubt he would as soon have sat down to dissect a human body as pull that text to pieces.

Upon the whole the movement must be credited

with the increased interest in divine things, the more reverential regard for sacred persons and places, and the freedom from mere traditional interpretation, which mark the present century in comparison with the last. The Oxford movement, unforeseen by the chief movers, and to some extent in spite of them, has produced a generation of ecclesiologists, ritualists, and religious poets. Whatever may be said of its priestcraft, it has filled the land with church crafts of all kinds. Has it not had some share in the restoration of Biblical criticism and in the Revision of the Authorized Version?

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MARIA GIBERNE.

In all this goodly array there was not a grander or more ornamental figure than Maria Rosina Giberne. She was, nay she is, the *prima donna* of the company. Tall, strong of build, majestic, with aquiline nose, well-formed mouth, dark penetrating eyes, and a luxuriance of glossy black hair, she would command attention anywhere. Like so many others about us, she was of old French Protestant stock, and she had inherited that faith. She was very early the warmest and the most appreciative of Newman's admirers, even in his Scott and Newton days, before even his Oriel days I believe.

She was always a most excellent talker and narrator, but her great power lay in the portraits she did in chalks. At a very short sitting, and even from memory, she would draw a portrait which was at least perfectly and undeniably true. I have heard her drawings criticised, and her drapery called conventional, but her faces, to my apprehension, were proof against all criticism. Perhaps they are better in outline then when filled up and tinted. Besides many portraits of Newman himself at various periods, she did a most interesting group of the Newman family in 1829, the Rickards, and many others. On a visit at old Mr. Wilberforce's she drew a portrait of him, following a published engraving, but using her own eyes too.

Her interest in the whole circle was insatiable, and there was hardly anything she would not do and dare for a sight of one she had not yet seen. With some other ladies she was at a breakfast in Oriel common room. I caught a sight of Keble crossing a corner of the Quad, and unwisely proclaimed the fact. Instantly the table was deserted and the windows manned, if I may so say, with fair faces. They were just in time to see the poet's back as he disappeared into the other Quad. I exclaimed in vain at the impropriety of the movement. But Keble was a very shy bird, often heard of, little seen.

One who had loved Maria Giberne, either in vain or without the courage to declare himself, died in India, and left her all he had, which made her comparatively independent. She joined the Roman communion about the same time Newman did. An employment was immediately found for her very much to her taste. She went to Rome, and had the use of a room in the gallery of the Palazzo Borghese. There she worked incessantly for near twenty years, copying and adapting the pictures for use in English chapels. How she succeeded I know not, but having always worked in chalks, she must have found herself a novice in oils. She gave her own labor, but had to ask something for the canvas and painting materials, including the gold lavishly laid on the background of some of the pictures.

Her apartments were at the top of a house between the Quirinal and the Forum of Trajan. She was in her very stately studio, near the Ripetta, at ten every morning, and there she worked till four; coming and returning by the steps of the Trinità de' Monti, and the Quirinal, all of it high ground, and

very quiet. She never had any molestation, or adventure, or illness. As for the former exemption one could understand it. She moved along like a divinity. I met her one day in the streets. While we were talking, Dr. Gason, the well-known physician, came up, and Maria Giberne passed on. "Do pray tell me," he said, "who that lady is, for I have seen her hundreds of times, and never could learn. She is the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life." She was then about fifty. Her unfailing health she ascribed to her observance of the fasts, and her general abstemiousness. Her diet consisted chiefly of bread and fruit, mostly apples. One apple in the middle of a long day she spoke of as a great refreshment. She had never to complain of the heat.

A fortnight every year she spent with the Borghese family at their villa in the country, and there she met great people. Here she had sketched Pio Nono on a mule; and Antonelli had sat to her. Just to quicken him up, she opened a pleasant conversation. "So you are to be the next Pope? If not you, who will it be? What do you think of the state of things?" The Cardinal was on his guard, but very pleasant.

She had made some poor acquaintances; one of them was a black-eyed, thin little woman who had fourteen children, and had been so fortunate as to rear half a dozen of them, the rest having died of hunger. One of the boys, about eleven or twelve, Maria Giberne had taken into her service, and trained as a page. She asked us to an evening entertainment, and we were to meet some English students from the Collegio Pio. When the outer door opened, an interesting, black-eyed skeleton stood before us,

and demanded our names. There were five of us; including three patronymics, of which two would present difficulties to most foreign ears and tongues. I was considering whether it would be possible to charge the lad with such a burden, when he repeated the demand, this time in Roman fashion, peremptorily. I had to obey, but I was curious to see what work he would make of it. To my surprise, on opening the inner door, he announced us all with perfect accuracy, including two Christian names, without a syllable or a letter wrong. His mistress had spent some time in the morning teaching him to recite all the expected names, till he had done it perfectly.

There were four visitors from the college, one of them a man whose name had been familiar to me for many years, with associations that had made me wish much to see him, and even wonder why I never did. This was Mr. Laprimaudaye. The name itself is not one to be forgotten. I had imagined him young and handsome. He was still handsome, but in years very grey, and a tall, gracious, fatherly figure. The young ladies with me pronounced him by far the pleasantest man of the party. When I had a chance I talked over old times and common acquaintances with him, but said to myself I must manage to see more of him. We parted with some expressions to that effect. He was taken ill the next day, and died a week after. I was to see him, and this was my very last chance.

When the page came in with his tray, we were all talking of what we had been seeing and hearing. This was on one of the days between Christmas and Epiphany, and we mentioned having been to the Ara Cœli Church to hear the children, of all classes,

delivering their little sermons from a miniature pulpit hung with blue satin. The church is that in which Gibbon conceived the idea of his great work. It stands at the top of the immense flight of marble steps, up which Julius Cæsar crawled on his hands and knees to thank Jupiter for his conquest of the world. We noticed that most of the very juvenile, not to say infantine, preachers showed marvellous courage, fluency, and grace. But there had been one failure. A pretty little fellow of six, or less, had burst into tears and retreated to his mother's arms.

We were immediately told that the page had delivered a sermon the day before, duly instructed by his mistress. "You shall hear it," she said. "Put down the tray," she added, turning to the page, "and preach your sermon." He laid down his tray on the ground, if I remember right, took his position in the middle of the room, put himself into a graceful attitude, assumed an earnest expression, and delivered with great energy what I thought must be a poem, but it was a sermon, which I was sorry not to be able to follow. The sermon ended he resumed the tray, and impressively urged its contents upon our notice. We talked over the antiquities and the galleries, but Maria Giberne had almost entirely ceased to recognize anything in art that was not Christian.

At the Achilli trial there was occasional mention of one Rosina Giuberti, who had shepherded a flock of female witnesses from Italy, and who now had charge of them in London. This was our friend.

She became a nun, and at the time of the Franco-German war was in a nunnery at Autun, when Garibaldi came, and turned the nuns out into the

streets to make way for his rough levies. She is still in a nunnery, but occasionally using the pencil and the brush. She cannot be far from eighty, and I am told that she still has the same flowing locks, but that they are white as snow. Her talk and her letters, they say, are as bright as ever. Maria Giberne sent me what for her was a large sum, towards the building of Cholderton church. As they say in Ireland, "May it meet her in heaven!"

CHAPTER LXXVII.

ARNOLD.

THE question has been so frequently asked, kindly or otherwise, when and how, and from what motives and with what ends, Newman began to stir in the direction finally taken, that the reader may have to excuse an occasional recurrence to it as recollections bring it up. The ideas of Nemesis and reaction were deep in Newman's mind, and indeed in his whole nature. With him neither person, nor rightful cause, nor just complaint, ever died. Even when most indignant at what he conceived to be the insults offered to the Church of England by the triumphant Liberals, then assisted by the Irish Catholics, he would say every now and then that he feared the blood of the monks and nuns turned out of the religious houses at the Reformation to perish in prisons, or out of doors, was crying from the ground.

Always waiting for indication, whatever happened, for good or for ill, he acted upon it. It was a providential stepping-stone in a field of uncertainties. No doubt people may deceive themselves by this sort of reckoning, and many have so deceived themselves. But no observer could fail to see that whatever Newman did, it was a reaction upon that which had been done to him. People in general might not perceive it, for, in truth, there is no matter upon which people in general are so blind, and even stupid, as the force

of inevitable reactions. They do what they please, what squares with their own views, or gratifies their own feelings, and then fondly imagine they have settled a question, and disposed finally of some annoyance, unless it be a small unsettled remainder which time will settle for them. They are not aware that every one-sided settlement is only the opening of a new account, which they, of all the world, are most concerned to keep their eyes upon.

To Newman life was a game, serious indeed, but still a game, in which move must be met by move, and check-mate never acknowledged so long as a move was possible. For everything he did there was this foundation in circumstance, and the secret of his career cannot be discovered, if it is to be discovered, without taking into account everything that happened about him.

For at least the first nine years of his Oriel life those most about him may now in vain rack their memories for anything he said or did to indicate a movement in any direction whatever, except that vaguely indicated by a return to primitive Christianity. This is vague in the same sense that the Evangelical movement is vague, for Apostolicals and Evangelicals must be equally at a loss to say exactly what it is they want to bring back again, or turn us all round to.

Newman used indeed to say that a man need not make up his mind till he was thirty, but that he ought then. As to this making up of one's mind, and this set course to be persistently and consistently run, it was one of the favorite ideas of that epoch. Not to speak of the ordinary religious books, Foster's essays on "Decision of Character" was then upon

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every table, and no youth of the least promise could go anywhere without being set upon by good ladies, urging him instantly to select one grand object, and stick to it through life, whatever the difficulties.

Arnold is often quoted as having contributed to the impulses and even to the principles resulting in the Oxford movement. His pupils are too dazzled by the lustre of his bright and glowing image in their recollections to see what was anterior to him, and they are too bewitched by their love to think anybody not indebted to him. But the truth is Newman could hardly have met, or even seen, Arnold half a dozen times in his life when the latter, not long before his early death, came to Oxford to deliver his lectures as Professor of Ancient History. Arnold, indeed, was always well represented at Oxford, first by his contemporaries, then by his pupils as they came up one after another. Bonamy Price led the column, and for four years, from 1825 to 1829, he sounded his tutor's praises, and his tutor's sayings, in every college, and almost every room in the University. All who remember that period must still be glad to recall the oracular solemnity with which he pronounced the name of the great man as the author of some grand enunciation or very decided opinion. These utterances had been mostly political, or what in these days are called social. Had I memory, or had I kept a journal, I should now be able to reproduce hundreds of them. They might be only what everybody knew or thought, but Arnold had made them his own by his vigor and terseness of expression. What I remember most is a prophecy that labor and capital would before long be in collision, and that the struggle would be severe and the issue doubtful.

Having myself lived some years in a manufacturing town, I was sufficiently aware of the collision and the struggle, but what I seemed to learn from Arnold was that labor would meet with unexpected reinforcement from the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman. Amongst these utterances there was little or nothing to bear on the coming movement, of which Arnold's own college was to be birthplace, and for which the event showed him to be utterly unprepared.

Arnold's pamphlet on "Church Reform" was part of the vast pile that awaited Newman's return from the Mediterranean in 1833. His volume of "Rugby Sermons" had not been received favorably by Newman and his friends, not so much on account of the Sermons themselves, as on account of a note on Genesis xxii., in which Arnold laid down that the Almighty could not do an immoral thing, and that consequently if we thought anything wrong we were bound to believe that He had not done it. This of course struck at every miracle, and every extraordinary act for which is claimed a preternatural sanction, if in any respect whatever it does not accord with our most sentimental, or our most abstract, notions of morality. Rightly or wrongly, the note was fully believed at Oxford to have been written with this comprehensive and destructive design.

It would, however, be contrary to the whole theory of Newman's life to suppose that Arnold had no share in it. What then was that share? This was Arnold's intense energy of character; his deep sense of a calling which he had to obey, and of a work which he had to do. As Arnold's own turn was to speculation and scepticism, he had but scant practical aim. The

result was that his extraordinary impulsive, not to say explosive, power sent his men in all directions, and while the explosion itself was a contribution to the original springs of the Oxford movement, the different results of that explosion variously affected its form.

Arnold, it is to be observed, could only have had the slightest personal knowledge of Newman, or of his friends; and he had not even the opportunity of supplementing this want by information through common and impartial acquaintances. While there was a regular stream of informants setting in from Rugby to Oxford, there was no such stream from Oxford to Rugby, unless it were some undercurrent of a thoroughly prejudiced character. Whether as private tutor, or as head-master of Rugby, Arnold was engaged in the most laborious and engrossing of all occupations, seeking occasional relief from that drudgery by inquiries into the most conjectural regions of history, or into the political or religious problems of the future. He thus lived in a world of his own, as despotic at his writing-desk as in his school, and wielding his pen as if it were a ferule.

At the very time when he was expressing himself with his constitutional warmth and decision about Newman and his colleagues in the movement, he was ignorant, worse than ignorant, of their character and their cause. Better had he never heard of them than acquired so ridiculous a misconception. What else, however, could be expected from a man who in 1832 published in successive pamphlets his full belief that the House of Commons could easily and quickly so modify the Prayer Book that all English churches, sects, and denominations would be found shaking

hands in the closest brotherhood and accord before the end of ten years?

Arnold, like many other good and great people, had a temper of his own, and rather a warm one, for he was warm all over it may be said. But from the year 1832 he was, in a certain sense, a disappointed man. His Church Reform, and all the other Church reforms, had been fired off in vain, for neither the Church, nor the dissenters, nor the vast mass who were neither, were ready to accept the theory that the Church was the people, and the people the Church, and that whatever the people at large wanted must be the rule and the creed of the Church. His peculiar *régime* at Rugby School, which involved frequent expulsions, must have helped to fret his natural tenderness.

He was also undergoing some rather rough local baiting. Litchfield, a well-known Tory clergyman, and a recognized chief of the party in the Midlands, devoted himself to the congenial task of satirizing the head-master of Rugby at any available public or festive occasion in the town and neighborhood. Arnold could have well afforded to smile at such attacks, but he did not. On the contrary, his imagination peopled the world with Litchfields, and he could not hear of the slightest contravention of his opinions without imagining some animal of the same lively species about to spring on him. He seemed to live in a jungle, where every moving of the reeds was fearfully significant.

Newman's friends had accepted the character of Arnold as an amiable enthusiast, drawn in by Bunsen, the busy vortex of a wide and absorbing enthusiasm, but still true to his professions of dove-like

sweetness and simplicity. They were astonished beyond measure when Arnold's own friends proclaimed with confidence, and as they felt with just pride, that he was the writer of the article on the Oxford Malignants. It expressed more the indignation of a man disappointed of a mighty ambition, than the generous impulses of a still hopeful reformer. But which was the true Arnold, the writer of the pamphlets and of the sermons, or the writer of the article? Was it the dove assuming for the hour the sombre plumage and shrill screams of the hawk, or the bird of prey that as often as it found convenient, could glisten in the sun and coo like a dove.

It is too true, however, that very good gentlemen will sometimes denude themselves of their Christian livery when they enter the anonymous arena. Strange to say, the more good people abuse the press, the worse do they behave when they find themselves taking a part in it.

Some years after, from one cause or another, there was a great softening in Arnold, and when he came up for his lectures on ancient history, and was thrown into Newman's company at Oriel, they became good friends, and so parted.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

JOSEPH DORNFORD.

Any account of Oriel at that period would be very defective indeed, if it failed to notice a man who held his place in the college for many years, though singularly out of place there. Joseph Dornford was the son of a well-known Cambridge lady, who, after becoming the mother of Mr. Thomason, and losing her husband, married again, and became the mother of Joseph Dornford, and of his sister, the wife of Archdeacon Robinson. Mrs. Dornford was Simeon's chief lady friend, and poured out the tea for his weekly gatherings.

Dornford must have been a very engaging child. His lithe, upright figure, his sprightly action, and his ever ready tongue, combined with that self-possession and self-consciousness so often wanting in early years, promised great things from him. At his private tutor's he had Macaulay for a fellow pupil, a lank, shy, awkward, pale-faced boy, he said, with whom he could not get on. He entered young at Trinity, and distinguished himself.

Suddenly, however, in 1811, he enlisted into the Rifle Brigade and went to the Peninsula. Various were the accounts given of this extraordinary step. He had been disappointed of a scholarship; or of a pretty girl. He had read in the papers a dreadful story of an outrage by French soldiers, and he burned

to avenge it. Upon seeing a long list of killed and wounded, he felt it shameful for a strong man to stay at home. The strains of a recruiting band had smitten him with martial ardor, and he had at once rushed out and fallen in. But no one who knew Dornford had to go far for a reason. He would rather fly to the ends of the earth and seek the company of cannibals or wild beasts than be bound to a life of tea and twaddle.

So he went to the war, as a rifleman attached to a regiment, with the promise of a commission in two years, if he was found qualified for it. He immediately became the pet of his mess. He could not be more than seventeen; he could tell any number of stories, and recite Scott's poetry by pages. Of course they called him "Marmion." But he had very hard work, coming in for several battles and some tremendous forced marches.

On one occasion his division had to retrace in one day three days' marches under a burning sun, and finishing with a steep ascent, which left many dying and even dead on the roadside. There were men who pressed halfway up the hill, in order to reach a well-known spring and take water down to their perishing comrades; and other men relieving their comrades of their heavy firearms.

He left the army just when the worst was over, and returned home, crossing the commission going out for him. Some said he felt his services were no longer required, inasmuch as the French were in full retreat on the Pyrenees. Others said that, being told out for a "forlorn hope," he found himself so ill that he had to apply for sick leave. Henry Wilberforce used to observe on this, "I am sure that if I knew I

was to be in a forlorn hope to-morrow, I should be very ill indeed." But it was plain his fabric and constitution were not equal to such work. The green of his jacket, he used to say, had run into his white trousers, till they were all of a color. He was never much of a walker.

However, he came home, entered at Oxford, and became a member of Wadham, to the society of which he was an immense acquisition. They had the fresh of his tales of war, and one summer's night, it was said, he induced half the college to bivouac in the Quad. His tutor, Benjamin Symons, fixed upon his impressible memory many hundred time-honored "construes," a little too heavy, some people said, but all the better for Dornford, who perhaps wanted weight. They made his fortune. He took the highest honors at Easter, 1816, when he had not been four years home from the Peninsula. He was elected a Michel Fellow of Queen's, and thence was elected to Oriel.

But before he took any active part in his college, he had another experience almost as rare in those days as his Peninsular episode. He had felt its abrupt conclusion, from whatever cause, a slur on his military reputation, and he wished to place his courage beyond a doubt. So he went to Chamounix, and in August, 1820, attempted an ascent of Mont Blanc, in company with Dr. Hamel, a Russian gentleman, well known as an astronomer, and in several other branches of science. With another gentleman and the best guides the valley could give, it was a large party, and had every hope of success. Dr. Hamel published a narrative, which may be found very fully quoted in the "British Critic," monthly series, of the ensuing November.

It would seem that poor Dornford could not escape a certain line of destiny. Passing carefully in Indian file across a slope of snow only a few hundred yards below the summit, Dornford, who had been near the front, stopped for a minute to adjust his blue veil, when the snow slid down under their feet, and the three guides, then in front, were hurried down into a crevasse, never to appear again till some vestiges were found in the *moraine*, many miles below, forty years after. The snow only came to a stand when Dornford was on the very edge of the crevasse.

The surviving guides used to amuse tourists with a story of Dornford's excessive agitation; but all that they could say positively was that when first seen he was on his knees thanking Heaven for his preservation, and that he seemed horrified at the thought of having contributed to such a catastrophe. He scarcely ever alluded to it, for he felt he had tempted Providence, and had been suitably rebuked.

When Keble gave up the tutorship, Dornford took his place. Keble's pupils called it a sad let-down. Certainly you no longer saw before you one of the most beautifully formed heads in the world, and a pair of most wonderful black eyes; and you no longer had diamonds and pearls dropping from that mouth whenever it opened. Yet they who came after, as I did, found Dornford a good lecturer, up to his work, ready, precise, and incisive. He sometimes looked disconcerted, and indeed he had occasion to look so, but a peculiar compression of the lips was all the reprimand he ever bestowed.

Having passed, not without credit, through two universities and several colleges, and having also

graduated in the great school of honor and of manners, as all must allow the army to be, Dornford had a high and peculiar vocation, and he was conscious of it. Becoming dean of the college and of the common room, he made it his business to keep up the talk and the tone of the common room. As what was uppermost came out first, his talk ran much on war, in which of course he was without a competitor at Oxford.

A rival, in some sort, he had in the common room man. Norris had been body servant to the Prince of Orange when he was at Oxford under the care of Dr. Bull, and had accompanied him when he joined the Duke's staff in the Peninsula. He had much to say of the operations. He had carried his master on his back across a rapid river. A peculiar twist of his knees, and an uncertainty in his gait, were believed by many undergraduates to be connected with this heroic deed. He always waited at the Duke's table. He said the Duke talked about anything but the fighting, drank a couple of glasses of light wine, and left the table almost immediately after dinner.

On one occasion, Norris said, the Duke unexpectedly ordered a movement which was quite unaccountable. It resulted in the loss of three hundred mules laden with tent furniture, crockery, plate, and wardrobes, intercepted by the enemy before they could get under cover. Norris said it was the firm belief of the officers that the Duke had planned the movement for this very purpose, for he was always grumbling about the baggage train. But the officers did not take it kindly.

Norris had a capital opportunity for telling his stories. Once a fortnight, a Probationer had to go

down with him into the cellar, count the bottles of wine taken out, and enter the quantities in the wine book. Norris kept his tongue going. The Probationer listened with avidity. I am afraid I must say that I never counted the wine, and that I entered the quantities at Norris's dictation, which it did not occur to me was hardly the check contemplated.

Dornford took much interest in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," but Blanco White was for a long time absorbed by it. His friends noticed with pleasure the happy distraction.

Upon the occasion of some disturbances arising out of the inclosure of Otmoor, a company of soldiers was quartered at Oxford, said to be the first time for a century. Dornford asked the officers, half a dozen of them, to dinner. They came in their uniforms and duly accoutred. Not one of them had heard a shot fired in anger, and proud was Dornford to instruct them in the fell realities of their profession.

Wherever he was, indoors or out of doors, walking or riding, he was unmistakably the soldier. Cantering, for that was his usual pace, on a long-legged horse, with his martial cloak flying from his shoulders, beggars, the veriest strangers, addressed him "noble captain." There was a sort of defiance in his air which even the creatures appeared to be sensible of. One hot summer's day a swarm of bees flew at him in Nuneham Courtney, and though he galloped all the way to Oxford he had hardly got rid of them when he reached Oriel.

What would be Dornford's position, and duties, and opportunities as a private in the Rifle Brigade, passes my knowledge. He could talk of the war, of the movements and marches, and of the generals much better than any private soldier could have done,

or indeed than most subalterns; but of his own particular part he was rather reticent, or had not much to say. The undergraduates, however, were resolved that he must have exchanged shots near enough to be of some purpose, that he had killed his man, or any number of men, and that he might have come to close quarters now and then. They had a story, for which I never heard the authority, that he was once pressed by a gay young partner at a ball to say whether he had killed anybody. If the story be true, it must have been ignorance, or more probably insolence, that prompted such a question. Dornford, so it was said, replied that once when in ambush he saw a young officer galloping across the open ground a long way off, evidently carrying orders. He was bound to take a shot, he did, and felt sure the officer quivered in his saddle; but as he was immediately out of sight, he could not be sure that he fell.

Dornford was Proctor, and made a handsome figure in the velvet sleeves. In anticipation of the office, he frequently enlarged on the tone of authority proper to it. A University was not the place for military discipline. The undergraduates were not privates, they were cadets, and young officers. Much must be left to their honor, and they must be taken into friendly confidence. With these excellent ideas, and with a manner to command respect, Dornford ought to have attained a rare success. He did not entirely succeed. To the best of my recollection the only popular Proctors were those who did nothing but walk about in their handsome gowns, letting the undergraduates do what they pleased. If there was the exception of a man doing his duty and not getting hated, it was Longley.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

DORNFORD STILL TUTOR.

Undergraduates have a perverse way of looking at things the wrong side, and they called Dornford "the Corporal;" indeed, some would be ready to swear that he had been actually a non-commissioned officer. It was too true that there was a certain flourish, just an approach to bravado, about him, especially when there was gallantry in the question, as there always was when he approached a woman of any description whatever. Young or old, rich or poor, fine lady or the merest peasant, he was always the gentleman to the fair sex. Possibly he had witnessed the havoc done by recruiting sergeants on the hearts of barmaids, and thought he could combine that glory with perfect innocency and high culture. In Spain, too, he must have seen some rough flirtation. Even the undergraduates had stories of his buckskins and his gallivanting which were, to say the least, ridiculous. His ideal of matrimony was sublime. He repeatedly said he was sure there was only one woman in the world he could marry, and he had yet to make her acquaintance. This made him the more dangerous, for if women could but overlook a few things, he was a very striking and attractive person.

Dornford's later college life was not happy. Though obliged to take the Provost's side, he really

thought the contention needless. It was all because Newman could not play second fiddle. He liked and admired Newman, but did not get on with his surroundings.

Then there was a dire feud, in which Dornford certainly was most to blame, though that did not quite clear the other side. The origin of it was a common instance of the sad mistakes gentlemen of the kindest and best intentions may make from want of consideration, and of readiness to make amends. As the feud lasted two years, and very much affected the comfort of the college, it seems no violation of privacy to state the cause, especially as it was characteristic of all the parties. It is needless to premise that a matter so trifling in itself would have been concluded one way or another in a few hours, leaving only a passing sore or a topic for humorous allusion, had there not been some want of congeniality to begin with.

The first quadrangle of the college consisted of rooms alternately large and small. The large rooms looked into the quadrangle, and also away from it, in this case into Merton Lane, with Corpus opposite. Between every two large rooms were two small rooms, each little more than a quarter size, and looking only one way. Thus, on the equal division which prevailed, each set would comprise a large room, a bedroom, and a study. This was more than enough for an undergraduate, but not quite enough for a Fellow, who might be tutor, and who must have his table clear for his class every day. He might also have some literary occupation requiring books and papers spread out before his eye. He might, too, have parochial duties, besides a large circle of acquaintances.

It was all that Newman ever had, except the bit of lumber room already mentioned, over the chapel door. Henry Wilberforce had the rooms on the same floor between Newman's and Dornford's.

On returning to college after the Long Vacation, to Henry Wilberforce's great astonishment he saw all his books, and all the furniture of his library, piled in a heap in the middle of his principal sitting-room. He rushed to his library door to see what it could all be about, and found the door locked. Calling the "scout," he was informed that Dornford had taken possession of the library, as he had found the want of a fourth room. Henry went straight off to his brother Robert, who was then still one of the tutors. Robert at once wrote a note to Dornford, expostulating on the act altogether, particularly on its being done without notice. Dornford replied that it had been done in the interest of the college, that the tutors had a prior claim to accommodation, and that no undergraduate really wanted more than a sitting-room and a bedroom. Nor had he thought it necessary to write to an undergraduate on the matter. Robert rejoined, observing that Dornford might at least have written to his fellow tutor, the undergraduate's brother. The correspondence shortly arrived at that pass beyond which it could not further go. It is scarcely an extenuation of Dornford's rudeness that he had now by seniority acquired the right to two sets of rooms, a right, however, never exercised by actual occupation. The breach was irreconcilable.

Henry had to attend Dornford's lectures, and Robert had to meet him in the hall and common room. So it assumed the form of a bitter family jar, more noisy and disagreeable than sullen. For near two

years, so it seems to the memory, though perhaps one year would be nearer the true reckoning, it was impossible for either Dornford or R. Wilberforce to open his mouth without the other cutting in with something slap the other way. If there were twenty men in the common room, and three or four distinct conversations going on, each of the two belligerents would have an ear in reserve for what he could catch from the other, even across the room, and would seize the first opportunity of recognizing a point of difference. The challenge was always eagerly and bitterly accepted. They finally left residence within a few months of one another.

Robert Wilberforce was doing no little injury to his cause by keeping up the quarrel, for, as it appeared by the result, he was only driving away a would-be partisan. Dornford had forsworn Simeon long ago, and now held loose to Symons. He had always kept aloof from the synagogue at St. Edmund Hall. He had a great wish to be "High Church." So he now found himself nowhere in Oxford.

It was about this time, though I cannot recall the exact date, that Dornford took a tour in Spain, revisiting his battle-fields. His prevailing idea was great change and oblivion of the past. One incident had made a deep impression on him, and he told it with evident gusto. At Madrid he had met an Irish captain who had been many years in the Spanish service. He had a great trouble, indeed a grievance. At his death his widow would be entitled to a pension of fifty pounds a year. Not being married, he would not leave a widow, and would thereby lose his rights. But a brother of his in Ireland had several daughters. So he sent to his brother a formal offer

of marriage to be delivered to the daughters in the order of seniority, with the explanation that they need not stick at the relationship, as a dispensation could easily be obtained, and such marriages were common in Spain. They all declined the offer, and the poor captain thought they were not only very unwise, and rather unkind, but hardly true to their country for not giving it the benefit of the Spanish pension. As it happened, Dornford had not a brother, but a half-nephew, by his father's side, with a numerous family.

Dornford had done his duty many years at Oriel, and now found himself one of the forlorn hope on the Provost's side in his contest with the tutors. It was a question of authority, and he stuck gallantly to the commanding officer. Nor did he want to have to get up any more books, for he was already tired of it. Liking his position less and less, he was glad to accept a small living in the heart of Devonshire, fondly hoping to find there a calmer and sweeter atmosphere. At his last college meeting he had a favor to ask. He had served the college long; he felt that he had given his day and his strength to it, and that he had a claim. He had always been grieved by the case of the "Bible Clerks." Every day one of them had walked into the hall to say the "grace," and had then walked out again, only to return to say the "grace after meat." Both the Bible Clerks then sat down, and, while the servants were hastily clearing the tables, satisfied their hunger on the leavings. These were the sons of gentlemen, as it happened of clergymen, of as good family as any there, nay related to some of them.

What Dornford asked was that they should dine

with the other undergraduates, and thereby have their social equality recognized. At present they were "cut." They were not asked to meet other undergraduates, and they only consorted with their brother pariahs in the other colleges. Some of these men had distinguished themselves, and had then a sad tale to tell of the college. The question was discussed, for there were two sides to it. There would be no special openings for poor men if the change were made, for a rich man would ask for a Bible clerkship, when there was no longer a social disqualification in it. However, there was no resisting the appeal, and Dornford abolished what to all had long been a painful system.

I succeeded Dornford in the small Northamptonshire living, which he had held with his fellowship, as I did then for four years. From that time I was continually learning fresh instances of the singular fascination which Dornford innocently, and indeed unconsciously, exercised over what, in this matter, I must call the weaker sex. I counted half a dozen victims of whom there could be no doubt. Two I give.

There were many old soldiers in the place. One of them knew that he was entitled to a considerable sum for arrears of pay, or prize-money, but did not know how to get it. Dornford took the matter in hand, and got the money for him. He had hardly done this when the soldier died, and then the rest of the business had to be done with his daughter, a fine strapping lass, of a fair complexion, honest and simple, but very gipsyfied in her manner and style of dress. She had often to see Dornford; indeed, there was then nobody else interested for her. Everybody

told me she was persuaded Dornford meant to marry her. In a year or so I had notice of her marriage, to come off as soon as the banns could be published. Nobody knew anything of the man, and I was anxious to see him. The day came, and I was consternated to see a mean little fellow, with a bad figure and a worse expression, altogether most unpromising. Only three days after the marriage she suddenly presented herself: "Can't you unmarry me? Please, sir, undo it if you can. I cannot live with that man, and I won't." I could only entreat her to make the best of it. They went far away, and I never heard the sequel; but it was evident she was thoroughly possessed with an ideal she was never likely to find realized in her class of life.

The other victim had less excuse. She was a married lady, the wife of a rather distinguished clergyman, a fine-looking woman, and, as will appear, of free address, occasionally visiting in that neighborhood. She got on wonderfully with Dornford when she chanced to meet him. Sitting at the drawing-room window of Edgcott parsonage, watching the arrivals at a clerical meeting, she thus freely, unreservedly, and audibly expressed herself. "You never see a man in these days. I don't call a creature always looking to the ground, ashamed to look you in the face, and with nothing to say for himself, a man. He may be a scholar, and a clergyman, but he is not a man. I don't call my husband a man, and I tell him so. Now, there 's a man if you like. He 's worth all of them." These last words she said as she saw Dornford opening the gate of the lawn before the parsonage.

The spiritual affairs of Moreton Pinckney Dorn-

ford placed in the hands of his mother, Simeon's chief female friend. She came there from Cambridge, held little meetings, and selected the curates in charge, who were of her school. One of them added to the Christian faith a confident belief that by a proper use of the three qualities of Morrison's pills you might live forever. Dornford put a Baptist into the glebe farm, whose wife went the round of the parish every Monday morning, distributing tracts. However, they were good sort of people, and paid their rent. When I went to see my parish, the first thing that struck my eye was a large and handsome Baptist chapel just completed.

CHAPTER LXXX.

DORNFORD, RECTOR OF PLYMTREE.

In Devonshire Dornford felt more at liberty. He devoured Newman's works, and the other publications of the school, as fast as they came out, and by and by ripened into what people in those days called a "Tractarian." His admiration of Newman became warmer and deeper every year, and showed itself in surprising forms at his annual visits to Oxford. He did not observe that while his own development had been rapid, Oriel men could only remember him as he had stood in 1832. He expected his parish to follow the leader, but he could not convert them, and they refused to enlist. He tried to press them, but in vain, and there ensued a long and lamentable war, in which both sides behaved about as ill as they could possibly do.

The failure was not wholly referable to the obstinacy of rustic Protestantism. Dornford started with immense natural and acquired advantages. Half the parish he had immediately, and always, and to the bitter end, entirely on his side. That was the weaker sex, with whom he was perfectly irresistible. Had it been left to them, long ere this every child in the parish would have been born with Hymns Ancient and Modern on the tip of its tongue, and with its ears attuned to the new melodies. But it is difficult to be loved too much by one sex, and enough by the

other. The gruff husbands and stern fathers were not indisposed to pick a quarrel with the man whose mere presence seemed to elicit smiles from careworn faces, and wit from silent tongues.

The opportunity came when Dornford, after adorning his chancel with much carved woodwork, metalwork, and bits of old painted glass from Wardour Street, introduced some alterations in his mode of conducting the service. Among other matters the anthem before the sermon had always tried his temper, but when the village choir showed an increasing tendency to encroach on the time allotted for the sermon, he one Sunday took the opportunity of a pause, exclaimed in a warm tone, "Enough of that," and began his sermon. The choir walked out of church, and never reëntered it in Dornford's lifetime. The candlesticks disappeared from the altar, and all kinds of outrages were committed. The farmers put up some young lads of a degenerate county family to steal into the parsonage grounds and make havoc of the shrubs and the choice pines. But they did worse than that.

The young, pretty, and better educated wife of a substantial yoeman, with the courage of her sex, avowed and proved her sympathy with the persecuted Rector, calling upon him about the Church music and other matters. The enemy waited for her one day, and fired guns over the hedge. She ran home as if for her life, and died a few days after. Her two children followed her, still in their infancy. Dornford's hand appeared in a lofty altar tomb, surrounded by iron railings, with a long and touching inscription. The vault had to be opened thirty years afterwards to receive a relative. It had be-

come a reservoir, and had to be emptied with much labor. Water had performed the effects of fire, and nothing remained but some shovelfuls of charred *débris*, and a tangled mass which had once been a beautiful head of hair. As the widower was to be there next day, a coffin was hastily made to receive these sad fragments. "Why so large?" I asked when I saw it. The answer was, "To make the old gentleman think there's something left of his wife and children." A drain was then made, and within two years the vault was opened again to receive the widower himself, a kind, grave, business-like man. His consolation for many years had been the care of the parish charities, as secretary to the Feoffees, and in the faithful discharge of that responsibility he made me pay, nothing loth, more than twice the very outside value of some wretched hovels that I took down for the improvement of the churchyard and the surrounding communications.

The vestry meetings were tumults, in which Dornford's sole ambition was not to be beaten in the strife of tongues. He would be as sharp as any of them, and if wounded feelings were to be the measure of defeat, he was always victorious. On one occasion his chief antagonist exclaimed with tragic earnestness, "If Mr. Dornford would get a missus of his own it would be better for he and better for we." This was charming. The most abject submission could not have pleased Dornford better. The poor farmer's wish, however, was at last fulfilled, and it did not entirely fail to justify a saying of Newman's, which had in its nature the force of prophecy. He used to compare Dornford to Undine before she had the gift of a soul; a creature full of good instincts, tastes, and impulses, but in no form or whole.

Dornford had his admirers in the stronger sex. His tastes were manly, and the poor men of his parish who were not in direct collision with him, and who could call their souls and their tongues their own, were proud of his figure and bearing, and of the good presentation of the parish he made to the world. These out of the way villages have few things to be proud of, and they think as much of a tall, handsome, well-built parson as of a fine church tower. The great ambition of Dornford's life was to drive a good pair of horses home from Exeter to his parsonage in an hour. As the distance was thirteen miles, and there were some rather stiff ups and downs, besides several miles of bad road, the least detention was fatal. Indeed an hour and two minutes was all ever achieved. Upon leaving the broad turnpike Dornford would sometimes find the narrow lane blocked by a stout farmer, with a lumbering trap and a poor beast. The farmer would not or could not drive a wheel up into the bank to allow of the Rector driving by without any abatement of speed. On these occasions he would deliver his mind to the biggest man in his parish with a freedom and plainness of speech which delighted the laborers, not quite so much in the way of rivalry, or collision with the Rector, as their employers. Servants, too, have often seen more of the world, and are more men of the world than their masters.

When I came to Plymtree there was a fine elderly man, a sad cripple, for one of his thighs had been badly broken. He had been Dornford's gardener and groom. He had often said a word to his master about his taking the sharp corners too closely. It is a Devonshire failing. There are more sharp corners

there than anywhere else in the kingdom, and everybody takes them as close as he can. The result is, nowhere else are there so many broken legs, arms, and collar-bones, not to speak of worse casualties. The gardener's warnings were in vain, for one day they were all upset and the poor man wrecked for life. Neither he nor his wife, also an old servant of Dornford's, could ever speak of him without tears of affection. He left them a trifle, but it did not last long, and then they had to come on the parish. But they did not the less love their master's memory. To another couple of old servants was confided the care of his grave, and no grave in the county was kept better, or so often supplied with new flowers.

All had stories to tell of the old master's courage and spirit, so dearly does that class love freedom, even in its wilder forms. In the eyes of the rustic population the man who had had the last word, or who had done the sauciest thing, was the conqueror, at whatever cost of injured feelings. They would laugh as they related that at a tithe dinner Dornford had suddenly risen from his chair, put his dog in it with the injunction to entertain the company in his absence, and had not returned till late in the evening.

On one occasion, with the best intentions, he certainly came off the worst. After wrangling with a farmer till his powers of argument failed to reach the understanding, he said rashly and rudely, "I cannot make you see this, for none can see it but gentlemen." "What 's a gentleman?" said the farmer. Dornford, who had a very well-formed foot, and whose boots always showed it to advantage, stretched out his legs, pointed his toes, and said, "You see that boot?" —

"Yes, I see it." — "Well, the difference between a gentleman and a man who is not a gentleman, is the same as that between my boot and yours," pointing to the farmer's. On this the farmer said, "I 've got a pair of boots upstairs made by the best bootmaker in Exeter. I 've only to put them on, and I am as good a gentleman as you are!"

The rupture with the farmers was complete. They gathered round the single nonconformist family in the parish, built a handsome and capacious chapel, with an educated man for a minister, with an organ, and most of the rebellious choir.

In the world at large, whether in the University or in Devonshire, Dornford was always and everywhere a popular man. He was never at a loss for talk, and he could tell any number of stories, not a few with the flavor of the camp. A good representation of the county annually assembled on his lawn to celebrate the anniversary of the chief battle he was engaged in, which the villagers naturally understood to be Waterloo. Even the cathedral dignitaries, generally as immovable as the castle in chess, often came where they were sure to meet everybody and hear something new.

Why was Dornford a bachelor so long? He was handsome, tall, with a fine figure and upright bearing, the readiest of addresses, and a good ringing voice. It was not for want of good intentions that he remained so long in that single blessedness which most of his Tractarian friends so highly extolled and so quickly renounced. An avenue of seventeen cypresses in his garden had been the monuments of as many unsuccessful courtships. I found their places supplied by rhododendrons. His mode of address was

too gallant: there was too much strutting and crowing in it. English ladies, accused as they are of being ready to meet advances at least half way, yet expect a little coyness, a little shyness, a little reserve, and Dornford had none. He was all his life, till long past sixty, making up for the fatal omission in his Peninsular service, storming the citadel. The ladies all laughed at him behind his back, and having laughed at him, could not, or would not, and at all events did not, accept him. So he went on incomplete till at last he settled into a quiet domestic marriage which marvellously composed him and his poor parish, though things had gone too far to be entirely righted in his time. Perhaps this was the soul which Newman had, by implication and certainly without knowing it, prophesied for him.

One or two things must be added. Henry of Exeter was always glad to see Dornford, though he had sometimes to administer a gentle reprimand. "Mr. Dornford, are those white trousers quite clerical?" "Oh, my lord, they 've washed white," he said, in excuse. "Then I presume," replied he of Exeter, "that your necktie has washed black." I may venture to add that, knowing Dornford as pupil, as brother Fellow, as successor in his first living, and afterwards frequently meeting him, I had never even a momentary ruffle with him, and never any feeling short of admiration and kindly regard.

Dornford adorned his parsonage inside and out with old oak carving of all ages and styles. He had a bedroom full of old oak furniture, the wonder and awe of the neighborhood. A passage room he fitted up as an oratory, with a magnificent and costly reredos, containing the Passion in five compartments, and

a multitude of figures; pictures, too, not admissible into an Anglican church. As the oratory was condemned by my architect, and no other place could be found for the reredos, I had to ask Mrs. Dornford's consent to its presentation to the Albert Museum at Exeter. It might be the *genius loci* that was moving Dornford in this direction, without his knowing it. I cannot gather that he was ever aware that the parsonage is built within an ancient refectory. He would indeed have been surprised to find that within a yard of his head, as he sat by the dining-room fire, there was hid under lath, plaster, and paper-hangings a beautiful oak screen, like those in college halls, which must have seen the Wars of the Roses.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

SAMUEL RICKARDS AT ULCOMBE.

I COULD not say how soon I heard a name that was the object of loving and reverential regard to Oriel men. Samuel Rickards must have matriculated at Oriel in 1813. His pretty poem on the "Temple of Theseus" won the prize in 1815, and is pervaded by a tone of triumphant patriotism suggestive of the period. He took a second class at Easter, 1817, was elected Fellow of his college, and in 1819 won the prize by a thoughtful and interesting essay on the "Characteristic Differences of Greek and Latin Poetry."

He married the daughter of a Derbyshire baronet, still living, if this page sees the light as soon as I hope it will. The couple were unequalled, one might confidently say, in the world; for as he would have been the making of any wife, so she would have been the making of any husband. There could not be any other two people combining together so large a share of the sweet and serious elements that make Christian converse. I never heard of any one who was not charmed with Rickards. Ladies sometimes say queer things to one another. A lady who was to be married the next day confided to Mrs. Rickards her painful misgivings. "My dear," said Mrs. Rickards, "the day before I married I was the happiest of women." "Oh, but you were going to marry Mr.

Rickards," the expectant bride innocently exclaimed. It was very simple on her part, but I may say I do not know any man whom I could compare as a husband with Samuel Rickards. They were as two lights and two flames continually lighting and warming one another.

Rickards had a full experience of Oriel of the old school. Whately paid him a visit shortly after his marriage. From what transpired, though Whately himself put it in another form, he must then and there have been moved to matrimony. Rickards took the living of Ulcombe, in Kent, not far from Eastwell House, where Lord Winchilsea showed by many marks of attention how much he valued his new neighbors. As in a general sense they were agreed both in religion and politics, this promised a long course of happy coöperation; but Rickards found himself, after some years, a caged bird. How this came to be I could not say exactly. Lord Winchilsea's extreme opinions and uncontrollable temper would be likely enough to create embarrassments, for such men expect everybody to go all lengths with them. However, Ulcombe was a very pleasant house, and it was here that Rickards was visited by a succession of Oriel friends.

It was here that Newman wrote in the Long Vacation, after he had taken Jelf's place in the tutorship, upon preparing to return to Oxford, the poem on "Nature and Art," in which, even after describing Oxford, and the material fabrics of the Church of England, under the head of Art, he vowed perpetual allegiance to Nature as the true home and manifest work of Omnipotence. The album in which these

verses were written, must have been Mrs. Rickards', and there could not be fitter receptacle.

Her husband and herself both resembled Ellacombe, of whom I have spoken above, in their universal knowledge of nature. It would be no exaggeration to apply to them the description of King Solomon's attainments in natural history. They noted everything, and whatever came within their compass they found a place for in their little domain, which became in consequence very crowded. The instant a new specimen arrived it was planted and watered. If it throve it soon acquired fixity of tenure, and had nothing to fear except from its stronger and more aggressive neighbors.

Long before I knew Rickards, indeed soon after his becoming a Fellow of Oriel, he and a college friend resolved to make some original essay in the region of Inductive Philosophy. They settled on the science of handwriting, if science there should be found in it. They collected some hundreds of specimens of handwriting that they knew; and first separately, then together, wrote down the characteristics both of the writing and of the writers. When the same characteristic running through many handwritings was found to go with some mental characteristic running through every writer, this became a law; and thus a system was arrived at. Rickards would never divulge this system, for he felt that a secret of character, as he found handwriting to be, ought not to be placed in all hands. He really was all but infallible in his application of the system, insomuch that he latterly refused to give an opinion upon hands at once, and would only give one confidentially. The system gave him access to the secrets of the heart,

for he frequently told the writers that which nobody knew but themselves, and which perhaps they then, for the first time recognized.

In one or two cases, and where I knew the writer, I should have supposed Rickards well acquainted with the man and his history, though it turned out he knew nothing of him but a bit of his handwriting. In some cases he indicated the mental faculties which had still to be shown in action. Of a well-known Oxford professor's handwriting which he had never seen before, he said that the writer was both a country gentleman and a University man, that he combined two professions and wore heavy boots. The writer lived at Oxford and was a good scholar, but was never happy except in country occupations; he had been a tutor and he was a physician; and he was remarkable for his heavy boots.

Rickards made mistakes, but they had their significance. Of the Duke of Wellington's hand he said, "This man will never marry." Certainly the married state was the least developed of the hero's many relations. On being shown Mrs. Fry's handwriting, he began, "This man," etc. I am bound to add that on my telling this very inconsiderately to Miss Marsh, authoress of "English Hearts and Hands," she immediately related several most touching incidents, bringing out the womanly features of Mrs. Fry's character.

There is a phase of life which once helped much to vary the monotony of society, which furnished the novelists of the last century with their most surprising incidents, and contributed remarkable experiences to many now living. It was the evening which frequently had to be spent at some small country inn,

sometimes in the only parlor, and in company which, casual as it was, might be agreeable and instructive. That is all of the past. England can now be traversed in any direction in a day, so there is no need to put up anywhere for the night. Rickards was once in this case. He was ordering his dinner, when the waiter told him another gentleman was about to dine. Perhaps he would not object to join him. Rickards assented. It was a pleasant elderly man of business. They soon got into conversation. As they talked, they seemed to be drawing to a narrower circle. They knew something of the same places and the same names. It was not till late in the evening they discovered they were brothers, that is, on the father's side. The stranger was of the first family, and had been settled out in the world before the father married again and Samuel was born. So they had never seen one another. The only other relative of Rickards I ever heard of was his sister, Mrs. Pearce, who was singularly unlike him in all respects.

I believe I knew one other instance of a man not having seen his own brother. Edward Blencowe, of whom I shall have to speak, had a brother more than thirty years older than himself, still older in frame and in character than in years, in my Northamptonshire neighborhood.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

SAMUEL RICKARDS AT STOWLANGTOFT.

At last there came the not undesired opportunity of change. Among Rickards' college friends was Henry Wilson, who, besides excellent abilities and much goodness, in the ordinary sense of that word, was just the most kind-hearted of men. He was the only son of Mr. Wilson, of Highbury, the head of a large house of business in the City. The father had bought the estate of Stowlangtoft, with the living, a few miles from Bury St. Edmund's, and he had placed his son there. The living fell vacant, and Henry Wilson offered it at once to Rickards, hardly taking a denial, even if Rickards had returned one, which he did not. Wilson built for him a handsome and capacious parsonage, of the white brick Suffolk is proud of, and soon, to Lord Winchilsea's great grief, the family was in its new home.

The scenery was a sad downfall after that pictured in "Nature and Art." When Lord Maidstone came to be a pupil there he would stand on a mound in Stowlangtoft churchyard, which the parsonage grounds adjoined, and say, "Now I am on the top of the highest hill in all the county of Suffolk." The site was at least the best in the village, known to be the site of a Roman camp by the large white snails surviving there. Yet the place had its charms. The magnificent church was one of forty, built and served

by the abbey of St. Edmund's, and it was said the architect of them all selected this to be buried in. The county was thoroughly rural and primitive. Stowlangtoft Hall lay at the level of a small stream half a mile from the church. Very soon did the Rickards know everything living or growing in the parish, if it could possibly emerge into notice. In a parasitical herb growing out of the roots of a tree in a roadside bank, Rickards recognized the only plant of Spanish licorice he had ever seen in a wild state, and proud was he to show it to those he could trust to keep the secret. Whatever could be moved was brought into the rectory garden, which became an interesting wilderness, in which one could roam about, making discoveries every day. Among plants I had never seen or heard of before was some sweet-scented valerian, grown from seeds enclosed in the cerements of a burial probably as far back as King John.

Rickards was in his church as he was in his own house ; and there he read and talked to his parish as he did to his family — indeed, to any one separately. It was impossible not to attend, to be interested, and to learn. His style was wholly devoid of all that which people put on for preaching and publishing. There was no necessity for garniture or stilted expressions. The man himself, his voice and manner, sent every word into his hearers, and when they thought of what he had said, the man, the voice, and the manner rose before them. The church — a large one for the parish — was always full, and full, too, of listeners. People came from far to join in such a service. Mr. Bevan, a banker at Bury, came over many years, lunching at the parsonage, till, as must happen at last to every clergyman, Rickards found

he must reserve all his strength for his day's work, and had none to spare for even one congenial visitor.

Troubles came, as they come everywhere. The Rickards brought two young daughters, Maria and Lucy, or Minky and Lu, as they were called, from Ulcombe. I saw them both at Stowlangtoft, a loving pair, learning much and doing much. They caught a fever: I think it was at haymaking in the damp meadows about there. Minky died. Lu survived with constitutional injuries which gave her continual trouble and pain. After that it occasionally occurred to Rickards that he ought not to have left Ulcombe, where he was doing a good work, and where he had many kind friends who then missed him much.

Rickards found very early that he had to part company with the Oxford movement, even if for a day he was heart and soul with it. He wrote in an expostulatory and warning tone to Keble. After a very short interchange of letters the correspondence abruptly ceased. He wrote to Newman with the same result. He was soon outside altogether. The truth was he had taken his ground almost prematurely on most questions, if not all. I had some long discussions with him in after years, on his challenge, not mine, and I found that he had passed the stage of argument. I maintained that the disputed text (Matthew v. 32) referred only to the case of causeless, wanton, and capricious divorce, divorce with just cause being expressly excluded; and that consequently the prohibition applied only to the case of wanton divorce, just divorce being a matter for distinct consideration. After much talk Rickards said, "Then you hold that the words 'her that is divorced' do not include 'her that is justly divorced.'" I replied

that I did. Whereupon he closed the books lying open before us and said, "Then there can be no use in talking more about it."

There came a very serious trial of friendship, which happily passed through the trial. Henry Wilson stood for the West division of the county in the Liberal interest. The Conservatives, particularly the clergy, at once inquired whom Rickards was going to vote for. He had promised his vote to the Conservative candidate; so did all the clergy; and Wilson lost his election, it was universally believed, through the fact of his own dearest friend voting against him. It did not make the slightest difference in the friendly relation. Wilson was all this time frequently giving Rickards the use of his carriages. The clergy of the neighborhood were then supplying amongst themselves an evening service at the chief church at Bury. Rickards asked me to take his turn, and he went with me. I seem to see now the head of Henry Wilson's magnificent high-stepping brougham horse that took us there and back.

Rickards felt much for the laborers, who were then in a very restless state and often wanting help. He thought that whatever he gave to help them ought to have come from the farmer or the landlord, not from him, and that the wages ought to be raised to meet the laborers' wants. The employers met this with the simple allegation that they could not afford to pay more. How was Rickards to learn the true state of the case, and be qualified to adjudicate between the laborer and the farmer? So he took his glebe into his own hands. He had to be out all day; early and late. He found he had to watch the laborers; to sit up all night with sick cows and sick

calves; to suffer considerable losses; make some mistakes; and finally give up what to him was an impossible task.

The truth is, he was not a farmer. In common, too, with nearly all people who are not farmers, he had failed to realize that while agriculture is a very precarious business, it is the farmer that takes all its fluctuations and uncertainties. The laborer has his fixed wages, and the landlord his fixed rent, but the farmer has to take his chance of the weather, the markets, casualties of all kinds, and the many pests to which the cattle and the crops are liable.

When Rickards entered his parsonage, he found a large kitchen garden, newly laid out and walled. There were also shrubberies, and he had particularly asked for an avenue for meditation. But he also liked strawberries. There must be good beds of them, and the avenue must be lined with them. The crop the first year was magnificent. The school children were requisitioned to bring large baskets to be filled and sent to neighbors in and out of the parish. The next year the produce was not so overpowering. The third year there was hardly any crop at all. Rickards had forgotten that the garden had been taken out of a wheat field in the best bearing condition; and had now relapsed into its natural state, which was that usually found on the chalk.

Like many other clergymen, Rickards had a longing for royal roads in agriculture, and would occasionally try the discoveries announced in the country newspapers. Seeing one day a paragraph stating it as a simple fact that if you mixed up an equal quantity of salt, soot, and sulphur, and spread it over a certain surface, you would have wonderful crops of

everything you might choose to sow, he tried it with the greatest care, sowing garden as well as field seed. He waited for the result with much interest. Not a green thing appeared. The land was a desert and remained so for some years. Rickards believed in Bishop Berkeley's panacea of tar-water. At least he would give it a thorough trial. At one visit I found jars of tar-water all over the house. Rickards himself drank or sipped it frequently; sometimes he felt confident it did him good. But he finally gave it up.

Even as a priest of nature, Rickards had his sorrows. A lad in the school showed an extraordinary turn for natural history, especially for the vermin of water, wood, or field. Rickards took much notice of him, and finally got employment for him at the Zoölogical Gardens. He fancied the reptile house, and was put there. He had to feed the creatures, and to change their arrangements. He was often warned of his rashness, but grew familiar with danger. Unhappily, coming from the fresh country air to the reeking metropolis, he acquired the love of drink. One morning, when he had been taking too much, he had to deal with the cobras. One of them bit him. The only remedy in which there was any faith at all was that he should be immediately stupefied with brandy. But this required that he should begin sober, and he was now in that stage of intoxication that did not admit of stupefaction. He was shortly dead.

Every creature had Rickards' sympathy and aid, ineffectual as it might sometimes be, for he could not bear to see anything in distress without an effort to relieve it. In the garden of Stowlangtoft Hall there was an artificial mount, the top of which was reached

by a winding path. Arriving at the top, one hot afternoon, he found a frog that must have wandered there from the fishpond at the foot of the mount. It had been some time out of its element, and could hardly crawl. Rickards stooped, secured it carefully between forefinger and thumb, and carrying it gently down the path, threw it into the pond. It had scarcely touched the water when a pike sprung at it and swallowed it. "Poor froggy!" was all Rickards could say.

Rickards spoke slowly, for he never spoke by rote, or ran out in words. There always seemed an exact accord between heart, head, and tongue. I can scarcely imagine anybody, even the veriest rustic, not understanding and feeling whatever he said. His rebukes must have been solemn and awful, except that there would still be love in them. Even the casual force of such a power is terrible. Not long after Rickards' arrival at Stowlangloft, he had a call from a neighboring clergyman, of whom he knew nothing but his name. On his leaving, Rickards offered to accompany him part of his way home. They talked of different people; at last of one who had laid himself open to censure. It is the way of earnest talkers to come to a stand, and say face to face the most weighty thing they have to say. This is what Rickards did. Turning round to the clergyman, and raising his hands and his head, he said solemnly, — every word a shot, — "But what can you expect from a man that married his cook?" It was just what the clergyman himself had done. He turned round, and without a word walked away, never to come across Rickards again.

After the death of old Mr. Wilson, of Highbury

Grove, the extensive grounds were given up to bricks and mortar. Henry Wilson named the chief thoroughfare Stowlangtoft Street. In a year or two, when in town, he was told one morning that a deputation had called, and wished to see him. There were half a dozen respectable gentlemen, with a numerously signed memorial. It was a request that the name of the street might be changed. Nobody could pronounce it, nobody could spell it. Letters went wrong. If people inquired for the street they were not understood. The street might as well have no name at all. There was no choice, and Henry Wilson had to give up the sweet country association.

Lucy Rickards, suffering continually from neuralgia, and a very painful disorder of the gums, found relief in work, in painting and illumination. I believe I am right in saying that she gradually filled with painted glass every window in her father's church. The windows were very large and very lofty, rising thirty feet from the floor of the church. But Lucy Rickards did everything. She made the designs, she cut the glass that had to be cut to form, she painted it, burnt in the colors, put the glass together, doing all the soldering herself, and finally she fixed the complete frame into the window, requiring no assistance whatever, except that a man had to be employed in the little scaffolding necessary. This was before the days of the South Kensington Museum, and she had to pay daily visits for a long time to the British Museum to copy from the illuminated works, to which she had access through Mr. Forshall and Mr. Richards of Margaret Street Chapel.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

Most ungrateful would it be to pass without due honor two men who contributed much to the life and brightness of the common room in my time. George Anthony Denison and Charles Neate were elected, together with Trower, the year before my own election, but when I had been a member of the college three years. They were really as different men as could be, though paired by force of circumstance, and to some extent of character. They were *Arcades ambo*. They could talk and chaff about anything, never at a loss, and never piercing to the quick. They were both good scholars, rather above the Oxford run.

Denison has forgotten Oriel College. It is now some time since he took his name off the books. In his published "Reminiscences" he gives not quite a page to Oriel, and it is such a jumble of inaccuracies, absurdities, and apparent forgets, that one can only suppose it an ingenious way of showing how little he cares for the college. He speaks of Senior, Arnold, and Keble as frequenting Oriel common room, in 1828, and describes their conversation as dull and constrained. The fact is they were never there, except possibly on a "Gaudy Day," when Denison, as a Probationer, would hardly come within hearing of them. If Denison has really forgotten all about the college, what I have to say will be news to him.

How could I ever forget his handsome figure, his pleasant smile, his musical voice, and his ever ready wit! Coming from Christchurch, and from a family which had acquired a good county position in Notts, he had advantages over most of us. He knew the social theory of politics, and a good deal about political men. I have often wondered that his exceedingly able and interesting prize essay, 1829, on the "Power and Stability of Federative Governments," was never referred to during the American Civil War.

His eldest brother had just married a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, which was of course a great lift for a family of Leeds clothiers. It opened an indefinite vista, but in one direction only, that is, Whiggism, Liberalism, and Reform. All the time I knew G. A. D. at Oriel he was in harness which did not fit him at all. The Whig bit was in his mouth, and he champed, and frothed, and made play, but it was not his line. There was an incessant struggle between the inner and the outer man. The fire within had to find vent in something very like scoffing at things generally, and occasionally in an extraordinary flare out upon trivial occasions.

At Hall dinner one day Denison, sitting at the head of the high table, broke out into a sudden rage at the rhubarb tart having been sent up hot instead of cold, as he had ordered, he said, and as was the uniform custom, he added in good society. He ordered up the cook. Mr. King, a most respectable man, father of a large family, including a son at Magdalen College, came up and took his station at a respectful distance to receive the merited castigation. Of course there was silence in the hall, dinner was suspended, and all listened attentively. Denison ha-

rangued the poor man in a set speech: "Was there ever such a barbarism heard of as serving rhubarb tart hot? Where could Mr. King have lived to know no better than that? So he went on for ten minutes.

I felt myself smitten by these reproaches, for I think I rather sided with Mr. King in this momentous question; but I now saw clearly that it was because I had not been in high society. No doubt dukes and that sort of people eat their rhubarb tarts cold. In later years it has frequently occurred to me to inquire whether there be not some occult relation between hot rhubarb tarts and the conscience clause. I have not found a clue to it, so I hand over the investigation to our material philosophers, who can associate the highest with the lowest developments, and who may be able to construct a system on it in thirty octavo volumes.

Denison took us all in hand. He made the Fellows furnish and decorate the common room in good taste, as far as I remember, but of course in the taste of that period. In his laudable desire to civilize us he introduced aristocratic amusements; in particular "cock-fighting." Startle not, reader. The players sat on the ground, trussed like fowls, facing one another. They had to make fight with their toes, each trying to trip up and overthrow his antagonist. It was supposed that they who had early learnt to point their toes would have the advantage, but this was not always the case. Another game, said to be common in palaces, was done with broomsticks, and severely taxed the natural balance of the human frame. It was about this time that ladies had frog quadrilles, in which they made themselves wonder-

fully like frogs, and hopped about like the creatures in the fountain of Ceres at Versailles. How Denison would have enjoyed to see that done in Oriel common room! Denison was one of the first body of members of the Athenæum, a thousand, I think. They wanted two hundred more members to meet their expenditure, and Denison canvassed Oriel, me with the rest. As I expected to live all my days in the country, I was not likely, I thought, to want a club. Denison can hardly have found the faith of the Church of England in better hands at the Athenæum than in the University of Oxford. Has he renounced his club as well as his college?

It was very seldom that I walked into the Oxford Union. Coming into the common room one evening, Denison said, in my hearing, "I have just heard the best speech I ever heard in my life, by Gladstone, against the Reform Bill. But mark my words. That man will one day be a Liberal, for he argued against the Bill on Liberal grounds." No doubt Denison's own distracted political state had qualified him for entering into another man's mental complications. Possessed as he was by several spirits, he could understand the inconsistent utterances of one tormented in like fashion.

I had one day a warm argument with Denison, originating in my applying harsh expressions to some Whig minister or Whig measure. Denison said that motives could not be recognized in political discussions, which could not be carried on at all if they were. I maintained that it was impossible to exclude them, for they existed in fact, and were actually inseparable. I should think we neither of us knew quite what we were talking about.

I cannot help thinking that the very divided state of Denison's convictions upon all the great questions of the day for many years, that is, for the best years of life, or rather the difficulty he found in settling into any conviction at all, operated injuriously on his reasoning powers. It was many years before he could feel himself personally disengaged from the family compact, and quite clear of it. By that time he had arrived at the age when opinions are taken in the gross and in their concrete form, without the power of modification.

This is not the place to discuss the conscience clause, on the rejection of which Denison staked his name and himself, body and soul, it may almost be said. But this much I will say: If that conscience clause had been fairly accepted by the Church of England twenty years since, we should not have had the Elementary Education Act.

Though it took Denison a very long time to break through the obstacles in the way of High Churchmanship, he never wanted for decision in action. When he was curate at Cuddesdon, and living in a cottage there, he had occasion for some turf for his garden, and accordingly wrote a civil note to the old gentleman then possessed of Shotover House, asking leave to cut some turf from the rough open ground at the top of the hill. The answer came back, "I will not allow anybody to take turf from my hill of Shotover." Without a minute's delay Denison sent carts and horses and drew as much turf as he wanted, judging rightly that after so curt a refusal the writer would think himself and his turf safe for some time.

At Cuddesdon Denison was curate to Saunders, whom I think he afterwards succeeded, but that

matters not. Saunders — "Black Saunders" he was called, to distinguish him from "White Sanders," now Archdeacon of Exeter — was a good scholar and a good man. He became master of Charterhouse School, and afterwards Dean of Peterborough. He was about the last man to take a leading part in a crusade or a party, and his constant companionship with G. A. D. is one of the many mysteries of friendship.

Denison's fastidiousness was often tried, sometimes severely. He did his best to make the society of the common room such as even a Samuel Wilberforce or a Lord Dudley could have walked into fresh from a West End drawing-room without offence to his taste. But it was impossible not to recognize exceptional abilities and merit, and these qualities must be taken as we find them. Poor Denison had one special aversion. Wary as he was, he had the extreme imprudence to get into an argument with Saunders in a full common room. What it was about, and what had been Denison's last move I know not, but it was instantly replied to, loudly and not very sweetly, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." Though Denison was, I think, a born Tory and High Churchman, only doomed to suffer a long and cruel bondage to the worst of all tyrannies, family convenience, he must be set down among the number of those upon whom Newman was long making a continual and silent impression, undetected or suppressed at the time, but destined to show itself all the stronger afterwards.

Everybody must regret that Denison has not had a larger and more suitable sphere for the full exercise of his great powers and his really beneficent nature.

With his scholarship, his knowledge of law, his ready wit, his promptitude of action, his agreeable address, and his taste for material improvements, he would have made a first-rate mediæval Chancellor, Archbishop, and Cardinal. Disposing of several hundred thousand a year, and commanding several thousand men, he would ere this have reduced to convenient bounds and regular control the waste of waters which from his own hills he sees submerging half his county. He would have practically solved other problems, and set other examples to the rest of England. It is stated that in his own parish he has spent £1,500 in the formation of hill reservoirs, conduits, and fountains, and in disclosing and utilizing springs. Many a clergyman has desired to do this, and has seen how it could be done; but chill penury repressed the noble rage, and even if there were the means, there were other and more exigent demands.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

CHARLES NEATE.

Charles Neate was a very interesting and very lovable man. I miss him sadly in my thoughts of Oxford. He was always entertaining and sufficiently original, for talking at least. You felt it was a man's heart before you, but he had just cynicism enough to sharpen the flavor of his natural humor and ready wit. He had a peculiar nature, inherited I believe. Near forty years ago I heard one who was well acquainted with his father, and who had had dealings with him, describe him kindly and respectfully, but as a little — what shall I say? Well, the word was cracked. Cracks, crazes, crotchets, are words generally used to denote some unexpectedly hard or sharp resistance in the composition of any one you have to deal with. You expected to find him yielding and elastic, but suddenly you came on a bone, perhaps a backbone, and, in regard to your expectation and plan, it is a craze. You may be right and you may be wrong in giving an ill name to that which does not suit your ends.

Denison and Neate must have had much in common, otherwise they would not have got on so capitally together; but the differences were more obvious. Neate came of that middle-class gentry that has acted so important a part in the maintenance of this State, and also in its revolutions and lesser perturbations.

Keeping their place pretty well, and without exorbitant ambition, they have generally been *frondeurs*, content to grumble at their little difficulties and their want of openings. They have coveted the prizes without the risks of public life. Now and then they have been roused, rallied, and marshalled by such spirits as Cromwell, to this day the patron saint of the class, and continually invoked to reappear and do some little job for them. But it is very much of an accident what are their political opinions, for during most of last century the class had Jacobite tendencies. Its rule is to be against the Court party, whatever that may be. It is continually strengthened by its alliances with the town manufacturers, bankers, dealers, and brewers. The higher gentry may possess much of the soil of our towns and their neighborhood, but the smaller gentry have had the pull on their more valuable industry. Nevertheless they are a complaining race, never knowing quite what to be at, as is the case with all half-casts.

The Denisons, on the other hand, come of that robuster, bolder, more independent, and more energetic northern stock that has created Lancashire and the West Riding. Ambitious, and with a good deal of worldly wisdom, they fight their own battles, instead of harboring their discontents or venting their grievances. They are rich and have the gloss of a high civilization. They wear kid gloves and deal heavy blows; they smile as sweet as lords, but have no mercy even to the fallen. G. A. D. was the very type of the class. Nature and education framed him for a very great man, but he was robbed of his career and degraded into a troublesome and unsuccessful agitator by a grand family alliance, and, it must be

added, by the fell necessity of keeping the electors of Liverpool drunk for fourteen days on a memorable occasion.

With a genial temperament, a fair inheritance of natural gifts, and a great amount of goodness, Charles Neate had an education specially calculated to develop him up to a certain point, and utterly disqualify him for anything beyond. He was purposely made hybrid, half an Englishman and half a Frenchman — French to begin with. His early education was at the College Bourbon at Paris, where he obtained a very great prize for French composition, open to all the schools of France. How that was it is hard to conceive, but it appears to have been the fact. An Englishman made half French can hardly fail to let his political and social ideas run in half a dozen diverging directions, for he can rarely have so strong a predisposition as to be thoroughly Legitimist, or thoroughly Republican, or thoroughly of any section or party. Nor can he take things in a regular course. He is likely enough to become the sentimental adherent of a party or a school existing only in the sad retrospect, or in the visionary future, or in the mere background of a picture. Neate lost half his English nature, and acquired only the fragments of various French natures.

It appeared to me that he was always, by choice, behindhand altogether in his political conclusions. There are people who are behindhand because they are indecisive and dilatory. They wait to be led by the event, because they are simply idle and slow. They resolve and act just when it is too late. But Neate looked about him, and seeing which was the side then quite hopeless, a thing of the past, proper

subject for monodies, elegies, and monumental inscriptions, closed with it as best suiting his nature.

Thus he early forswore the worship of success, and pinned his colors to defeat. He professed to take the popular side of Liberalism, and he delivered and published lectures on Political Economy; but when the Corn Laws had been some time repealed, and Free Trade was an established and stubborn fact, then he found out that it was all a mistake, and England had been doing very foolishly. My impression is that whenever I met him I found him still harking back to some point of the almost forgotten past, or taking his side with the incurable and the irreversible. He must have had a hard time of it at Oxford, except that it has latterly yielded him a continual harvest of things to be wished back again. One continual regret he had, and it drove him to the unwonted exertion of illustrating it in a small book. He felt the disappearance of style in English literature and public speaking. Writers and talkers are so full of matter, so hurried, so much in the habit of addressing themselves to people without tastes and ideas, that they run into one dull level of verbiage, often quite as empty as the most sentimental and imaginative utterances could be. So Neate published a *fasciculus* of translations into Latin verse and prose, and original compositions in Latin and French. In this he lets out rather than avows his preference for the Romanistic languages to the Greek, and its German satellite. Upon the whole, there can be little doubt that the Latin school is the best for that eloquence which is to please and persuade as well as teach and inform. Following up his schoolboy successes, he had published in French a Dialogue be-

tween Guizot and Louis Blanc on the merits of Louis Philippe's government. From this he now appended extracts, indicating that he still clave to that idea of constitutional monarchy which somehow has never taken root on French soil.

Neate was the same in public as in private life. Strange as it may seem, there was a time when it was hardly possible to open a newspaper without seeing his name a dozen times in the Parliamentary debates. He made good little speeches, but what they were about, or what was their general line, or whether they were on any line at all, it now passes me to say. It was much the same with his conversation, as far as I remember; very pleasant, very companionable, very recreative, good for heart, mind, and soul, not overtaxing the intellect or overcharging the memory. It rarely left much more trace than the sea breaking gently on a soft shelving shore. Is there any one who can record Charles Neate's sayings? They must be innumerable, for he was always saying something, and it was always something witty, good, and, in a sense, true.

Early in life he cut short a rather promising legal career by an act which showed his utterly unpractical nature. He was engaged on the same side as Bethell, and rather in his usual way was offering frequent suggestions, which somewhat disturbed his leader. In a moment of irritation Bethell said, in the hearing of the court, "Hold your tongue, you fool!" Neate waylaid him as he was leaving the court, and laid hands on him in some insulting fashion. English courts of law allow full play to the tongue, but not to the hands, and it was now all over with Charles Neate in his profession.

After being private secretary for some time to Sir F. Baring, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after representing the city of Oxford very respectably for some years, Neate devoted himself to Oxford in his academic and also his municipal character. One of his offices was clerk of the market, a post of some importance at Oxford, and of great antiquarian interest. I do not know whether in that capacity he had to perform the ancient duty of amercing regraters and forestallers, but it would have suited his taste admirably.

As we passed through the market with him one day, everybody gave him a warm greeting, and many had something to say. The women came up to him offering little bouquets, and he could have decorated his "weird" figure, as the Bishop of Manchester called it, with as many of them as he pleased. One woman was very importunate, but it was a wife, not a widow, and a widow was the aggressor. The wife was most energetic in her demand for redress, and she extracted from Neate a promise that he would bring her case before the next court of commissioners — I think that was the phrase. Her husband had a shop, with the use of the foreshore, that is the irregular space between the foot pavement and the road. But the shop was at the corner, and there was a small space of foreshore not directly before it. The commissioners had allowed a poor young widow to ensconce herself on this odd bit. But it was not enough for her little polity of hampers and baskets, and for the proper display of her fruits and vegetables, so she had kept up a steady encroachment into the adjacent foreshore, and actually had established a position between the adjacent shop and the

road. The aggrieved wife was furious and implacable. The husband sat by looking stupidly indifferent. How it all ended I know not.

The last time I saw Neate he was pacing up and down on the pavement before the town-hall. He looked very wild, pale, and thin. He had a bundle of memoranda in his hand, to which he kept looking. He had to take the train in a few minutes for town, where he intended to make a speech for some nationality, I forget what. Its cause must have been utterly hopeless to put him in that excitement. I trust he was too late for the train, and that he spent the evening with his sister and went to bed in good time, for the meeting was duly held, and his name did not appear in the proceedings. Not long after that his virtues were solemnly and touchingly pronounced from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and the University and the city followed him to his grave.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

EDWARD BLENCOWE.

EDWARD BLENCOWE is only a name in the annals of Oriel College, but his case will go some way to prove that there was no attempt to form the college on any school or type of character. He had been with me at Charterhouse, but, not being in the same house, was a pleasant acquaintance rather than an associate. He went to that school at the age of ten, and left before me. I was, however, with him for some time in the first form, as it was there called. We were going through the Odes of Horace with Russell's usual minuteness of criticism, from which the attention of even the best drilled boys would sometimes mercifully wander. Blencowe one day quietly exchanged books with me, and, taking out his pencil, illustrated with a beautiful coast scene the words :

> Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
> Valles, et Usticæ cubantis
> Levia personuere saxa.

The illustration, however, represented rather Blencowe's own longings than the locality named in the ode, which is a village on a mountain slope, down the valleys of which rush many streams, smoothing the rocks as they dash over them. Blencowe's picture seemed to make the rocks those of the seashore, and the smoothing done by the waves.

When I came up to Oxford I found Blencowe had been some time scholar of Wadham, and we renewed our friendship. He lived, however, very much in a little world of his own. He took a first class at Easter, 1828, and when I became Fellow I saw still more of him, but with my notion of Wadham he seemed to me lost in that college. It was at least a separation. So I persuaded him to stand for Oriel, and spoke much of his merits to Newman, Froude, and Wilberforce. He was elected. It was an utter failure. Blencowe divided his time between his new and his old college, and had all his heart in the old one. This would not necessarily imply any distaste for his new companions. Wadham College is far superior to Oriel in its buildings, its garden, and even its situation, though a little out of the way. But, in matter of fact, Blencowe did not feel at home in Oriel society, and did not even make the attempt. I soon, and for some time, got a good deal twitted on the ill success of my recommendations. How anybody could cleave in his heart to Symons is a thing I cannot understand, but when one sees the husbands some wives are found to dote upon, one cannot be surprised at anything.

Blencowe gave up residence as soon as he could, took Orders, and had charge of a parish some years on the coast of Glamorganshire. I had, and still possess, many letters from him. They abounded in descriptions of the Mumbles, reminding me often of his Horatian vignette, and they told me much I had not known of the Flemish settlement of the Gower. Blencowe married, and till his death, at the age of thirty-eight, had the curacy of Teversall, in Notts. His widow published a volume of his sermons,

written without a thought of publication; and upon the great encouragement she received she published a second and then a third volume. For all I know, these sermons have been preached from more pulpits than any other sermons of this century, and they certainly bear much preaching. None could be simpler, plainer, more earnest, or more kindly. Well, I suppose I must set him down as a feather in old Symons' cap, much as I grudge him that ornament. The sermons, however, are described as by the late Rev. Edward Blencowe, formerly Fellow of Oriel College.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

CHARLES PORTALIS GOLIGHTLY.

In any picture of Oriel society, as bearing on the "movement," there are other characters than those already noticed that would be certainly looked for. What shall be said of the most unchangeable member of Oriel, not to say Oxford society; the iron bridge striding right over the movement, and stretching from the Oriel school of Coplestone's days to who shall say what new Oriel school of the latter days of this changeful century?

Oriel men of almost any standing will anticipate who this must be. Golightly came to Oriel with some great advantages. He was an Etonian, and was thus known, and a public character, from his boyhood. His friends, moving about, had lived in various pleasant places, forming many acquaintances. He had been some time at Rome, seeing a good deal of certain Cardinals, and entering into their characters and their politics. One result was a lurking tenderness for Cardinals, and Golightly was not a little pleased to find some years ago that his house stood in the old books of Merton College as the Cardinal's Head. He had a pretty little Cardinal's hat painted on the lintel of his front door. No doubt he has felt it an honor to his University to have contributed two living members of the Sacred College.

Golightly's second Christian name indicates his descent from a Protestant branch of the very numerous Portalis family, which, variously spelt, has performed distinguished parts in French and Swiss politics, and has a good position in this country. Golightly used to produce some interesting family relics and traditions of the French prophets, who about the beginning of last century anticipated clairvoyance, spiritual mediums, and all the rest of it, lately much in vogue and not quite exploded yet.

He had early formed strong religious convictions. An early formation of character brings its advantages and also its disadvantages. Society has the benefit of both. I have to acknowledge the greatest of obligations. Golightly was the first human being to talk to me, directly and plainly, for my soul's good, and that is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences can efface, no not eternity itself, if one may venture to name that which is incomprehensible. His religion was that of Scott, and Newton, and Cecil, and Baxter, and Owen, and certain select Puritans, not without a little High Church seasoning, when not quite too high.

He had abundance of means, of general information and anecdote, and of self-confidence, invaluable at a University. Most freshmen are so overwhelmed by the new world they are brought into, and the bright vision opened to their eyes, that they spend several terms in recovering self-possession and learning to feel at home. They are leaning upon old school acquaintances, timidly courting new ones, nervous about etiquette, suspicious of the outer world, and sometimes even beginning to wrap themselves up in a sullen independence. Golightly must have been as

much at home and master of a certain position the day he arrived at Oxford, fifty-eight years ago, as he is to-day.

He was always accessible, companionable, and hospitable, and his own kindness and frankness were diffused among those that met in his rooms and made a social circle. He could criticise the University sermons freely, raise theological questions, and occasionally lay down the law, — a very useful thing to be done in the mass of wild sentiment, random utterances, and general feeling of irresponsibility constituting undergraduate conversation. At a very early period his decision upon Newman was that he wanted judgment. Of his genius he doubted not, but he felt that to be a dangerous element in the Church.

I used to meet good men of other colleges at Golightly's rooms, and I am under a great though indefinite obligation to him on that account. But the truth is, when people are good, but all in much the same way, and in the same phrases, a few types are all that the memory will carry long. I retain and love the memory of Salisbury Everard. The last time I met him was at Golightly's rooms, when I was on the point of taking Orders. His farewell words to me were, "I hope that when your people ask for bread, you will not give them a stone." The words have recurred to me ten thousand times, not without a misgiving that I was doing the very thing deprecated. I have given my successive parishioners plenty of stone, in church building, school building, and church and village improvements. In that and other ways I have given plenty of the bread that perisheth. As to that other bread, who will be bold to answer for himself?

Upon taking his degree, and being told that his private income would disqualify him for a Fellowship, Golightly was ordained, and held curacies at Godalming and elsewhere, acquiring varied experiences of Evangelical incumbents. I fear I should spoil some of his stories if I were to try to repeat them. Where was it that he took the sole charge of a large parish, the Evangelical incumbent of which was to be absent for two years on a continental tour? He had immediately to start down the gutter a large stock of small beer he had had to pay for. The Vicar had left a servant in the house to take care not only of it, but also of his own babe in arms; and had very thoughtfully left minute directions what was to be done with the hapless innocent in case it caught the small-pox, and where it was to be buried if it died.

In 1836, when Littlemore chapel was nearly finished, it occurred to me and some others that it would be a very nice arrangement for Golightly to return to Oxford and take the charge of the chapel and district, which then had no endowment. Of course we ought to have thought a little more about his theological views, and his rather determined expression of them. Golightly entered into the plan with real enthusiasm, bought a good house in Holywell Street, and settled there. A single sermon dispelled the pleasant illusion. It was evidently impossible that he and the Vicar of St. Mary's could get on together. So there was Golightly cajoled, betrayed, and cast adrift. It was a case of downright folly all round.

But many a wise, carefully considered, and well digested scheme has led to less permanent and less important results. Golightly was satisfied with his position. He had a constant succession of new under-

graduate friends, including Frederick Faber and others, afterwards distinguished as members of the new school. He added to his house and his gardens, and became a considerable personage, exercising in due time a quasi-patriarchal jurisdiction over the University and the Diocese of Oxford, and the Church of England. But while all is change around him, and nowhere is change so rapid and so revolutionary as at Oxford, Golightly has remained as fixed as the rock against which Virgil describes the winds and waves beating in vain. Generations of undergraduates, of tutors, and even of heads of houses, have passed by him, and he remains. Oaths, subscriptions, clerical Fellows, lay Fellows, tutors, halls, have passed away, but Golightly still lives to tell of Oxford, and of Rome too, as they were in the first quarter of this century.

Ordinary natures might succumb under the sense of an ineffectual struggle against the law of change, not to say deterioration. Fortunately, a fact so painful and depressing seems almost out of Golightly's ken, or it has operated like a tonic on his healthy physical and moral constitution. He has fulfilled the particular duty impressed on the tender conscience of his infancy, protesting against everything that in his judgment savors of superstition and sacerdotalism. The Power that allots us our several parts has given him that to do, so he believed, and so he has done. Let others find their work in other lines.

Since the above was written, Golightly has published an indignant but not the less interesting Letter on many passages reflecting on himself in the second volume of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce."

The editor of that Life has committed an offence, amounting to a positive outrage, against the common rules of obituary record. The first of those rules is not to say anything but good of the newly departed. Their virtues are to be brought out, their good deeds told, all the rest softened, and even veiled. The second rule is a corollary. It is that the opportunity is not to be used to rake up controversies, to fling stones right and left, or to vamp up an ideal perfection by depreciating and satirizing others all round; in a word, to convert what really is a pious service into a vulgar broil. This second rule must be observed, or the biographer will find the rule *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* very soon disregarded. Golightly, with most other people, was evidently willing to merge old feuds and long reckonings in the more agreeable sentiment of a loving admiration for Samuel Wilberforce's genial nature and many useful qualities. But he was not allowed to do this. The biographer as it were diverted the funeral train from its proper course that the mourners might break Golightly's windows as they passed. Of course he has resented this abuse of a sacred solemnity, and stood on his defence. So far as I have read he has not said a word that is not justified by the occasion, though for one I much regret that the occasion has occurred.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

CHARLES LANCELOT LEE BRENTON.

Brenton supplies but a fleeting image and a sad retrospect. He was the very child of misfortune and hardship. His ancestors had been loyal to the British cause in the American War of Independence, and had lost all their property, which was considerable. His father had become celebrated as captain of the Spartan frigate, that by continually keeping just ahead of the French fleet in the Mediterranean warned British vessels of its approach. He was rewarded with a baronetcy, but not with the means to support it. The general notion in those days was that if a man had a title he could take it to market and buy a fortune with it. Brenton's uncle wrote, or compiled, a copious history of our naval wars, designed to supersede that by James, and he fondly hoped that the nephew at Oriel would one day devote himself to prepare it for the press.

The family were in straitened circumstances. Brenton, it was said, came up with an allowance of £150 a year to cover all expenses. It can be done, but only as Brenton did it. As far as appearances went he might have worn the same clothes all the time he was at college, and his rooms were not inviting. But there was something like a quarrel with the world in Brenton's disposition. In one way or another he had suffered persecution, but had not learnt mercy, for he

had but scant share of the graces that sweeten life and reconcile men. He had hardly a good word for anybody, least of all for the tutors and college officers, sorely taxed and sorely vexed, and yet doing their best to accomplish their arduous and not very thankful duties; at all events vastly his superiors. There was a harshness and cynicism about him which did small honor to his religious professions.

A ready sympathy with the many various forms of goodness and of greatness checkering the landscape of this world even to the very foreground is a constant source of happiness to draw upon in dull or sorrowful times. It is good to love and admire as much as possible; deadly to love and admire none. Sympathy, too, is the chief outwork of truth and duty, for we naturally think longer and deeper over a matter when the heart is interested.

Brenton was always ready to take the chair of authority and deliver the law. Of course he was an early riser, and in this matter he regarded the comfort of his neighbors as little as he did his own. His rooms were a couple of stories over Tyler's. "Mr. Brenton," said the Dean one day, with kindly expostulation, "what is that I hear every morning about five o'clock come down with a thump over my head?" Brenton had adopted the hideous device by which a great weight is released at the appointed hour and drags off your bed-clothes. It had hardly occurred to him that he was waking the whole staircase at the same time.

There was a presentiment of unhappiness when he left the college, for he carried a gloom with him. He took Orders, and in a year or two it was rumored that he had been overworked with the care of a large

parish, and that he lay ill of a bad fever. After a time he was reported well again, but unable to take duty. He presented himself at the college, and of course was invited to the common room. It was immediately evident that he was not quite recovered of his fever, and that Oxford was not the place to complete his recovery. He took the lead of the conversation, and conducted arguments in a voice that shook the building. In vain did the other talkers lower and soften their tones to set the key; he only vociferated louder and louder.

This was startling in a man who had been an undergraduate a few months before. But this was one of the institutions of the period, at least of the school to which Brenton had attached himself. The great and good man of that school had a message to deliver and an opportunity to use. He could not do this without silencing common voices and stopping frivolous conversation. I remember Cunningham of Harrow, at an unusually large party in the common room, seated near one end of the room. At the first pause he raised his voice and addressed himself to some one at the other end, and delivered a series of addresses in a key which scarcely allowed of interruption or response. Mrs. Archdeacon Robinson, Dornford's sister, did the same, so I heard, for I was not present at the Provost's table. In the country I not unfrequently found myself at parties where the understanding was that after a five minutes' interchange of greetings, conversation was to falter, and the big gun to open fire.

It was a great relief, though with some misgiving for the results, when it was known that Brenton had taken charge of Stadhampton, seven miles from

Oxford, in the temporary absence of Mr. Peers, it might be for a couple of months. Before the expiration of that time it was rumored that he had refused to bury a drunkard, and that he had preached a violent sermon, declaring his intention to quit the Church of England. He might soon be expected back at Oxford. He came, and he published his sermon.

In reply to the anxious inquiries of his old friends, he gave some curious explanations of his conduct. He had long had his doubts about the Church of England. It was only a sort of Popery. A man was not the better for belonging to it. He had taken a populous parish in order to stifle these doubts in incessant work. The struggle between working and doubting had cost him his health and nearly his life. He had already made up his mind to leave the Church when, after his illness, he returned to Oxford, but had thought it his duty to hear what the college had to say in defence of the Church. The college had said nothing to alter his intention. In point of fact he had not allowed the college to say anything, for wherever he was he talked and would let nobody else talk. He had thereupon wanted an opportunity to renounce the Church, and a clergyman off duty has no opportunity. So he gladly availed himself of Mr. Peers' offer to take charge of his parish, as it would be sure speedily to supply him with the desired occasion. The death of the drunkard was all that he wanted, and on that text he had preached and acted. It did not occur to him for a moment that there was some dishonesty and hypocrisy in undertaking a solemn charge, on the plain understanding that he would accept the ordinary conditions of the work, but with a

secret intention to throw up the engagement and leave his friend in the lurch, as the readiest way of protesting against these ordinary conditions.

Indeed, it was evident the poor man was mad when he came back to college, and was mad even now. While Brenton was still rushing about Oxford in an excited state, I was under examination for Deacon's Orders. The day before the ordination I had received the usual suggestion to supply myself with a copy of the Ordination Service, published separately in square black covers. Coming out of Parker's shop with one of these in my hand, I met Brenton striding along. He was familiar with the look of the book. "So you 're going in just as I 'm going out," he halloed at the pitch of his voice, and passed on without a word more.

Before long it was known that Brenton and some equally distempered friend had taken a small chapel at Bath, and set up a new sect, of no very peculiar or distinctive character. At intervals I and his other old Oxford acquaintances received from him English and Latin verses of a sentimental character, not without merit, but affording no cue to the separation. The congregation was said to be small and intermittent, and the sect appears to have died out with the founders.

It was in December, 1831, that Brenton seceded from the Church of England, one of many fugitives upon one ground or another.

The unfortunate officer who left the Prince Imperial to his fate was a blood relation, a nephew; and it has occurred to me that a touch of insanity is the best account that can be given of his extraordinary behavior in that lamentable affair.

Poor Brenton's interruption of Tyler's "beauty's sleep" reminds me of my having once been the means of shortening his rest at the other end. I was occupying the garret at the top of the buttery staircase. Danvers Clarke, whom I had known as a pupil of Mr. Wayland in Lincolnshire, and who was now at Exeter College, dropped in to tea. Towards eleven he observed a small door in the wainscot. "What's that?" he said. It was the door to the bell turret. Opening it, he sprung into the turret, and mounting a few steps, laid hold of the rope and rang the bell several times. It is about the most alarming sound that can be heard at Oxford, for if it means anything it is a college on fire. The porter was up immediately, and had to go and report to the Dean. Next morning Tyler sent for me.

"Mr. Mozley, I was just falling asleep last night when I heard the bell. I could not suppose it was you ringing it, and could not think what had happened."

I explained, and was advised to be careful in the choice of acquaintance.

The prospect of editing his uncle's "Naval History" was an incubus that weighed heavily on poor Brenton. There was an immense mass of MSS. to be arranged, reduced to convenient bulk, and a good deal rewritten. The details were new to Brenton. He left me in doubt whether he was likely to undertake it, but I understood that the uncle had sent him to school and college for the purpose. The idea of a big work to be done must have become fixed in his mind, for on the last page of a small collection of pieces he sent me in 1858, I see among other publications by Sir C. Brenton, "The Septuagint Version

of the Old Testament, according to the Vatican text, translated into English, with the principal various readings of the Alexandrine copy, and a Table of Comparative Chronology. Bagster, Paternoster Row. Price one guinea."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

ANTONY BULLER.

DEVONSHIRE was strong at Oriel in these days, for Coplestone was proud of his county and of his lineage, and he used to acquaint everybody with the antiquities of his own family and the origin of his name. Among the most genuine sons of Devon was "Tony Buller," then a very unpretending and very warm-hearted friend of the Froudes. He was rather disposed to hide his talent under a bushel, a common fault of good men, but a fault for all that.

In his very first term he had an unlucky mishap. He was asked to a supper, and having no excuse for declining, he felt himself bound to go. The company smoked and drank, talked and sang songs louder and louder, as is the way of such people, thinking of nobody but themselves. Poor Tony felt crushed and humiliated; he could not open his mouth, and had not the courage to rise from his chair and bid his friends good-night. It might be bad manners to break up so pleasant a party. Towards midnight the door opened and Hawkins, now Provost, presented himself in his academicals. As he was looking round for some one whom he might hope to find sensible of his rebuke, his eye lighted on Tony Buller, the picture of misery, though the Provost might easily put another construction on the blank expression of his face. "Mr. Buller," he immediately be-

gan, "I am astonished to see you," etc., etc. He said whatever might be properly addressed to a young country gentleman suddenly revealing himself as a monster of juvenile depravity.

Buller told his story the next morning to Froude and R. Wilberforce, to their infinite amusement. During the whole of Buller's undergraduateship, whenever he presented himself in the Tower, at the end of term, for the "Collections," or terminal examination, the Provost invariably began, "Mr. Buller, I hope you 've not been again guilty of those disorderly proceedings in which I found you engaged so soon after becoming member of the college," etc., etc.

The tutors were always prepared for the scene, and two of them, sitting a little further back than the Provost, exchanged glances with poor Tony as he sat, the very picture of guilt, receiving his periodical castigation. I think it not unlikely that were poor Tony to find himself in the presence of the Provost to-morrow he would look as guilty as ever.

So I wrote; but since I wrote it I see that the Antony Buller, the simple child I remember at college, and who was still as simple as a child when I last saw him on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Clive, of Barkham, in Berkshire, has passed away at the age of seventy-one. He preached and published various occasional sermons that were thoughtful, learned, and interesting. Four of these, in a series, were on the Constitution of the Church, and Church Authority, as well as I can remember, though, after much searching, I cannot lay my hand on them.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

WILLIAM HEBERDEN KARSLAKE.

William Heberden Karslake I remember an inoffensive little fellow at Charterhouse, with a round brown face, in a very quiet little circle, holding his own, a little gentleman, and to be respected. Even then, at twelve or thereabout, he looked prematurely wise. He followed me to Oriel, and there found himself in a very lively circle, containing some Devonshire men who think much of the name of Karslake. They must have been attracted, too, by the grave simplicity of his expression. With him there came to Oriel several Charterhouse friends, among whom were the two very good sons of Mr. Joseph Parker, of Oxford.

William Froude, perhaps Hurrell himself occasionally, Henry Wilberforce, John Dorney Harding, John Marriott, Wilson, George Ryder, and others, would set at him and torture him to extract distincter and more decisive opinions on the great questions of the day than suited his disposition. No doubt more than once or twice he heard "Under which king? Bezonian, speak or die." After much baiting he would take refuge in the old conclusion that there is much to be said on both sides. He had often occasion to do this, and of course got nicknamed Sir Roger de Coverley. He spoke slowly and in set forms. "Are you partial to beef, ma'am?" he said to the Provost's

lady, as he sat by me at one of the Provost's dinner parties. I was rather tickled by the expression, but long after found it not unusual in Devonshire.

When I went there in 1868 I found Karslake, now Rector of Meshaw, a very considerable personage, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Vice-chairman of the Board of Guardians, great in committees and public business, enjoying everybody's confidence, besides being a hunting, shooting, and yachting man, Rural Dean, and soon after a Prebendary. About ten years ago Parliament provided for him a subject peculiarly fitted for him, in the Dilapidations Act. It brought before the clergy their responsibilities in that matter much more distinctly and urgently than they were quite prepared for. But it seemed to put them in a vise, at the mercy of a surveyor, who was to visit on various occasions, give orders, demand money, and exact fees. The rural clergy get very few fees, and don't like paying them. Nor do they like lay officials over their heads, or red tape as they call it. Many hardly seemed to be aware that the old law of dilapidation was very precarious, and often very severe in its incidence and working.

Karslake, whose own preferment was of trifling value, and whose partrimony was but moderate, took up the cause of the oppressed, and gave notice of a motion at the Diocesan Conference, now five years ago, for a Committee of inquiry into the operation of the Act, with a view to moving Parliament for its amendment. Neither he nor any of the speakers on his side could point out any defect, or hardship, or danger in the Act which was not inseparable from the custom of dilapidations. Instances of seeming hardship were adduced, but they were just such as

had occurred thousands of times in the old system. I could have matched any of them from my own experience. There was, too, the absurdity of supposing that Parliament, after giving a good deal of time to a not very popular or interesting subject, would be likely within five or six years to reopen it and begin all the work again. The Conference, consisting equally of lay and clerical gentleman, and representing patrons as well as incumbents, voted in favor of leaving the question alone for the present.

Karslake, however, had had his second turn of speaking, and had touched the old chord that there was much to be said on both sides. Sir Stafford Northcote was there. He afterwards confessed to have been very much bored by the discussion. Speaking and hearing speeches, he said, always did bore him. He must have been occasionally tantalized by the vision of a glass of sherry, for he added that Conferences, in his opinion, tended to the consumption of strong drink, and so defeated their own wishes in the temperance direction. But while not quite up to the mark, he had been basking under the mild wisdom of his native county, listening to the dear old strain that there is much to be said on both sides. It seemed to take possession of his whole nature. At the lunch he confided to the Bishop that while he admired the debate, and could not quarrel with the decision, yet he felt that there was much to be said on both sides. He thought both sides ought to be heard again, and that Conference and Parliament ought to have the opportunity of reconsidering the whole matter. Would the Bishop, on the reassembling of the Conference in the afternoon, propose to rescind the morning's vote and appoint the Committee asked for?

The Bishop, usually decided, and very adverse to third courses, was on this occasion immediately converted to the doctrine that there is much to be said on both sides. He agreed to put Sir Stafford's proposal to the Conference. It was a little surprised, but acquiesced at once.

The Committee was appointed, Karslake in the chair. It met often, was very painstaking and minute. In due time it brought out and circulated a Report with numerous suggestions for the amendment of the Act. They would have made no substantial, or even perceptible, difference in the operation of the Act, if that were at all desirable, and they certainly did not amount to a case for reopening the whole question in Parliament. The Report only exists as a monument of Karslake's all-persuasive eloquence, to which even a statesman and a most business-like prelate had succumbed.

The next Conference, I sat by Karslake, enjoying what some one has truly styled Dean Boyd's princely hospitalities, and talking over old times and old people with my Carthusian and Oriel contemporary. I found he had not much to learn from me, and I had something to learn from him. I should add that he had been that day speaking at the Conference, and that it was strongly in favor of working by the existing organization of the Church, instead of attempting new formations, necessarily dependent on the character and circumstances of individuals, for whom the Church could not be answerable.

The day after the Conference there was held the largest and most distinguished meeting ever known in that part of Devonshire, to present a testimonial to the Rector of Meshaw, on his retirement from one

of his public offices, and in recognition of laborious services now extending to near half a century. It might be said that everybody in Devonshire was there, or would have been there if he could. Karslake had been consulted as to the form of the testimonial. A service of plate he did not want. It would hardly suit the moderate scale of his position, and upon an exactly similar occasion, and after a very similar career, his father had been presented with a testimonial of that sort, and had handed it down to him. Excepting that he would like a "Georgian" silver bowl as an emblem of good companionship, he asked that the bulk of the sum subscribed should be devoted to his church, particularly to the tower. It had been left out at the restoration of the edifice in 1836, partly for want of funds, partly owing to "immaturity of taste" in the architecture of that date.

The presentation was such a ceremony as Devonshire rejoices in. There was something almost Chinese in the continual reference to ancestries, and to friendships that had lasted for many generations. Karslake, Lord Fortescue said, had been the soul of business, the rule of good order, and the bond of peace. He had been patient and weighty, giving all sides an equal hearing, and winning everybody's good word. He had acted for the Bishop as Inspector of Education for twenty years, and had built schools in his own parish, not quite so smart as the schools of this date, but sufficient. For many years no boy or girl had grown up in his parish without learning to read and write fairly, and cipher a little. He had been one of the founders of the Devon County School for the middle classes. He had hunted, and, upon

giving it up, he had observed to Lord Fortescue, "Well, I've enjoyed it for fifty years, but I can lay my hand on my heart and say with truth that I never sacrificed either public or parish duty to a day's sport, though I won't say that I have never taken some pains to combine the two together." Devonshire, Lord Fortescue added, was showing that day that it was not necessary to have very high rank, or very large possessions, or dazzling eloquence, or exceptionally brilliant abilities, to acquire power and do good in our generation.

Karslake's reply was simple indeed, and modest. Probably like most Charterhouse, and Oriel men too, he hated themes, verses, and original composition of all kinds; but now there was something to say, and his fate was strong upon him, so he said it as no essay writer could ever have done. It might be some good had resulted to that neighborhood, and even to the county, during the many years it had pleased God to allow him to live and work in it. He thanked the company for allowing him to dedicate the greater part of the testimonial to the improvement of the church, in which now for over fifty years he had been permitted to minister, unremittingly, or with very few exceptions. He could claim for himself but a very small part of the thanks. What ability he had was a deposit to be rendered an account of. His living amongst them he had always considered the work of Providence, and not his own will, as his father placed him in the Rectory of Meshaw because he thought he would be of some use there. He could not either forget the deep debt of gratitude which he owed to his excellent mother for her training and her prayers; nor could he forget his father's

liberality in giving him opportunities for advancing his education by sending him first to a public school, and afterwards to one of the best and most esteemed colleges at Oxford. All these were circumstances for which they were not to thank him, but for which they had to thank others.

Three or four days after this Karslake was not heard moving about at his usual early hour. He was found in bed, as if asleep, but not to wake to this world. It was a strangely different visitation that founded his branch of the family, and no doubt tinged its religious sentiment. In 1749 Henry Karslake, his wife, and two sons were burnt to death in their own house. A nurse jumped out of the window, with a babe in her arms. This was the grandfather of my school and college contemporary.

CHAPTER XC.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT.

Why Karslake took up the question of dilapidations so warmly I know not, but he could not fail to know of hard cases, and like all old residents he would be pretty sure to sympathize rather with the old people than with the new. Yet it is a matter of all others in which there is much to be said on both sides.

When I was in Northamptonshire, in 1833, the neighboring living of Wappenham fell vacant. I had already heard of the incumbent, and of the dilapidation case he was likely to leave. He was a very aged man, and for twenty years or more he had made a practice of letting everything go down, or, as he said, to be settled in the dilapidations. The rectory buildings were all but ruinous. The wife had entered into the plan, with what expectations I know not.

The patron gave the living to a son of "Bible Scott," an elderly man with a family, but with small means. Very shortly there was a great outcry in the neighborhood. It rallied round the widow, whose case was indeed deplorable. The new Rector had sent for his son, "a lad in a builder's office." He had come down with hammers and axes, and had half knocked to pieces what was left of the old buildings to find out the cracks. He had laid the

dilapidations at £1,800, such a sum as had never been heard of. The widow was advised to make a liberal offer, £1,200. It was finally settled at £1,500, but even that was thought a monstrous extortion. Mr. Scott had to build a new parsonage. It did not seem to me at all an excessive building; indeed, to my fancy too economically compact. But it cost him £2,500, and £1,000 of it he had to pay out of his own pocket. In two years he died, and the patron very reasonably and humanely departed from the universal rule of patrons, and gave the living to his son.

The lad who did such justice to his father, and who was then twenty-two years of age, became Sir Gilbert Scott, the great church architect of his age. It might be ten years after this that I was asked to meet him at Magdalen. I was much impressed by the great extent, variety, and accuracy of his knowledge, which presented some contrast to the ordinary review style with which I had been lately familiar. Already in 1844 his name was up as one of the Oxford school, and intending church builders were solemnly warned that if they employed him they would find themselves in for the offertory, the surplice, and much more to follow. They who regarded the warning had to rue it afterwards, so quickly did the "Scott and Moffatty" style supersede those it found in fashion.

At the same time, that is in 1834, and in the same neighborhood, there was a still more extraordinary dilapidation case. One of the best livings in the diocese was going a begging. It was worth £700 a year; that is, it ought to have been worth that; but the dilapidations were estimated at £7,000, and there was no one from whom they could be recovered. A

new incumbent, however, would be liable for that amount to his successor. A long time ago somebody had left an estate in the parish for the endowment of a school. No attempts were ever made to raise the school to a higher class, and the result was that last century found the endowment of the school rather better than the endowment of the living, while it remained a mere village school. As the incumbent appointed the master, he would have no difficulty in arranging the matter to his own convenience. However, in the last century, an Act of Parliament was obtained for the union of the two endowments in the person of the incumbent, on the condition of his keeping up the school. This involved a double liability to dilapidations. The incumbent had to maintain in proper order parsonage, chancel, glebe buildings, school, schoolmaster's house, school farm buildings, gates, fences, etc., etc. At the time I speak of, that is in 1833–1835, the recently deceased incumbent had let everything go to ruin, and it was said the very large sum I have named would be barely sufficient to put them in order, and rebuild them where necessary. What became of the unfortunate living I know not. The name I have forgotten, but any old incumbent of that part of the county lying west of Northampton would remember it. I must add that similar cases, though not on so grand a scale, were of frequent occurrence in those days.

CHAPTER XCI.

EDWARD W. L. POPHAM.

THERE are careers that leave a deep impression by their sadness and their brevity; like one dreadful scene, or a passing funeral pomp. A youth rises to notice with bright expectations and with the world before him. He realizes it himself, and stretches out his hand to receive his rightful share of whatever he may most value. He is suddenly struck down with one form of calamity or another. When he is down then it is found out that he has his place in story or tradition, and that it is a long history of which we have been witnessing a single episode.

Every Oriel man of that date must have a sad recollection of poor Popham — Edward William Leybourne Popham, as he appears in the Calendar. He was heir of Littlecote House, on the Kennet, near Hungerford, the scene of the dreadful story told variously in "Rokeby," and in the notes to that poem. The alleged period was Queen Elizabeth's, and Popham was descended from the judge said to have purchased Littlecote with the reward of his iniquity.

He came up, I believe, from Harrow, as a gentleman commoner; somewhat short in stature, with fine massive features, dark complexion, and an expression of much spirit and intelligence. He looked like a man who was to make his mark in the world. He was, I think, rather shy of the gentleman commoners,

or they of him, and he went along rather with those who made literary pretensions. He had had a great craze for Byron. "Don Juan" was then as much to be seen everywhere as Dickens' last novel afterwards. When I knew him he was possessed with Napoleon. His walls were hung with large, dark engravings of the Emperor, his marshals and his battles. He could turn to any passage of that wonderful history. Somehow I associated this passion with Arnold's extravagant estimate of the French military character, but I cannot recall anything in support of this impression.

There came up a feeling in the college that Popham was becoming strange; that he talked too much, and had an absent manner, as if finding it easier to talk than to listen. I called once or twice, at the suggestion of friends, who thought he wanted the relief of new faces and topics. Bonamy Price, I think it was, particularly, who came to me with a look of alarm, and asked me to see a little more of Popham. He found his rooms very dull and gloomy. They were in fact the dullest and gloomiest in the whole college, and it was a wonder why, in a college where there was so much delicate consideration of circumstances, a gentleman commoner coming from a public school had not better rooms assigned to him. They were those on the ground floor, between the inner Quad and Oriel Lane; and a quarter of the room looking into the lane had been cut off for the use of the Provost's house. Popham declared that the heavy tread of some one passing up and down this passage, which was really part of his own rightful floor, fixed upon his mind and oppressed him. He was always expecting it, and thinking of it. Of course any other trifle would have fixed on his mind as easily, for these

things are but parasites attacking an unhealthy frame.

Matters began to look serious, and the question was what they were going to do with Popham. He settled that question himself. I went to a lecture at Tyler's. After all had assembled, his chair remained vacant. When the lecture had been going on about ten minutes very heavy treads were heard on the staircase, the door was flung wide open, Popham strode in, without shutting the door, or taking off his cap, or offering Tyler any salutation, and sat down in his chair at right angles to the table and not very near it. Opening his book upside down, he sat lost in thought. Tyler expostulated, "Mr. Popham, could you not sit to the table?" "Mr. Popham, have you found the place?" "Mr. Popham, are you aware that your cap is on?" In five minutes more the poor man burst into a violent fit of laughter that stopped the lecture. As he went on laughing, Tyler had to say, "I think, Mr. Popham, you had better retire till you can compose yourself." Popham rushed out of the room, still laughing, and of course leaving others to shut the door. Lord Malmesbury would, I think, be able to verify my recollections of this very sad scene.

That same afternoon he left the college, after writing on a slip of paper — a three-cornered note I heard — a rather incoherent and uncivil message to his tutor, or the Dean. It was his last appearance in the college, or indeed in society. He remained a lunatic till his death, a few years ago, and for half a century a high county position was in abeyance. Such was the fate of a youth for whom everything had been made to his hand, and who might have achieved any greatness, as far as man could see.

CHAPTER XCII.

SIR JOHN D. HARDING.

John Dorney Harding came to the house in which I was at Charterhouse, himself hardly twelve, and three years my junior. He was an interesting, excitable, and talkative fellow, precocious and weakly, evidently conscious that his tongue would have to make up for the want of bodily strength. He could smite with his only weapon, and was not always on the defensive. He suffered much from scrofulous swellings in the neck. He had already travelled in Italy and elsewhere, and had kept a journal which he brought to school. I got hold of it one day, and read portions of it aloud, in his presence, with a little envy perhaps, and with some emphasis on the language, if childish or stilted. We came to like one another, and Kingsley told me that in the long and frequent fits of delirium which preceded his death he often mentioned my name, and always kindly.

I very early said that Harding would alternately surprise and disappoint, and yet he surprised and disappointed to a greater extent than I could even have conceived. His physical frame was unequal to sustain the flights of his mind and the elations of his mercurial temperament. This was but a poor preparation for the regular wear and tear of English life, and the grinding work of professional and public business in these days. He was always above him-

self one day or one minute, and unequal to himself the next. He followed me to Oriel, and I soon heard that he was making a great figure at the Union, which I then little frequented myself. His appearance was much in his favor; his voice was agreeable and his fluency inexhaustible; but there came the misgiving, "How long will they keep him up?" In due time I was told of his failure, not in brilliancy but in argument and sense. Then I heard of great recoveries, really able speeches, and Harding's position improved on the whole.

He admired Newman much, but he had his way to make in the world, and, as he thought, to amuse himself besides. In town I soon heard that he had much to do, and was a favorite in society. We met occasionally. I always felt a little nervous as to the next thing he would say or do; sometimes on his account, sometimes on mine. At a Founder's Day dinner at Charterhouse he had to make a speech, and he took the opportunity of introducing his father, who was present, a fine-looking gentleman of sixty, an old Carthusian too. "He had thrashed Russell!" "Think of that!" he exclaimed, "a man that had thrashed Russell!" It was the fact that they had been contemporaries at the school, and that Harding senior, who was a very big fellow, had had a fight with Russell and had beaten him. Russell was sitting there, and did not dispute it. I doubt whether anybody likes to be reminded of a thrashing, received even ever so long ago, whatever the rights of the quarrel or the odds of the contest. But Harding's taste and feeling were overmastered by the idea, and he could not but out with it. Perhaps, too, it was something like a retaliation for having quailed so long in the terrible presence now before him.

Lord Derby made Harding Queen's Advocate-General, and he was so far equal to the position that he took an early opportunity to assert precedence over the Attorney-General. But it must have been clear to his friends that he was overworking himself. I several times met him late in the afternoon, as his anxious wife was leading him into the quieter paths of Green Park for a half-hour's peace and quiet, when I felt ashamed of myself for coming across them, but could not pass without a word or two.

The American Civil War took Harding, like everybody else, unawares. He was about as little prepared for its complications as the British Constitution itself, at least its administrators and interpreters were found to be. He was very soon in difficulties. There arose the question of the detention of the Alabama. I had heard on very good authority that Government complained that Harding would not give them an opinion. Meeting Harding in the streets, I mentioned this. "They won't send me a case," he replied. As I was unacquainted with the etiquette and customs of the office, I could say nothing; but it certainly did occur to me that the very critical character of the circumstances might not allow of time to be lost in drawing up a case, which must be the work of either a lawyer or a politician, that is, either a professional or an unprofessional person, both open to objection. Perhaps Harding meant that they did not even send him a question to be answered. He was, moreover, at that time very busy with some private business, particularly with a suit of the kind more usually associated with Doctors' Commons.

I met him again very shortly after the Alabama had got away. He told me that he had been ex-

pecting a communication from Government anxiously the whole week before; that the expectation had unsettled and unnerved him for other business; and that he had stayed in his chambers rather later than usual on Saturday for the chance of hearing at last from them. He had then gone to his house in the country. Returning on Monday, when he was engaged to appear in court, he found a large bundle of documents in a big envelope, without even an accompanying note, that had been dropped into his letter-box on Saturday evening. To all appearance, every letter, and every remonstrance, and every affidavit, as fast as it had arrived from Liverpool, had been piled in a pigeon-hole till four or five o'clock on Saturday, when the minister, on taking his own departure for the country, had directed a clerk to tie up the whole heap and carry it to Doctors' Commons.

The people of the Alabama and their confederates among the authorities of Liverpool knew very well the ways of Her Majesty's ministers, and the ship sailed accordingly early on Sunday, when nothing could be done to stop it till the middle of the next day. The Alabama was now in the Atlantic, but there was just a chance of catching her or of stopping her at some port. There were other possibilities. So here was the old question, aggravated by fresh complications.

Harding's defence was, of course, not complete. At such a crisis he ought to have had a man ready to receive the papers and bring them down to the country. Yet the mere chance of their following him might have prevented him from recruiting his strength and nerve in the two nights' rest.

But what a specimen of British administration!

Here was a matter intimately and most critically affecting the integrity of a great and friendly republic, the destinies of a whole continent, the relations of the New and the Old World, the peace of the sea as well as of the land, and the character of this country; really, such a question as had never been exceeded in importance in all history, and is not likely to be exceeded, flung aside contemptuously by ministers to their clerks, resting a week in a pigeon-hole, then a couple of days on the floor of some city chambers, and not so much as looked at till the occasion had gone by. Considered as mere slovenliness and indifference, not to assign motives, this could not be surpassed by the administration of Turkey, or Egypt, or any other country ever heard of.

The wretched excuse made by Government was that it was bound by the constitutional forms and usages of this country. It is almost needless to observe, England has never once admitted that excuse, — indeed, it could not possibly admit it, in the case of any injury it might conceive itself to have suffered from another country. It has always said in effect, "We 've nothing to do with your internal institutions, and don't care a straw for them; but we will have justice from you." In a few weeks Harding was out of his mind, and never recovered his reason till he died.

I have seen it solemnly stated, and, in company with many other lies, passing into history, that the action of Government was unfortunately and unavoidably hampered and delayed by the illness — that is, the insanity — of the Queen's Advocate-General. The fact is there was not one of Her Majesty's min-

isters who was not ready to jump out of his skin for joy when he heard of the escape of the Alabama, and it was they who drove poor Harding out of his mind, not he that hampered them.

But there is something on the other side that has to be admitted. I am quite sure that I am within bounds when I say that, during all the period in which I had had occasion to observe political affairs, every American candidate for popular favor, and every American official having to keep his place, had found it necessary to promise to observe neither friendship nor common justice with the British people. American public men were bound to demand more than their due in every negotiation, to overreach in every settlement, and always to secure that there should still be something to quarrel about even after our greatest surrender. They had to make it distinctly known to all Americans that they had robbed us, insulted us, and left a nest-egg for another quarrel. This, however, does not justify so gross an international crime as that told in the story of the Alabama.

CHAPTER XCIII.

EXAGGERATIONS.

It is almost universal that the leaders of a movement are pursued by a spirit of exaggeration, which reacts upon themselves, and perhaps even takes their place. The exaggerations are chiefly in the material direction. The fire kindled in a great variety of natures takes the form most natural to them, and yet is so loyal to the original fire as to justify the claim to identity. Very early in the movement contrasts were made between the calm and gentle demeanor of the chiefs and the acrimonious violence of the subalterns. In theology, what the chiefs hinted at or left to the awakened conscience and quickened imagination was embodied and paraded. If there was but a slight leaning one way or another it was sure to be made more of by some imitator. Great men ought to remember, but are apt to forget, that they will have imitators.

Newman left Seager in charge of St. Mary's occasionally and for some time. He was a man of sad aspect, with a deep, hollow voice, and he preached so continually on hell and all its horrors that the Principal of Brasenose, whose family attended the church, was obliged to protest and threaten withdrawal. He could not answer for the consequences on the weaker members of his household.

Newman read the daily prayers and the lessons

a little more quickly than in the Sunday service. It did not matter, with so clear a voice, such distinct articulation, and such true emphasis. Lewis, I think it was, parodied this rapidity of utterance to an extreme which shocked strangers, and pained even friends. It was broadly stated that the new school regarded prayer as *opus operatum*, that needed not to be felt or understood, so as it was done. Yet Lewis was a serious man.

Froude very early used to talk of those who preached the prayers, as if edification was their first object, and not that which we pray for. From my recollection I cannot help thinking that Froude himself fell into a perfunctory style by a too violent protest against exaggerated emphasis. He read in a solemn and very penitential tone, but it was a monotone. Whatever he did, others did more.

Early in the movement I was consulted from time to time on plans for the restoration of churches. Newman passed these matters sometimes to me. The main question always was whether the reader of the prayers should face east, west, north, or south. One winter day I walked into Norbury church, in Derbyshire, then in the process of restoration. Besides other beautiful features, there was an ancient chancel screen. Workpeople were busy all over. The Rector, a handsome young man, had in his hands a slab of wood to represent a reading-desk. This he inserted at a proper slope between the mullions of the screen, first standing in the nave and looking into the chancel, then standing in the chancel and looking into the nave, then trying the other plan again, evidently not likely to satisfy himself with either alternative. Yet these matters were treated

as rigorously and peremptorily in these days as if all depended on them.

Apostolic succession became the matter of very strange treatment and great exaggeration. As stated above, it was almost the first point of divergence from the "Evangelical" party, and the first indication of the line to be taken in this leap into the dark. The Low Church, particularly as represented by the Church Missionary Society, and by its complications with Presbyterians and Dissenters, had utterly discarded the idea of Bishops being in any sense the special successors of the Apostles, and necessary to a Church. The first "Tract for the Times" rallied the threatened, scattered, and discomfited Church of England round the Episcopate as far above the other orders, and necessary to the full enjoyment of spiritual gifts and privileges. It claimed for the Bishops distinctively the rank of Apostles. The clergy everywhere took the cue, and the party ran the narrowest chance of being called, indeed of calling itself, that of the Apostolicals.

Newman himself probably saved it from this denomination by his own resolute protest against the use of the term "Evangelicals;" a word which I certainly never heard pass his lips. One device for escaping the use of the word I have mentioned, namely, the substitution of the algebraic term *x;* but, in fact, the party was almost always referred to as "Peculiars."

Before Temple became master of Rugby I met him at Dr. John Ogle's. After dinner the talk ran on Church subjects; at last on Apostolic succession. Ogle, seeing Temple silent, thought to draw him out. "What have *you* to say on Apostolic succession,

Temple?" The reply was, "Nothing;" meaning, I suppose, that he had not given such thought to it as would justify an expression of opinion. The Bishop now observes, "There is no denying the *fact* of Apostolic succession." The Bishops generally accepted this new homage in wise silence. Their position is so strong and so unchallenged that they need no minute inquiry into their pedigree. There they are, and their clergy must acknowledge them or rue it. Certainly it was an exaggeration to preach Episcopacy, and not to preach the Presbytery *pari passu*, as Dean Hook had occasion to discover before long.

Very soon there were strange reports of what men were doing in the way of literal compliance with the new principles. They were forbidding laymen, for any purpose whatever, to enter within the communion rail, or even approach it, except on solemn occasions. They were soon going much further than that. It must strike anybody who travels how much less particular Roman Catholics are, outside a certain doctrinal line, than we are. I have seen Milan Cathedral filled with an immense multitude of the simplest and roughest country folk, surrounding the altar and in contact with it, so close indeed that it required force to enable the ministering clergy to make their way to it. Roman Catholics generally agree with our dissenters in telling us that we worship our churches; that is, in their estimate, fabrics of wood, brick, and stone. They know what they worship, they tell us, and we don't.

CHAPTER XCIV.

PUSEY'S SERMON ON SIN AFTER BAPTISM.

I HEARD Pusey's great sermon on Hebrews vi. 4, 5, 6. It was at Christ Church, and every corner of the church was filled. One might have heard a pin drop, as they say. Every word told. The key-note was the word "irreparable," pronounced every now and then with the force of a judgment. Not a soul could have left that church without deep and painful feelings. Stunned for a time, they afterwards came to themselves and thought more about it. I have not read the sermon, nor have I read the explanatory "Tract for the Times" on the subject. I have only my recollections. How came I to be so painfully impressed with the fearful key-note of the sermon, in the face of the plain difference between our own infant baptism and the baptism described by the writer of the Epistle, which followed a careful preparation, a solemn engagement, and for some time a consistent Christian life? How came I to overlook the rhetorical rather than doctrinal tone of the text, and, even more, of the context? How came I now to think of the passage what I had never thought before, familiar as it had been to me?

It seems to me that the word irreparable, with which Pusey every now and then smote the listening crowd, as with a scourge, is both the argument of the sermon and the reply to it. There can be no doubt

that all sin is irreparable; any act of sin whatever. It leaves its consequences in heart, mind, body, and soul, and in those who share it or suffer from it. This is not a truth of revelation, but of natural fact. The sinner — and who is not a sinner? — who imagines upon any ground whatever that by contrition, faith, and renewed obedience he makes things just as they were before he sinned must be an idiot, or a wretched self-deceiver, as the very heathens may tell him. That he now repents and obeys he may well be thankful for, for that is the state of grace. But he cannot help the universal order of things from taking its course: he has done mischief to himself and to others: he has defiled, robbed, injured, and more or less destroyed himself and others, and he can no more bring back things as they were than by any spiritual act he can restore a broken limb, bring back a squandered estate, recover a blasted reputation, or efface from memory his vicious and blasphemous utterances. Pusey would not say just this, but it was the actually irreparable character of sin that he worked on. But then he did more. He invested that with a doctrinal character, and made out that the writer of the Epistle tells us more than we know already. He made it a revelation. That, no doubt, is a common course, and if Pusey did it with terrible effect, that was the accident of his wonderful power.

Reports of the sermon, probably exaggerated, spread all over the kingdom. Pusey, it was said, left all sinners, if they had ever been baptized, to the uncovenanted mercies of God; and in that case, it was said, it would be better to follow the example of Constantine, and put off baptism to the last hour.

Samuel Wilberforce came up suddenly, about a fort-

night after the sermon, to ask for an explanation. For this he came to his brother Robert, and they went together to Newman. In my humble opinion, if they were to go to anybody about the sermon, they ought to have gone to Pusey himself. Pusey had his own style, as Newman had; and neither of them could be or would be answerable for the other, unless upon a sudden appeal to their mutual loyalty as friends. The sermon was not a "Tract for the Times," though even that would not have made one writer answerable for another, and it was very characteristic of Pusey. But it was S. Wilberforce's way to take the course most easy and convenient to himself, without considering much what was due to others.

I was then on the same landing, and heard a very animated conversation going on till very late in the evening. When the brothers had bade Newman good-night, they came into my room, and then I learnt what they had been talking about; but all that Samuel let out was his great admiration of Newman. However, they remained talking, perhaps resting from the severer discussions of the next room. After a while the door opened, and Newman walked in. It was to make some further explanation; some things he had forgotten, or which might not have been understood. He left. A minute after, the brothers left, Samuel observing what a theologian I ought to be in such an atmosphere, and Robert, with a smile, adding a reminder that a fish might be long in the sea without becoming salt. I don't know how Newman felt it, but to myself it was a very great surprise when Samuel, a fortnight after, made a public and very energetic protest against Pusey's sermon, and the teaching supposed to be associated with it.

CHAPTER XCV.

ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA.

FEW changes in our history can have been more sudden, more rapid, and more complete than that from the Greek and Roman styles in church building to the whole range of the mediæval or so-called Gothic styles. At Charterhouse I remember Hale, afterward Archdeacon, ascribing the unexampled peace and prosperity of George IV.'s reign to the Parliamentary grant of a million for new churches. Many of the churches thus built were in the suburbs of the metropolis, and most of these I saw building. They are all in debased Greek or Italian, and nothing can be uglier. I had for a long time in my keeping a handsome volume, with engravings of all the Surrey churches. Meeting Samuel Wilberforce, then newly Archdeacon of Surrey, I congratulated him on having the ugliest lot of churches in England to look after. He corrected me, as he generally managed to do. Hampshire was worse. Ugliness in flint, however, is not so bad as ugliness in Bath stone.

The culminating feat of the classic style in this country is St. Pancras, in the New Road, the progress of which I used to watch with intense interest. Canon Moore devoted himself to this work, and for the sake of it commuted into a Parliamentary rate for its execution an old church rate much contested, and levied with difficulty. Everything is there sacrificed

to the exterior, which is sadly too monumental. Indeed, the church, with its imposing entrances to the sepulchral crypt, is a curious memorial of the chief idea of church endowment prevailing at that time — burial fees.

Before the days of the movement, "Gothic," that is Perpendicular and Tudor, were becoming favorite styles for country seats of the more ambitious sort; Fonthill Abbey, for example, and Eaton Hall. The latter I went over in 1829. There were pointed arches and mullioned windows everywhere; everywhere Gothic niches, containing generally classic vases, some of them gilt; a library copied from the Lady Chapel at Salisbury, and towers, turrets, pinnacles, and battlements *ad libitum*. The papers tell us that all this has been cleared away for a return to the more picturesque "Decorated."

To pass over less important or less successful buildings, if St. Pancras is to be regarded as the climax of the classic style of church building, to St. Luke's, Chelsea, must be assigned the honor of heading the Gothic revival. In 1829, Heurtley, the present Margaret Professor of Divinity, became assistant master at a newly established Proprietary School at Brompton. Not long after I was some days with him. There was to be evening service at St. Luke's, Chelsea, and a missionary sermon. In those days evening services were not in favor with the higher sort of clergy. The dissenters liked them, so the clergy did not. They promoted flirtations, and they helped the pickpockets. That gigantic institution, the metropolitan police, was then in its infancy. But Dr. Gerald Wellesley had been prevailed upon to try the experiment. Sankey, the head master of the above school, was to preach,

I was very desirous to see the interior of the church, on account of its vaulted roof, one of Barry's earliest and boldest achievements. There had been much controversy about it. The architects generally were cautious in what they said, but the world in general prophesied ill of the roof. They called the whole building a pasteboard structure, utterly wanting the massiveness associated with vaulting. Where were the thick walls, and the huge buttresses, and the evident counterpoises? Moreover, it was generally believed that the art of constructing vaulted roofs was lost, never to be found; and there were stories of some saying of Wren about the roof of King's College Chapel. The apprehension that a gust of wind might one day blow down the house of cards told on the congregations at St. Luke's, which were thin at first. Everybody who went there had roof "on the brain," as they say.

This evening there was a large congregation. But the service was restless. Something seemed amiss. Sankey, with some slight defects of utterance, preached a very good and impressive sermon. But there was an intermittent scuffle going on somewhere, and once or twice Sankey had to pause. The fact was the police had caught a vigorous young pickpocket, and they were trying to drag him down the gallery stairs. The wretch clutched the iron banisters, and the police pounded his knuckles to make him relax his hold; whereupon he squealed.

At the conclusion of the service a hymn was sung for a collection. Unfortunately, this part of the arrangement had not been duly communicated to the men in the roof, whose business it was to let down the half dozen large chandeliers low enough for the

lights to be put out. So at the end of the first stave the people in the aisles felt the chandeliers coming down on their heads, and jumped out of the way. In so doing they upset the benches. The congregation all looked that way, and saw the chandeliers low down, and people moving to and fro. Heurtley had taken his place in the organ-loft, and now, looking down, saw unmistakably huge stones lying all about the centre gangway. As he could not hope to escape by the stairs, his first impulse was to jump down to the ground, which he was then active enough to have done with a bare chance of success. Happily second thoughts prevailed. Down-stairs the whole congregation sprang, not to the pew doors, but across the backs of the seats, bounding with amazing activity from one back to another. I don't think any one of them could have done in cold blood what all did now. They flew like fallen leaves in autumn suddenly caught by a wind. It was only when they could not get nearer the doors that they stopped, and found there was nothing the matter. They then slowly retired to their seats, looking rather foolish.

The curate who had said prayers was still in the reading-desk, which was in fact a sister pulpit, the same in all respects as the other. This, it must be remembered, was several years before the Oxford movement, and already there was a strong feeling that preaching had been unduly elevated in comparison with the prayers and the reading of the Scriptures. The curate thus raised to an equality with the preacher was a very tall young man, of course in the long and ample surplice of those days, and with an Oxford hood. He first tried to open the door, but could not; the beadle had shut him in too well. So

he put his hand on the side of the reading-desk and vaulted over, surplice, hood, and all, to the highest step outside.

I was in the pew which had been assigned to the preacher's family, and Mrs. Sankey was in an interesting condition. Seeing me looking on quietly, and her husband also standing unmoved in the pulpit, she turned to me for an explanation of it all. As I had been watching the chandeliers from the time they began to descend, I could tell her it was a false alarm, and I would n't be sure I did n't smile. The hymn was resumed, a collection made, and all ended quietly.

The poor gentleman who distinguished himself in the reading-desk sent Dr. Wellesley next morning a humble apology for the feat. Many years after, I related these particulars to old Mr. Kingsley, who had heard of them, but was glad to have them from an eye-witness. Either he or the present Margaret Professor told me, what I had missed at the time, that when the curate saw there was no danger, and wished to resume his place in the reading-desk, again he found the lock too much for him. So he repeated the performance. Putting his hand on the side, he vaulted in again.

Poor Barry! What a life he led, and what a thing it is to be a great architect! With some friends, I went with him over the unfinished Houses of Parliament. How meekly did he allude to his troubles, his difficulties, and his vain requests! What a deep sigh did he heave when some one inconsiderately observed it was a pity the basement line was not a couple of yards higher out of the mud, and out of the Thames! There was Westminster Hall in the way,

one of the things that Englishmen still worship. Yet nothing would have been easier than to screw, or pump up, the whole concern any number of yards; and thus the hall might have been on a level with the principal floor. Then there was the biggest sewer in the metropolis, next to Fleet Ditch, passing directly under the House of Lords. Worse than all, there was that impostor Reid, with his miles of ventilating tubes piercing everywhere Barry's masonry, wood, and iron, costing £100,000, and unintelligible to everybody, — it was believed to Reid himself. Last of all there was the Select Committee.

It appears to be now utterly forgotten that Barry fought hard for space, airiness, height, capacity, and all that people are now crying out for. He wanted to make the House of Commons accommodate comfortably all the members, and two or three hundred privileged hearers besides. He wanted to make it, nay he did make it, sixty feet high. The fear of the "Mountain" oppressed the House of Commons. The ghost of the jealous, exclusive, unreformed House still haunted the site and possessed the officials. Wren, with all his troubles, had better luck with his employers than Barry.

And what was Barry's reward? All that I ever saw of it was the flag hoisted half-mast high, the first time it ever was hoisted, the day after his death, on the "Victoria Tower." Yet even that much, I must admit, was worth a life of toil and pain.

CHAPTER XCVI.

WILTON CHURCH.

When I became Fellow, and for some years after, there sat by our side at high table the grandest and most interesting historic figure then at Oxford. None could ever forget Sidney Herbert, a head and shoulders taller than any of us, with large soft eyes, a gentle expression, and an unmistakable family likeness to the sainted poet of Bemerton. His voice and address were as winning as his looks. I do not think that at that time I should have thought him the man to perform an important part in the administration of a great war a long way off, and beset with unusual difficulties. I should not have credited him with the concentration of mind and singleness of purpose necessary for such a work.

There were other gentleman commoners at the time quite comparable to him in family, or in manners, or in abilities, and, upon the whole, the set was a considerable improvement on that which I found on my first coming to Oxford. Some of my readers may think to themselves, What an advantage, what an opportunity, what a pleasure, what a school of manners, was provided in this association of young men of the middle classes with the upper and highest of all! The privilege is often enumerated among the coveted monopolies of the old English Church universities. Let others tell how the arrangement

worked at other colleges. At Christchurch there was the ingenious fiction that the noblemen and gentleman commoners dined with the Dean and Chapter; but as that sublime body was never there, they had the upper table to themselves. The students, comprising the Censor, Tutors, and college officers, swallowed the affront comfortably at a lower table.

The working of the enforced companionship at Oriel was that the Fellows sat together at the top of the table, and had their own talk to themselves. The gentleman commoners sat below them, without an interval, and had also their own talk. Now and then the two groups would interchange a question, or a remark, or a piece of news, with civility. Each group must have felt the other a restraint on perfect freedom of conversation. Listeners who are not talkers are generally a nuisance, and are more or less open to suspicion. To most of the Fellows, I will not say to all, the association on such terms was most disagreeable. Robert Wilberforce suggested our taking a big saw and cutting the high table in two. I should conclude that Coplestone had positively liked the arrangement, and that Hawkins saw no reason why it should be given up, but I cannot remember who got on well with the gentleman commoners. The Dean and senior Fellows had a comparatively slight share of the infliction, sitting as they did quite at the head of the table. The burden of the day fell on the poor probationers, or last elected Fellows, sitting in the immediate neighborhood of these scions of nobility.

It is true that conversation is never more agreeable than when there is some difference of character, education, and experience; but in this case the gulf was immense, and there might be no bridge over it.

A young nobleman would have his head full of country sports, the fashionable world and its amusements, county families, and the last great aristocratic scandal. There was nothing here in common with the youth who had spent several years over his books, and whose outdoor amusement had been his daily constitutional. The arts and the sciences make the bridge between the classes, and they are to be recommended for this purpose, if for this purpose only; but I cannot remember that they were so utilized, to any effect, at Oriel.

For reasons I was never quite informed of, and on which Newman never dropped a word to me, there ensued a great coolness, and more than coolness, between him and Sidney Herbert. I never heard anybody express surprise at that fact, or hint that Newman was to blame for it. Indeed, if Newman had been on very friendly terms with Sidney Herbert, the college would have thought him much duped or very easy-going. I do not think that on the strength of dining at the same table I ever exchanged recognition with Sidney Herbert, out of hall, at Oxford; and I am certain I never did afterwards. In town I frequently met him in the streets, and not unfrequently when I was walking with a common acquaintance, with whom Sidney Herbert made a point of having some talk; but even then, though I had to stand by, our eyes never met.

We were fated, however, to run in parallel lines, and not to be quite clear of one another. When I went, in 1836, to the very small village of Cholderton, in Salisbury Plain, I was but a walk from Wilton Abbey, the seat of the Pembroke family. Wilton itself is a little manufacturing town. Sidney Herbert

and I conceived at the same time the idea of building new churches. We both chose for our architect Mr. T. H. Wyatt, who had recently been appointed Diocesan Architect; that is, adviser of a Church Building Board. He was also about that time engaged by Bishop Denison to restore the cloisters and the Chapter House, the latter of which had suffered much by old storms and modern neglect. Sidney Herbert and I had both, probably, the same reasons for our choice. We both intended to have our own way as much as possible, and make a convenience of the poor architect. We both expected to invite criticism, perhaps rebuke, and thought that a man so well placed as Mr. T. H. Wyatt would be able to smooth matters for us, and carry us through little difficulties. Then he was very neutral and eclectic in his style, condescending sometimes to no style at all when his patrons were so inclined. Of course I now see that the calculation was as foolish as it proved unsuccessful, not to say disastrous. Perhaps I suspected as much then, but I would have my own way.

Sidney Herbert's first idea — indeed I think it was that which put church building into his head — was suggested by seeing in Portugal a beautiful church in the gorgeous Peninsular style, which was about to be demolished as no longer wanted. His notion was to take it down carefully, and rebuild it stone by stone at Wilton. Wyatt had the good sense and resolution to put his veto on that project.

The next idea was a Romanesque church, with an Italian campanile. But as the general plan was to be that of an old English church, nave, aisles, clerestory, and chancel, the Romanesque character of

the edifice was to appear in the details, the very point in which Romanesque is rather deficient. So now was a fresh chance for foreign importation. Sidney Herbert brought from South Italy an immense quantity of Alexandrine mosaics, a whole altar of it, many fine twisted columns of it, and some beautiful large columns of richly colored marble. The Bishop at once forbade the stone altar, so the mosaics had to be worked into a pulpit. The twisted pillars, and the surplus panels, and numerous ornaments, had to be utilized for the decoration of side doors, and wherever a use for them could be found.

I never knew the full meaning of that horrid word "bedizen" till I visited the church a few years since, so utterly incongruous are all these details with the otherwise dull and colorless interior. The Bishop had rather rigorously forbidden color in the ceiling, and I think too on the walls. As for the campanile it was unfortunate that every Wiltshire person saw, on his arrival at Nine Elms Station, a much handsomer one attached to some manufactory. Sidney Herbert was a long time about the church, and it was said to cost him and his mother near £30,000.

I need not say that he did better things than that church, and that upon the whole he has left a good mark on the annals of his country; but every Oriel man, without a moment's hesitation, sets down the redeeming features of his unhappily brief career to the influence of Newman, surrounding him and penetrating him, in spite of a wilful and stubborn resistance, and asserting possession of him in due time.

CHAPTER XCVII.

COMMENCEMENT OF CHOLDERTON CHURCH.

THE church I found at Cholderton in 1836 is correctly described in Sir Richard Colt Hoare's magnificent work on the county of Wilts as very small and mean. The dimensions were forty by sixteen; the slab of the communion table was a foot below the surface of the ground outside; the walls were very shaky, and eastwards quite green; the lighting was bad and supplemented by a skylight. People sat during the sermon not only on the communion rail and the step before it, but on the table itself, and said they had no other place to go to. My predecessor, Walter Blunt, was a hunting and shooting man, and, like all hunting men, "drew." As the butcher's wife at my former living, the good-looking mother of four handsome daughters, once observed to me, country parishes want men, not angels, to preach to them. Half-filled pews occupied half the church, though there existed an award, made in the Commonwealth, putting the men on one side, the women on the other, and their servants lower down, there being at that time enough space for all.

My visitors chaffed me on my church, and made invidious comparisons between it and the new rectory, which I had enlarged for pupils. All the foolish things I had ever said or listened to about smug parsons and snug parsonages were now visited upon

me. Something must be done, and when I had pupils I could not say I wanted the means. Moreover, the churches all about were in a bad state, and I was there to set an example. I can honestly say it was not a spontaneous act. I have been an incumbent altogether twenty-eight years, and I never yet had any of the luxuries of worship. I never had a vestry, or a stove, or a candle, or an organ, or a painted window. I have always "robed," as I have often seen the Pope do, in the sight of the congregation. I was quite content with the church as it was, if only the congregation themselves would manage to make the poor little barn really available, and my own very kind friends would be so good as to leave me alone. Having once begun, I was as wild as any of them.

Like my magnificent neighbor, so near and yet so far, so different in most respects, I too began with the idea of bringing across the seas not indeed a whole church, but the entire roof of an ancient church. This too I actually did.

It must have been early in 1839 that Samuel Rickards, happening to meet Chevallier Cobbold, M. P. for Suffolk, heard him mention an ancient oak roof of a highly ornamental character, then lying on the quay at Ipswich, and to be got cheap. It had been over a municipal building belonging to the corporation, but had probably been originally over the clerestory of some conventual church destroyed at the Reformation. I caught at the opportunity. Coming by sea, by canal, and by turnpike road, it arrived at Cholderton one very hot day, perfuming the pure air with mediæval fustiness, and eliciting from the workmen on the spot, "Old work and new

work never agree." With it there came a little colony of Ipswich wood-carvers and carpenters, one of whom shortly set about to disabuse my parishioners of what faith they had in Holy Writ. Possibly my bringing this huge idol so far and building a temple for it, did not raise his estimate of sacred tradition.

I built a large working-shed for the colony. The profane people who three hundred years before had removed the roof from a church to a less solid building — banqueting hall or storehouse none could say — replaced with vulgar tie-beams every alternate pair of hammer-beams and spandrils. We must have no tie-beams; and we must have spandrils as good as the old ones, each carved out of one piece of oak. So my chief Suffolk wood-carver went to the New Forest and brought back a monarch of the woods, who, I had afterwards reason to suspect, had been rejected by the Portsmouth dock-yard authorities, and had lain a long time waiting for a less critical purchaser. We found him very "foxy" when we cut through him, but he had cost me more than thirty pounds.

The roof fixed the proportions of the church. It was 80 feet long, and of course I could sacrifice nothing of it. Though we coaxed out of it a few inches more breadth, we could not get more than 20 feet, 6 inches. What did I not sacrifice to this dumb idol! It was in ten lengths, very proper for small clerestory windows, but not to be adjusted to any reasonable number of moderate-sized windows proper for a village church. So we had to raise the roof and its deep spandrils to a height clear of the windows altogether.

It then became a serious question what kind of windows we should have under these rigorous, self-imposed conditions. I searched through all my architectural library, to which I had added a good deal since W. J. Coplestone's fatal gift, and I scoured the country far and wide. At last I found what I wanted in the windows of Old Basing church, where I spent two days taking drawings and dimensions. As they stood there, with a very graceful open roof over them, I thought myself safe as to the period, but Mr. Parker, of Oxford, maintains that my roof required "Decorated" windows. My windows, in regard to their breadth, I hoped might be considered Transitional, but he does not admit that they are. It is very much the question, "Is Westminster Hall, 1399, Decorated or Perpendicular?"

I forget at what exact stage of the affair I put the case before Oriel College and asked for aid, but I was pretty deep in it. As the Provost's line is especially common sense, fitness, justness, and proportion, one can hardly conceive a greater outrage than asking him to sanction so monstrous a design. He wrote imploring me to get rid of my roof and begin *de novo*. He might as well have talked to Stonehenge. The college behaved handsomely, and so did many other people.

I am forced to omit several long chapters of troubles, sufficient to fill a volume, and not pertinent to the comparison I have ventured to make between my own work and Sidney Herbert's. In three years all my own money, with the subscriptions, was gone; the roof, which had now cost near £1,000, was finished and shedded; the walls were up to half the height of the windows, and tiled to keep

them dry; and there I stood, penniless, but, as it were, with my back to the wall, ready to face all adversities.

Adversities had come and were coming, some serious, others of the sort that frighten rather than hurt. For two months a notorious poacher held us all at bay. He had been turned out of cottage after cottage, and driven from village to village, neither farmers nor landlords wanting in their neighborhood a man who made as free with poultry as with game. He had induced a very simple shepherd to give him and his family shelter, but had received notice to quit. One morning, on our going to the usual week-day service at the church, we found Job Phillips, his wife, and four children in possession of the church porch. He had heard the old saying that if a man cannot get shelter elsewhere in his own parish, he has a right to it in the church. With sail-cloth he had made the small porch really a very comfortable apartment, though it was very cold weather. On Sunday he left a very sufficient gangway. I went to the churchwarden. He declined to interfere, for he had many hundreds of pounds' worth of property lying about, that a match would destroy in an hour. The policeman said I must give the man in charge. In that case, woe to my roof, then within a few yards, and already jeopardized by the man's arrangements for boiling his kettle. After many talks with him, I convinced him that he had no chance here, and had better emigrate. We raised £20 or £30, and sent them off to Canada. A child died on the voyage from a cold caught in the church porch. From time to time we had letters from the man, thanking us all for being the making of him. He carried his gun

always with him ; he had shot several bears ; and he had met no — policeman.

What tales may be told of the churches then beginning to rise everywhere over the land, or to show a new face ! Some of these stories are far sadder than mine, for at least I live to tell it. In April, May, and June, 1843, I was here, at a place where Sydney Smith would have perished of isolation in a week. My wife was in ill health, and was visiting kind friends far away. My only servant was the gardener, who had come into the parsonage. I was in debt on the church account, most of all to the village blacksmith, poor, good man, who told me twenty years after that he would have died before he asked me for the money. I was living on bread, butter, cheese, and garden stuff for a quarter of a year. Under these circumstances and on this diet, I wrote the article on the Six Doctors, in the " British Critic," seventy pages long, actually beating Ward's that number. To this day I am confident that the article was a true exposition of the law, and that the suspension of Pusey as a preacher was an illegal and violent act. I have to admit, however, that I might have qualified some expressions had I known at the time that Pusey had been for a long period absenting himself from the University sermons, excusable as that course might be in his case.

But to proceed with the labors of that weary time. Looking through Ward's articles to see that he was not sending us all quite into space was itself an anxious affair. I had also to get up what spirit I had for the " Notices." Not to add to my troubles, I resolved to be kind to everybody, and consequently had a little bill presented to me for having misled a

clergyman into purchasing Moultrie's "Poems" on a very exaggerated representation of their merits. But the clergyman himself, I should say, was a not very successful writer of verses. How is it, by the bye, that while great poets can recognize the divine gift in the humblest of their race, mediocre poets are always very sharp on one another? Is it that poetry is only a form of love?

The Bishops were now firing off their charges. My own Bishop had fired his, and I was on my good behavior.

But for my unfinished church, with walls half high and roof laid up in a shed, I had an offer of assistance. By the pathway to the church lived the chief mouser and rat-killer in the county, a man who was sent for forty miles in every direction to clear wheat ricks and farmyards of vermin. He had amassed £1,200, and he offered me half on my personal security. But he was a loose fellow and a bit of a blackguard, even in the village estimation, and I declined. My workmen at the church had had their jokes about him, and he had to keep a little out of their way. Being a big fellow, and carrying his own height well, he was critical as to presence and the want of it. Though a married man, he had been overheard addressing a young woman, then a near neighbor, "Thee 'd be a good-looking lass, if thee was but straight," which was true enough, for she was in all respects a poor limp thing. But he never heard the end of it.

All this time I had a companion in trouble in the Bishop himself. On the strength of the episcopal revenue turning out better than he had been led to expect, he embarked in the restoration of the Clois-

ters and of the Chapter House. By the time the latter was full of scaffolding, and much expense had been incurred, he began to have qualms about the undertaking and misgivings as to his architect. With much emphasis he asked me one day my opinion of Mr. Wyatt. Any number of answers passed rapidly through my mind. I had no call to give any answer at all, for I was employing Wyatt, and was in confidential relations with him. I had not used him well. I had employed him, not because I trusted him, but because I trusted myself. I had not given him a chance. I was making him my scapegoat and bothering him a good deal too. I believe I replied that I thought Wyatt a good and safe architect, and that would be sufficiently true. I heard not long after that the Bishop had called in Salvin, and from that I concluded that Salvin would finish the work. But I do not find it in the very full and particular account of Salvin's works published in the "Builder" soon after his death.

The character of that work illustrates the difficulties bequeathed to us by our venturesome forefathers. The Chapter House, lightly framed, all windows, inadequately buttressed, and originally surmounted by a tall extinguisher roof, had yielded to the wind and gone quite half a yard out of the perpendicular. More than a third of the weight of the vaulting, not far from a hundred tons, rested on the central pillar, and a plumb line dropped from the capital of that pillar fell half a yard from its base. It looked very ill, and could not be called quite safe. The original architect, knowing the extreme weakness of his walls and his want of lateral supports, had cunningly devised the vaulting so as to throw as much of the

weight as possible on this pillar, which now looked the very emblem of weakness. The only thing to be done was to support the vaulting with wood-work, and rebuild the pillar from a new foundation directly under the capital. This was done in the end.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

COMPLETION OF CHOLDERTON CHURCH.

At last the means came in an unexpected way and from an unexpected quarter, and the church was finished and consecrated in 1850. I had then given up the living three years. I had spent on the new church more than £5,000 of my own earnings, every pound of it spent before it was earned, never really in my possession, but not the less paying income-tax for it. My temper I know is not perfect, and therefore I do not wonder that it was a little tried when, after I had made out my case, with a full statement of quantities, properly signed, for remission of the duties on the brick, timber, and glass, the official at the Queen Anne's Bounty Office, through which it had to pass, replied shortly that I had been too long about the church, and they could not recommend the case to the Treasury.

The college, my own friends, and Newman's, including the present Lord Chancellor, subscribed very liberally. Several of the writers for the "British Critic" sent to the church the checks they received from the publisher. But the total so raised, though sufficient for a church in proportion to the village, was a trifle compared with the actual expenditure, which was over £6,000. But I must have everything in keeping with my roof, after all stilted so high that its ornaments and even its framework are hardly dis-

cernible. There must be a handsome stone plinth outside, and an elaborate cornice. The seats, done by my Suffolk carvers, are of solid oak, every one with its own ornamentation. They cost more than five guineas a sitting. The encaustic tiling was so carefully designed and so costly that Minton exhibited a full-sized plan of it at the Hyde Park Exhibition. My wood-carvers were very desirous to have a chancel screen and roodloft, which would have relieved the inordinate length of the building, and made a chancel, which was not otherwise distinguished in the plan. But the Bishop had early declared against a chancel screen, as also against a stone altar, a piscina, and a credence table. I had been early forewarned that the last would not be allowed, and had therefore thought no more about it. When, therefore, the Bishop asked me one day what I understood by a credence table, or prothesis, I was taken aback, and had nothing to say, except that I was not going to have one. To console the stone-masons, we had a stone screen separating the west end of the interior into a vestibule, and adorned with tracery, armorial bearings, and initials. The whole of the stonework of the church came ready cut from Tisbury, twenty-seven miles off, except the bosses, corbels, and other ornaments, which were done by stone-carvers from Wilton church.

Of the numerous carvings, including some creatures on the standards supporting the benches, possibly by this time credited with a mystic significance, I have a story to tell. Early in 1843 I had written to Newman asking him what he would say if he found an article in favor of Free Trade in the "British Critic." His reply was that it was a matter to which he had

given no attention, and he must leave it to me. I had been reading Dr. Cooke Taylor's "Tour through the Manufacturing Towns of Lancashire," beginning with a faint prejudice in favor of protection and ending with strong convictions against it.

Perhaps other feelings contributed to this change. My old illusions of a paternal system had been tested by facts, and had now vanished away. Under the New Poor Law, with which the landowners were well content, some of my poor parishioners, in spite of my remonstrances, were hurried off to Andover Union, there quickly to rot and die. It was the workhouse in which the aged paupers, set to break the horse-bones from Mr. Assheton Smith's dog-kennels, first gnawed and sucked them. The flavor of the bones I know, for I often passed them on their way to Andover. It was not pleasant. Then for the church. Here I was in the greatest difficulties with a work which none could deny to be necessary, even though I might be overdoing it. Two landowners divided my parish, and not one would give me the least help. More I will not now say, for one of them contributed to the Church of England one of its warmest and most active friends, the present Earl Nelson. It is of my feelings at that time that I am speaking, and I did then feel a deep grievance with the British landocracy. What are they made for, I said, and why are they to be favored and supported at the cost of all other classes, if they are to do nothing for it, and be just as stingy and selfish as the rest?

Before the year was ended a change had come over my scene, and I was now fighting in the ranks of philanthropy and common sense. I was soon able to speak for Free Trade to more effect than I could have

done in the "British Critic;" I had my say, and I said it. As that cause, in a way, contributed to the completion of the edifice, so I wished it to be a monument of its success. The fruits of the earth are there along the cornice outside, and in other places. Two large bosses at the west entrance were left to the last. I wished one to be carved into a mass of divers kinds of grain and pulse, and the other into a ship, to denote the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Wyatt dissuaded me from this, and they are simply masses of conventional foliage. He had no confidence in the old roof, and made me bind every "truss" with iron bolts bonding the woodwork. I also was a little afraid that the walls, albeit a yard thick, might bulge here and there, as may be seen in many Suffolk churches. Accordingly I had thick bars of iron hooked into one another, buried in the masonry over the windows from end to end.

Open roofs are liable to one of two defects. If the angle is sharp enough to please the eye outside, the valley is too deep and dark inside. On the other hand, if the angle is not so sharp, say a right angle, or less, while the interior is brought more within reach of the eye, the exterior is not pleasing. The roof in my case was neither high nor low, which is like water neither hot nor cold. Outside, therefore, my Suffolk roof I had a light fir roof rising to a higher pitch. At St. Paul's there are two domes, one for outer effect, the other for inside. They are of different shapes as well as sizes.

As the additional churchyard required for the new building was most of it a chalk pit, I had to obtain, as well as I could, fifteen hundred loads of material to fill it. This I could not get near at hand. So, "to

kill two birds with one stone," I reduced the declivity of a road leading out of Wiltshire into Hampshire, half a mile off. Such were the conditions of that remote place that all this time I was obliged to have my own horses, carts, and other appliances.

Very early after assenting to the plans, the Bishop had observed to me that I was about to leave my *monument* in the diocese. I felt it rather as a rebuke. In that sense it was half deserved, but I was carried away by an enthusiasm I could not control. The Bishop, I must say, watched my operations in every stage with a kindly interest, and, like the rest of the world, wished to see them completed. It must have been rather late in 1846 that he asked me when I proposed to roof in my church. "In October," I said. "Is not that apt to be an unsettled month?" he rejoined. To this I replied that it was usually said there were eighteen fine days in October, or eighteen days in which one could do without a fire. "But how do you interpret that saying?" he asked; adding, "I interpret it to mean that the month is generally rainy, but that you may manage to pick out eighteen sunshiny days." I believe he was right.

I wrote long articles in the "British Critic," illustrated with a great number of cuts of open roofs, with their proper mouldings. I had drawings made of thirty or forty Suffolk roofs in particular, and what I wrote had probably a great share in setting the fashion since become universal, for no one thinks of a flat ceiled roof in these days. Open roofs are not without their disadvantages, but few people now care to be told what they are. They tell, however, in the church accounts. A church with a lofty open roof cannot be so quickly or so easily warmed as one with

a ceiling at a low level, and cannot retain the heat so long. Fortunately, we have now better methods of warming, and coals are generally cheaper than they used to be.

Church architects have now greatly improved on the Westminster Hall roof, or rather they have confined themselves to some other forms of equal antiquity, and to be found in the above articles of the "British Critic." They have either abandoned the "hammer-beam" as it is called, altogether, or they have used it just sufficiently to stiffen the wooden arch. The arch itself, if it be fairly stout and properly stayed, and if it spring sufficiently low, is at once the strength and the beauty of the open roof.

I may mention three very flattering testimonies to my church, with all its manifold imperfections. The Bishop's coachman said he had been with his master at many consecrations, and had never seen a new church he liked so much as this. I was succeeded at Cholderton by the present Bishop of Manchester, who took such interest in the church as to fill it with painted glass, adding much to its beauty, and producing an almost magical effect. The painted glass of the west window is reflected down upon the plate glass of the screen, and from it to the eyes as one enters the church. What you see is really the window over your head, but it has the effect of a glorious vision among the timbers of the dark roof far in advance of you.

The third testimony is even more remarkable. I was but three miles from Tidworth, where was the famous house of the "Tidworth drummer," and immense stables and kennels. The old church had been taken down, and a very homely chapel-like structure

built, less in the way. During Assheton Smith's lifetime I met with no admiration in that quarter. Indeed my big, pretentious, unfinished church was a standing joke in the hunting field. But immediately on his death his widow set about building a church which might not be so far behind Cholderton. She died in a very few months, when there happened the very rare event of a church begun, not completed, and the unfinished building, with the collected materials, sold by auction. The executors had no funds, they said, for the work. This was, however, in the order of Providence only a recoil for a rebound. There has lately been erected on a better site, nearer Tidworth House, one of the most beautiful churches in the country, sharing, I fear, with my church, the fault, for such it is, of being out of proportion to the parish and to the rustic congregation.

Some of the Bishop's troubles began when mine were well over. He had been encouraged to begin his works at the Chapter House, the Cloisters, and the Palace, besides being generally open-handed, by finding the receipts of the see for several years much more than he had been led to expect. To myself it was a very painful matter. During the debates on the Bill for regulating Episcopal Incomes, a great fight had been made by Conservative Churchmen that the income should not be paid in money by the Commissioners, but should be the rent of such a portion of the episcopal estates as might be safely expected to produce that sum. They carried their point. Accordingly, when Denison went to Salisbury he found certain estates already reserved for the source of his income. He was immediately beset by officials, surveyors, Chapter folks, and all the good people of

Salisbury, who assured him the estates were not adequate to that purpose, and that the episcopal revenue would fall below the mark. They were all on the spot; they knew the property and its vicissitudes. It was a matter in which the city and diocese, more than he, were concerned. So he allowed himself to fight their battle. In leases upon lives there must always be uncertainty. It so happened that before long several years produced seven or eight thousand pounds instead of the regulation five. The excess, however, was speedily absorbed by the costly works I have mentioned, and might itself give place to a deficiency in future years. However, the Whigs and Church reformers, remembering the battle about the settlement of the incomes, pounced on the scandal, as they called it. The Bishop, they said, had lent himself to an organized depreciation of the episcopal estates in order to obtain a better income, and was now profiting by a species of fraud. He ought to refund.

At that time, I believe, Denison would not have found it easy to refund. Knowing, as I did, the pressure put upon him, I cannot doubt he had acted simply in the whole matter. There was, too, by this time, another consideration presenting itself with daily increasing force. All the arrangements made at that period more or less cut away the resources for the maintenance of the cathedral, as well as other episcopal or capitular buildings. At the period I am now speaking of there prevailed a not groundless apprehension that these immense piles would fall into decay, past repair. So far as regards Salisbury, if a mistake had been made on one side, a far more serious mistake had been made on the other. If one was to be rectified, why not the other also?

Any great work is sure to have various episodes, sharing its character and its scale, always interesting to those who believe in a present and continual Providence, most of all when the work itself has a religious aim. My gardener, the one whom I have mentioned above as driving Newman to Salisbury and keeping his tongue going all the way, from the first commencement of the new church to its completion — eleven years — thought, worked, and talked incessantly about it, and, as I was very much my own builder and clerk of the works, was of the greatest use to me, managing all my earthworks, haulage, gathering of flints from the hills and sand from the roadsides, lodging the workpeople, and countless other matters. He got me into trouble occasionally, for he could not see a big stone anywhere without coveting it, and the surveyor of the "Duke of Queensberry's road" from Andover to Amesbury complained much of our pouncing too quickly on the accumulations of sand on the roadside after a storm. My chief farmer, who had taken my original appropriation of poor Meacher with much indifference, when he saw him in this new character would say I had taken from him his best man.

We never had a serious accident during the work, though the scaffolding was high and adventurous. A young man fell to the ground from the height of twenty-five feet, but his fall was fortunately broken, and in half an hour he was at his work again. For the putting together of the open roof I planned a graduated stage moving along the wall plate.

A sad accident came at last. My own intention had been to retain the old Norman or Saxon font, as a relic of the old building, which was originally

Norman or Saxon. But Fraser, now Bishop of Manchester, thought its rudeness of design and execution would be too much of a contrast with the highly finished character of the surroundings, and he gave a new font in the style of the new church. It was an elaborate affair, and was long in the sculptor's yard, but was just finished the day before the consecration. Fraser had his own horse put into the cart, and the poor beast, not understanding the occasion, did not like it. After a troublesome journey the font arrived at the church gates, which the horse was impatient to enter. Before Meacher could govern its movements, or get out of the way, he was so seriously injured that, instead of being present at the consecration he had looked forward to so long, he had to lie in bed many weeks.

His only child married the Ipswich wood-carver's 'prentice, and of her children — children of the roof, as they might be called — one is certificated mistress of a large school at Islington, and the other certificated master of an important school in Wales, besides passing successfully through several of the Oxford local examinations.

Such was one episode. Here is another. A girl of very little figure applied for a place, and had no reference to give except to her clergyman, a good neighbor, with whom I had had many battles on his Millennium views. On my writing to him he replied rather favorably, but added below two lines from a Greek play, to the effect that though he had spoken of this girl in a complimentary way, it was a bad lot that she came from, and we must beware. By the time she had been in our service a year, the Ipswich wood-carvers were wanting a lad to assist in holding

the pieces, in sharpening the tools, and looking to the glue-pot, and she spoke a word for her younger brother, then earning low wages with a farmer. He came, and I thought him a very rough fellow indeed, but he looked good, and had intelligent eyes.

In a fortnight the wood-carvers declared themselves quite satisfied with him; he improved; and when they left they took him to Suffolk. There I heard of him first as placed over the other workmen; then as conducting church restorations for his master; finally as a church builder and restorer on his own account. Many years afterwards I noticed from the South-Western Railway that a large church which I had seen built was being enlarged and much improved. I went purposely from town to see it, and found that the whole work was being executed by the hero of this little tale.

CHAPTER XCIX.

EAST GRAFTON CHURCH.

I HAVE said that I had to leave some chapters untold; but one I must tell. It brings me back to Sidney Herbert.

In July, 1842, I paid a visit to a pupil's brother, near Great Bedwyn, bordering on Savernake Forest, and I believe mostly the property of the Marquis of Ailesbury. We went to see a church then building at East Grafton. Ferrey was the architect employed by Mr. Ward, Vicar of Great Bedwyn, and one of the chief promoters of Marlborough College. The design is an instance of the adventurous and experimental character of that period, when it was reason enough for any proposal that it was a restoration, or that it had a precedent.

The style was to be Norman; that is, in the details. But there were to be aisles, and over them a clerestory four feet high, lighted with very small apertures. But now came the novelty, that is the antiquity. There was to be a cylindrical or barrel-shaped stone roof, interior and exterior one mass of masonry. The spring of this vault would of course be quite above the summit of the nave arches.

Now a cylindrical or semicircular arch is one peculiarly incapable of standing by itself. The upper part is nearly as flat as a floor, and it gravitates directly downwards, easily blowing up the shoulders or

haunches of the arch; that is the portion of it midway between the spring and the crown. If the haunches can be kept in their place, then the vault is safe enough. There are two admissible ways of doing this; for the third way, iron bars tying the two haunches, cannot be called admissible. The haunches may be secured in their place by a properly directed lateral pressure in the form of buttresses, or they may be so loaded that the balance of gravitation will be in favor of the crown remaining where it is, and not coming down.

In this case, by the design, loading was the security to be applied. All depended then on the weight and compactness of the mass of material laid on the part of the vault midway between the spring and the crown. It did not seem to me adequate. I had had many experiences of arches, whether of wood or of stone, bulging out and losing form, if nothing worse. A wooden structure can lose form with comparative immunity from danger, but not so a stone vault.

It might be supposed that a semicircular arch would be easily and safely constructed in iron, which supplies at once the greatest tenacity, and the greatest resistance to pressure. But, as a matter of fact, the chief bridge disasters in this century have been with iron semicircular arches, such as that at Newcastle, and that over the Tees at Stockton. The truth is, people are deceived by appearances. A semicircular arch is so natural and beautiful, that it looks as if it ought to stand. Unfortunately its duties are not æsthetic or moral, but simply physical, and in obedience to the laws of nature it persists in falling at the crown and rising at the shoulders, unless the latter tendency be obviated. In the case of

the experiment to be tried at East Grafton, if the whole was one hard concreted mass, then the danger might be very little. But country masonry must always be regarded with suspicion, and it takes long to set and harden. The clerestory walls, I must add, were to be very solid; a yard thick, and rising four feet above the spring of the vault.

But Mr. Ward, who was a great archæologist, and had a fine collection of models, had provided two additional guarantees, as he deemed them, for the safety of his stone vault. The first was an exceedingly strong stone rib, half a yard deep, springing from a corbel over every pillar, a little below the spring of the vaulting. It occurred to me that if these ribs could be made diagonal, instead of straight across, and if the vaulting could be made to spring from them, this would mend matters; but, as Mr. Ward explained afterwards, this could not be done without raising the vault considerably. I did not much like the look of the heavy ribs, projecting a foot from the surface of the vault.

The second additional guarantee was more extraordinary, indeed inconceivable, only to be accounted for by one of those prepossessions sometimes found to occupy the mind, and disorder reason itself, in the comparative seclusion of a country parsonage. Mr. Ward had at Great Bedwyn a handsome and very interesting church. At some remote period, very likely soon after the building of the church, the wooden roof of the nave, not being properly tied or trussed, had pushed out the arcades on both sides, not only the clerestory, but the arches and the pillars themselves. The people then in charge of the church adopted an expedient which might be the best under the circum-

stances. They carried solid and well-built flying stone buttresses from the walls of the aisles to the arcades, as high as they could, so as not to interfere with the roof of the aisles. Every architect will smile at this description, and say to himself that if it answered it was a "fluke." It did answer, but it certainly was not a precedent to be followed, unless on a like necessity.

It is forty years since I saw this interior, and I write from memory. I have lately seen a very good water-color drawing of the interior, only showing the roof of one aisle, and that without these "flying" buttresses. Whether it is an oversight of the artist, or the buttresses are confined to one aisle, I cannot say.

It has occurred to me that the mediæval vicar, or architect, who built these singular flying buttresses, had a very striking precedent for them, likely enough to fascinate an amateur. The tower and spire of Salisbury Cathedral, rising to 400 feet, all rests on four pillars, which have yielded seriously to the immense weight. As the tower and spire rose in sucessive generations and even centuries, these settlements were closely watched, and, in order to obviate them as much as possible, the architects made more than a hundred flying buttresses running through the perpendicular and horizontal lines of the clerestory under the roof on all sides. They are not very noticeable; but there they are. Any Vicar of Great Bedwyn who was a frequenter of the cathedral could not fail to be familiar with them. In that edifice they are indispensable, which is all that can be said for them.

A similar prepossession has spoilt our St. Paul's.

Wren, while a mathematical prodigy and no architect, had an early acquaintance with Ely Cathedral, of which his uncle was bishop. In that case the failure of the central tower and four supporting pillars had suggested, if not necessitated, the wooden octagon which to all Cambridge men is to this day the object of an almost idolatrous admiration. This expedient, for such it was, disguised as it may be, Wren imported into his design for St. Paul's, abandoning the traditional four piers of the Italian dome. He thereby got a larger area for his dome as well as aisles seen from end to end, but it was at the serious cost of narrowing his nave, choir, and transepts.

To Mr. Ward the interior flying buttresses were the most interesting and picturesque features in his parish church, and he availed himself of this opportunity to reproduce them. Following the precedent of his own church, they arrived at the nave walls below the aisle roof, and consequently quite below the spring of the vault. The abutment afforded by them fell several feet below the haunch of the vaulting, where it was really wanted. I insisted on these points, and some others which were more matters of style, to Mr. Ward's friend, expressing strong misgivings as to the safety of the structure.

Mr. Ward wrote to me early in August, proposing an appointment to come and see the church with him and Mr. Parker of Oxford. The meeting, however, could not be managed till the end of that month. At that date the whole of the vaulting lay on the ground, beautifully shaped, ready to be put up. I persisted in my objections, but Mr. Ward was not to be shaken.

It now appeared that he had already had a battle

for his stone roof. It was contrary to the express requirements of the Incorporated Society, but had yet been passed by their Board. Their surveyor, however, would not sanction a vault under any modification. Ferrey, nothing daunted, submitted his plan to Professor Willis, who at once pronounced it good and safe, and wrote a memorial to the Board to that effect, after which the surveyor's opinion was set aside. The Board also then and there appointed a sub-committee of "scientific gentlemen," before whom all plans were thenceforth to be presented before they could reach the Board, thus in a great measure superseding the surveyors.

Mr. Ward, however, now wrote to Ferrey, with my objections, and Ferrey, whose hands no doubt were full, referred me to Robert Williams, one of my Oriel contemporaries and friends. The vault had been suggested, it now appeared, by that of St. Catherine's chapel, Abbotsbury, a desecrated ruin on the coast, not far from Dorchester. The roof there is one mass of masonry, the same stones showing inside and outside; and, up to this date, it had stood all the storms of the Atlantic. It had no abutment, only rising from a good thick wall, and had no loading.

But the resemblance between this roof and Mr. Ward's was nominal and illusory. The drawing which Robert Williams sent me showed that the vault there had completed a large part of its curvature, indeed all the dangerous part, before it had left the solid walls, and that the vault being equilateral, the pitch was so high that no further abutment was required, and that in fact the vault approached very near to that catenary curve which is,

theoretically, the perfection of safety in vaulting. Robert Williams recognized the differences between the two vaults, but did not think them material. His letter to this effect was on October 13.

On one of the first days of December I saw a hearse pass my parsonage towards Salisbury. There were few people to die between me and Marlborough, and I had not heard of any one likely to die. I immediately thought of East Grafton Church. As they would be sure to stop in the village, I sent my servant to make inquiries. The hearse had stopped a minute and gone on. It was a clergyman who had been killed by the fall of a church. I could not say how soon and how quickly every part of the catastrophe presented itself to my mind, even to the victim.

Sidney Herbert had wished to see the new church, in which the Marquis of Ailesbury and his people were much interested. So he had appointed a day. It was earlier than was wished, and the weather did not mend matters. Ferrey was written to. He urged expedition in loading the haunches of the vault, and gave his permission for the centre, that is the wooden frame upon which the vault had been built, to be lowered a few inches. There came, however, more rainy days, and the loading could have been little better than mud.

Sidney Herbert came, bringing with him Mr. Montgomery, a sort of cousin, whom I had frequently heard of as an amiable and excellent man, of great taste, and fond of church architecture. They took their position within the church. The "centre" had been lowered some inches, and the vault stood. It was no longer deriving any support from its cradle,

as the centre might be called. So orders were given to lower it; it was lowered, some said two feet, some said four. All at once it came down, and a large stone of one of the massive ribs, rebounding from a scaffold pole, struck Mr. Montgomery dead on the spot. I saw the other day in the papers the death of Mrs. Montgomery, after a widowhood of thirty-eight years.

Upon hearing the sad news Ferrey went off to T. H. Wyatt, and got him to write to me. He could only say what I knew already, and what was quite sufficient to prove the downfall of the vault no conclusive proof of its vicious construction. The newness of the work, its wetness, and the want of loading were enough to account for the result. Nor had Ferrey's order been properly obeyed. Nevertheless, poor Ward felt he must abandon his stone vault. Indeed he would never have got a congregation to sit under it. He had to substitute a wooden imitative vault, no doubt better for comfort and for hearing.

After the event I sent the drawings Ward had kindly given me to W. Froude for his scientific judgment on them. He said the calculation was curiously exact, but there was no spare strength. If the masonry was good the vault would stand; not otherwise.

CHAPTER C.

MANUEL JOHNSON.

On returning to residence in 1835, I found a visitor from another world, as he seemed to me, and strangely out of place at Oxford. Manuel J. Johnson was the son of an Indian officer, and was, I think, a ward of Bowden, Newman's chief college friend. He had entered the University, and was in lodgings in Broad Street, opposite Baliol. My first impression was that he was simply making use of the University in order to pass through it as easily and quickly as possible to some profession — the Church, possibly. But it was soon evident he was no bird of passage. To face a public classical examination at the age of thirty-five, after some length of military services in various parts of the world, implied courage, and it was rewarded with success.

Excepting in his actual years, and in his varied experiences, Johnson was still youthful, not to say boyish. But he had already done and seen much. Stationed at the Cape of Good Hope and at St. Helena, he had employed his leisure in making, from actual observation, a new and much-wanted map of the stars of the Southern Hemisphere. It appeared in the form of a Catalogue of 606 Southern Stars, published by the East India Company. Herschel waived his own claim to the gold medal of the Astronomical Society in favor of this young and private adventurer in that very arduous field.

For a considerable time Johnson had had the duty of guarding Napoleon's tomb, and of receiving the officers and crew of every French ship stopping at St. Helena, and invariably marching up in solemn procession. The officers wished to make some recognition of his kindness, and they generally hit on a box of the best cigars. Johnson was no smoker up to that date; but by the time these boxes had accumulated, it occurred to him to smoke them through, which, with his wonted perseverance, he effected.

Very soon after he had taken his degree, the place of Observer at the Radcliffe Observatory fell vacant by the death of the tender and gentle Rigaud; and, through Sir R. Peel chiefly, I believe, Johnson was appointed to fill it. For twenty years he pursued with unremitting industry and care a work which has in its nature very little of the reward of this world, scarcely an appreciable field, and no present results whatever. He had not to look out for beautiful or startling objects. The moon and the planets exhibit varieties of surface which justly excite our curiosity as neighbors, not without a direct interest in the fortunes of our whole system. We are indeed actually sensible of their perturbing forces. Comets come and go, making a temporary sensation, and leaving strange problems. Celestial geography, so to speak, is quite as full of marvels as terrestrial. An amateur may spend a fortune and a life, and still waste himself upon ever-multiplying stars and nebulæ disclosing the strangest and most fanciful caprices of form. A great observer has to avert his gaze from these fascinating objects, and to leave even the numerous and still-increasing family of planetoids to his subordinates, naturally eager for such small prey.

Whenever the state of the atmosphere allowed, Johnson had to observe all the stars large enough and convenient enough for observation, as they passed the meridian. I remember his telling me that every observation required two hundred reductions and corrections, many of them, of course, constant, or in groups. He was dealing with exact facts, but with inexact instruments, and in a deceptive medium. He was a terrestrial conversing with celestials. Happily for poor human nature, there are not many nights in the British year in which observation is possible. When the clouds draw their curtains round him the astronomer may go to bed, to be waked up possibly. Practically this work is carried on in the open air, and without artificial warmth. Even Johnson's singularly robust frame could not have stood it, but for the kind Providence that heaped up cigars about him till he was compelled to smoke them, for it was this that enabled him to endure his long night-watchings. His loving wife sat up with him many nights entering figures at his dictation, no doubt to the permanent injury of her health and strength.

Some of these fixed stars — few they may be called in comparison with what, to us, is an infinite number — have either "proper" motions, or appearances of motion, that instruments can reach. If the exact position of some six thousand is recorded and published every year, it is with the hope that changes of position will be ascertained. The first object is to obtain the parallax of these remote bodies. Even in these days, when Ladies' Colleges give the best of their hours to mathematics, it is not every lady who knows what this parallax is. She will understand, however, that when she changes her place in a room

by a couple of yards, she thereby changes her bearings to the rest of the company, so that those people who were in front of her, or behind her, may be now by her side. She might reasonably expect, therefore, that if she changed her place near two hundred millions of miles, which in fact she does every six months, she would thereby change her bearings to all objects within sight, and see their apparent places changed also. In fact, however, there is no such manifest change in the place of the fixed stars, and it requires the best instruments, the closest observation, and much calculation, to make out that there is any change at all. The change, when ascertained, is the measure of our distance from the star.

The total number of fixed stars of which the parallax, and consequently the distance, has been ascertained, I find stated in one recent publication to be twelve, in another only nine. We have, then, very few neighbors, and even they cannot be called near. Of the twelve the nearest is almost twenty billions of miles from us, the farthest twenty times as far. It is impossible, humanly speaking, to ascertain the distances of more, and, so far as regards this expectation, astronomers are only hoping against hope, without the most remote chance of satisfaction.

These nearest stars in the whole universe have been brought within measurement by observations it is almost painful to think of. On the surface of the earth it is possible to see an object — say the chief mountain of Corsica — from the Maritime Alps, at the distance of 160 miles. What a problem it seems to measure the length of a man at that distance to an inch! but that is the problem believed to have been

successfully accomplished in the case of these very few fixed stars. So it must be deemed certain that farther we cannot go. The greatest parallax yet ascertained, that is of the nearest fixed star, does not come to a "second" of the great circle, and the inevitable errors attendant on any observation generally amount to as much.

The natural organs of sight make this double observation continually, and for the same purpose, to estimate the distance of an object. The two eyes are two observers, that at the interval of three inches notice an object, in this case simultaneously, and compare the angles made by the lines of vision. What they ascertain is the parallax of the object. They who have the misfortune to lose an eye immediately find that this measure of distance, and of size too, is much impaired. But the degeneration of the surviving eye, by the creation of different *foci*, sometimes comes to the aid of vision by affording an irregular basis for the indispensable calculation. When people begin to see half a dozen moons they may be thankful to know that this confusion is itself a measure of distance.

But there is even a grander and more awful question than our distance from some dozen or two stars. It is the constitution, the movement, and the destiny of the universe. Whither are all these stars moving? What are they tending to? What is their centre, if there be any, which is very presumable? As many as 270 stars have been ascertained to have "proper" motions, that is actual motions through space; but the probability is that all the stars are changing their places, though it will take, may be, a thousand years of observation to ascertain the speed, or the direction, or the curves of their motion.

It is a question, indeed a very new one, whether the sun moves in space at all; but there is also a fair probability that it moves a hundred and fifty millions of miles in a year, which is but a quarter of the earth's speed in its orbit. That this direct movement carried on for thousands of years should make no palpable difference in the apparent place of the stars is inconceivable. So also that the stars we call "fixed" should be continually moving right across the field of view with inconceivable rapidity, and without changing their apparent position to us, or to one another, may seem incredible. But it is a matter of easy calculation. If a star be at the distance of the number of miles represented by sixteen numerals, then it may have been rushing through the universe ever since the Creation at the rate of our own earth in its revolution round the sun, that is over two millions of miles in twenty-four hours, without greater total change in its apparent position than would follow from a walk of twenty yards across the surface of the moon. As our instruments have hitherto failed to ascertain the moon's diameter to a mile, a very conceivable and intelligible statement, no one need be staggered at the thought of the "fixed" stars shooting across space at the speed of our own planet for thousands of years without any apparent change of position.

These observations are duly calculated, recorded, and printed, and interchanged between the world's observatories, for comparison and correction if need be. The great secrets contained in them are to be unravelled a thousand years hence. Even a million years would hardly suffice "to loose the bands of Orion." It is a bare hope that there will still be

astronomers ten centuries hence, that science will still be in honor, and that no wave of human progress will have swept away all the knowledge that does not directly minister to our first or coarsest wants.

I am painfully aware of being out of my province, perhaps out of my depth, in this attempt to describe Johnson's astronomical labors. He is chiefly remembered at Oxford as a very good fellow, a man of fine taste and varied attainments, as a warm-hearted friend and a true Christian. The special work of his life should not be left untold. Moreover, I will confess to be often painfully struck by the ignorance, and apparent indifference, of young ladies and gentlemen even upon such matters as the constitution and order of the universe. On this and other matters there will be books on the shelves, and very good books too, while there is not a fact, or an idea, or the least wish to learn, in the young people sitting below. I will run the risk of blunders, and perhaps ridicule, rather than omit the opportunity of calling the blind and the stupid to grand and ennobling considerations, happily requiring nothing but the conception of numbers and space, and a very little arithmetic.

But besides watching the stars, which some think may be left to take care of themselves, as not appreciable concerning us, Johnson undertook terrestrial observations not less delicate and curious and interesting. He had automatic instruments for noting and registering the direction and force of the winds, the rainfall, the temperature, and the variations of the needle. Most mysterious indeed are these latter variations, — even that regular oscillation east and west of the north pole, and the regular diurnal variations, — but it was something more than mysterious, it was

awful, to find that in the middle of one night, without any cause that could be suggested, all the Observatories in the world recorded the fact of a strong galvanic thrill passing through the solid mass of this huge globe. After twenty years of this work Johnson began to feel the need of rest; but the heavens are never weary. They never cease to sing His praise, and the observer died at his post. Twenty octavo volumes record his observations; but they were summed up after his death in a Catalogue of 6,317 Circumpolar and other Stars observed at Oxford, and reduced to one date.

Such a career was in itself remarkable, but it was still more so in the character of the man, and in the qualities he combined with a pursuit so absorbing and so insulating. If Johnson had been nothing, and had known nothing, more than the least ambitious of the academic crowd, his originality, his geniality, his humor, would have distinguished him in the University. His ever beaming, almost jovial countenance, his laughing eye, his ready wit, seemed hardly those of a man whose nights were spent in piercing through the mystery of the universe, and calculating the mazes of a dance, each step of which is a thousand years. None can forget the mirth with which he could relieve the dullest hour, or the kindness with which he would explain the operation of the mighty machines about him, and the manifold contrivances necessary to meet a thousand difficulties.

He had his troubles and grievances. The trustees had a good deal to do with their money, and Johnson's demands no doubt were large and exigent. He naturally assumed his to be, next to the Royal Observatory, the first in the world. An important instru-

ment, to cost a thousand pounds or two, was refused or postponed because some farm buildings on the trust property had to be rebuilt on a grand scale. An instrument made at Hamburgh, I think, by the best maker in Europe, and carefully packed and screwed down for the passage in thirty cases, arrived at the English port. Johnson hastened to speed it through the Customs. In spite of his assurances and entreaties every case was torn open, and the delicate contents pulled about by rough hands to ascertain whether any tobacco or kid gloves were concealed under them.

A less serious but still unpleasant mishap seemed to mark a destiny among bodies moving in space. In his best holiday suit Johnson was slowly ascending the hill in Greenwich Park to attend the annual visitation of the Royal Observatory, when a random stone flung by a boy at play knocked in one of his front teeth — a slight thing, but an epoch in any life.

The trustees had so little appreciation of Johnson's services, that at one time, with a large family growing up around him, he seriously contemplated taking to stock broking. It would be easier and more profitable, besides being much shorter work, to forecast the sublunary vicissitudes of currency and credit than those of the universe. For this he had the encouragement of Baily, who was making his fortune on the Stock Exchange, and at the same time weighing the earth in a small back parlor near Tavistock Square.

Considering the one idea that could not but predominate and dwarf all lesser things, the material universe to be measured and surveyed, it was marvellous how Johnson could feel a warm and exciting interest in all human affairs, including the politics of the country and of the University, the progress of the

Oxford movement, and the discoveries of science. Everybody who attended his weekly receptions, besides hearing many a hearty laugh, would be sure to carry away some definite addition to his stock of knowledge, so freshly and incisively did Johnson tell what he had to say. Besides this, the visitor saw on the walls, on the table, and in portfolios, the best, if not then the only, collection of early drawings and first-class engravings at Oxford, and one of the best in England. Strange as it might seem, Johnson knew all the stages of a Marc Antonio or any other early Italian masterpiece as well as if that had been his profession, and not the formless, unchanging stars. I know not whether extreme delicacy of apprehension and refinement of taste be often combined with patience of observation and mathematical accuracy, but certainly Manuel Johnson's example encourages the belief that the most abstract science is compatible with a fine taste, a capacious mind, and a heart full of kindly affections. He and my brother James, the Canon and Professor, married twin daughters of Dr. Ogle, Regius Professor of Medicine, a pleasant little companionship now no more.

CHAPTER CI.

JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE.

THE exact time when Newman undertook to supply four sheets to the "British Critic," as well as the exact duration of that impossible arrangement, has escaped my recollection. I had even been under the impression for many years that Le Bas was the editor with whom this arrangement was made. I am reminded, however, that it was Boone. Le Bas wrote so much and so brilliantly that he had almost eclipsed Boone from my memory, aware as I am that the latter had had to do with the "British Critic."

Should anybody care to take up that interesting and instructive question, How do so many men of great promise make egregious failures? he may advantageously study the career of James Shergold Boone, one of Dr. Russell's many and great disappointments. He was at Charterhouse from 1812 to 1816, and got the gold medal for Latin verse. He then became a student at Christchurch, in those days a piece of high favor, and about the best position an undergraduate could have in the University. He was very early known as the most promising man at Oxford. When I went to Charterhouse, in 1820, there were many who remembered Boone as the giant of a former age, the like of whom would never be seen again. He could do everything and carry everything before him. There was a halo of glory about his name.

But either already, or soon after, there was a cloud, a temporary cloud only, on that name. We were told that Boone, for some reason or other, had quarrelled with the college authorities, and that with the amiable and sensible design of spiting them he had resolved not to go in for honors. He had got the "Newdigate" on the Farnese Hercules in 1817, and in the same year the prize for Latin verse on the Foundation of the Persian Empire; and in 1820 he had the prize for a Latin essay on the Constitution and Working of the Amphictyonic Council. So the absence of his name from the Honor List is not very intelligible. He had been employing his time better, as he thought, in writing and publishing a now forgotten series of lampoons in verse, called the "Oxford Spy." I saw it once, and once only. It was clever, dull, and hateful; a thing to read for two minutes and throw into the fire.

What induced Boone to tie himself to that stake and nail himself to that pillory I can hardly imagine. Putting aside his temper, which must have been detestable, he might possibly be indulging in a recoil from the extreme drudgery of the Charterhouse routine, of which he was the principal victim for four or five years. The truth is that, devoting himself entirely to critical scholarship, Russell did not inspire one single scholar with an enthusiasm, or even a taste, in that direction. Some were in open revolt against the system for years, and Russell had to tolerate it.

Not only they but many others rendering an ostensible obedience were indulging in their own fancies and their own lines of speculation all the time. Knowing it to be wrong, they did not entirely lose

Banner Elk, N. C.

their conscience or their temper with a master whom they felt it impossible not to respect and reverence. In some, as in Boone, the rebellion was smothered for a time, to burst out afterwards. In my own case the worst had arrived long before I left school, and Russell could hope no more. "Mozley," he said, at parting, with tears in his eyes, "you 're born to create hope and to disappoint it." Russell told my father, when he called on him, that I was "dreamy," and he would sometimes exclaim, "What green fields are you rambling over?" He hit the mark nearer when he said once or twice that they who were not doing what they ought to be doing were generally doing what they ought not. As a fact, however, every line that I realized in the school work, every word of import, or of beauty, or of quaintness, had to me a centrifugal force, and sent me off upon a fresh aberration.

Boone I only saw once. He preached at St. Mary's in his turn, and there was a large congregation to hear one who had left a name and a story at Oxford. A man of high moral quality or of real genius would have flung aside his antecedents altogether, and carried his hearers with him into very different ground. Boone had bound his future to his past, and he preached a penitential sermon. Had he appeared in sackcloth and ashes he could not have made a more doleful or a more despicable figure. He alluded to his past career in terms which led me to suppose at the time that he had been really worse than he was in fact, and he hoped it might be forgiven. His voice faltered once or twice, and tears came into his eyes.

After all, it was a dull and not very intelligible

sermon, and the public act of penance stood out as its chief feature. Before whom was it performed? Very few of the undergraduates by that time had ever heard of the "Oxford Spy," or would care to know about it. The Heads of Houses might remember it. But as well shed tears before Rhadamanthus as before that inexorable board. So nothing came of this singular exhibition.

At this time Boone had already gone through a rather remarkable career in the London world. He had been a ready speaker as well as writer. Very soon after his leaving Oxford, the Duke of Newcastle, or some other great boroughmonger, had offered him a seat in Parliament, and £500 a year, it was said, for his personal needs. Boone found he would have to support, not his own opinions, but his patron's, and he declined.

The next thing one heard was that he was delivering lectures in the city of London upon the union and mutual relation of the arts and sciences, to small but discerning audiences. The hearers, however, went away saying it was very clever and very true, and did not come again. Boone then started a Review, and called it the "Council of Ten," again as unfortunate in his title as when he described himself as the "Oxford Spy." The historic Council of Ten, whatever its necessity or its functions at Venice, is not an agreeable idea to Englishmen. The title was a satire on the press, not a just description of any respectable organ. The Review was very clever indeed, and very dull indeed. It heavily taxed the understanding, and did not repay in interest.

It was only when other things failed that Boone

took Orders, and became finally incumbent of St. John's, Paddington. He was no great success there. I see that S. Wilberforce went to hear him, and pronounced his sermon an essay. It was not likely to be anything else, but when so many educated men can write nothing but essays, it is to be hoped they are not all unprofitable.

Boone went on making mistakes, from an old way of pleasing himself, come what will of it. He had a long affair with a young lady, a member of his congregation, who with her friends did not doubt, and had no reason to doubt, that it was a positive engagement. A country relative of hers, who had been in the Army and was now in the Church, was not satisfied with what he heard. He came up to town, went straight to Boone, and demanded his intentions. Boone replied that he had not had the least idea of marriage. The country clergyman was very near giving him a sound thrashing on the spot, but contented himself with some very strong language, and there the affair ended.

His share in the "British Critic" I must leave to those who are better informed or better furnished with documents, and who have the eyes and the time to make use of them.

CHAPTER CII.

THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

In the year 1839 I was tied very close to my little parish in Salisbury Plain. I had a pupil who took much of my time, and who sorely taxed my patience and my powers. He was a lad of large fortune and expectations, but born under unfortunate circumstances, and either neglected from infancy or naturally incapable. Mr. W. Short, of Chippenham, brother of the Bishop, had tried his hand upon him for two years, and had had to give him up. He was then sent to Winchester, and before very long Moberly passed him on to me. The poor boy had natural affection, religious sentiment, a strong sense of truth, justice, and purity, but he was wholly without the power of learning. If he went through a line of Virgil a dozen times, and had every word construed and explained to him, the thirteenth time would find him as ignorant as ever. But I had to persevere. His fixed ideas of people and things were too grotesque to be mentioned, and I had to give him better if I could. Looking back, I feel that I might have done more by addressing myself more directly to the higher part of his nature, which he had, and which he also knew that he had. At a solemn parting he told me I might have done more with him in that way. He read chapters of the Bible with me every day, but wanted more of the "milk for babes."

I had to prepare him for Oxford, and in the first place to get him admitted. Collis, of Worcester College, kindly managed this for me. The poor lad went to that college under a friendly arrangement that he was not to be examined, or called upon in lecture, and that he was to leave in two years. He acquitted himself there, and in after life, better than might have been expected. He married not imprudently. I met him and his wife several times, and the manners and conversation of the couple were quite passable. But he died young, leaving a daughter whose immense fortune has not contributed to her happiness.

Besides this pupil, I was at that time preparing to build my new church.

It was under these circumstances that I began to write for the "British Critic." Any one who cares to turn to that periodical for the year 1839 must be surprised to find how quickly a very large portion of the Church of England had changed its tone in a few years. Tory and Conservative sentiment was extinct. "Put not your trust in princes" was the universal cry. The measures passed, and the measures threatened; and, more than all, the notorious fact that the majority of our Liberal rulers believed neither in miracle, nor revelation, nor in a personal Deity, drove the Church out of its quiet old moorings into the open and troubled seas. It was repulsion, not attraction, that effected the change, for none knew what they or human affairs were tending to. The crisis necessarily made people practical, just as a man who has been living an idle and meditative life for months on shipboard, is all at once found full of energy and resources, and indeed possessed of

singularly inventive powers, when his vessel has gone down and he is floating amongst the wreckage.

The "British Critic," always theological and controversial, now became more polemic, and also more political. Its writers were men who could expect nothing from either party alternately governing the country and distributing its patronage. Perhaps they spoke and wrote all the more freely because they knew they were not read by the people they talked at, but rather by country clergy, burying their griefs in their own bosoms, and by a select class of devout laymen.

My own wish, from the day I heard that the "British Critic" was entirely in Newman's hands, was that it should insist more on its first title and chief character, indeed that by which it was known, the "British Critic." The monthly series of the "British Critic," begun in 1814, had no other name on its title page, and was in fact a very general, very miscellaneous, and, I must add, a very interesting periodical. But the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" were in the field, commanding the ablest and best informed writers of the day, and the "British Critic" had no chance with them. It fell under the general law of the subdivision of industry, and accordingly the new series had to claim a separate character.

This alone would tell much against the interest of the publication, but when Newman took it up there seemed still more sameness and tediousness. He was too much occupied to contribute largely himself, and when he did write, he did not give himself over much time. He desired to make the Review the means of introducing his friends and supporters, and of giving them the opportunity to try their hands and

acquire confidence. He let them have too much of their own way. Some of them would go on forever and ever; and even they who could say or write a short thing very well indeed, wrote a long thing, not ill perhaps, but so as no human being was ever likely to read it through.

Let it be borne in mind that there was now issuing from Oxford (indeed, then from other centres also) a deluge of theological literature, and that the writers were really beating the readers. At such a time the "British Critic" arrives at a country parsonage or a town reading-room. People are agitated by daily news from Oxford, which they credit with a portentous significance. Newman is giving up St. Mary's and founding a convent at Littlemore. He confesses, so it is alleged, that he can no longer remain in the ministry of England, or indeed in ordinary intercourse with good Anglican Churchpeople. Ward alone was enough to fill the world with alarms. A nervous Churchman, who wishes to go some way ahead, but not to take a leap in the dark, seizes the Review and tears it open. It is the number for July, 1840. The first ninety-two pages are on the "Courts and the Kirk;" the last sixty-three on Pauperism and Almsgiving, the two together being just three-fifths of the whole number.

Both the articles were worth reading, if people could and would give time to them, though it would not be easy to say what the writer of the first wished as regards the Kirk, or what the writer of the last advised as to Christian benevolence. In this number I am myself at once a successful offender and an aggrieved party, for Newman squeezed in an article of mine between these two leviathans, and put off another.

Yet how could it be otherwise? Newman was contemplating an entire change of position, plan, and direction; indeed, satisfying himself that he was forced thereto. He was engaged in the most laborious works and keeping up an immense correspondence. A small bundle of his letters, written about this time, remains by accident in my hands, and from one of them, written twenty days before the publication of this very number, Newman was carefully considering every detail of his intended Littlemore Retreat, and intending to commence building at once; and he was receiving, and no doubt having long talks with, two old pupils, Samuel Wood and Robert Williams; a Presbyterian clergyman, a Trinity College, Dublin, man, a French ecclesiastico-political friend of La Mennais, a distant relative, and two Ashantee princes.

CHAPTER CIII.

LITTLEMORE.

In the "Apologia" are stated at length the reasons which induced Newman to withdraw to Littlemore. As a considerable part of the public had now made up their mind that he was deliberately and steadily retreating to Rome, they very naturally, and indeed not without some reason, accepted this as a half-way house in that direction. In itself, as a matter of simple convenience, nothing could be more natural than a retirement to Littlemore, and had Newman given ordinary reasons, nobody need have wondered at the step or criticised it. He could no longer do at Oxford the work he had to do. There were people in and out the whole day; there were mountains of work to be done; there were Fathers and other authors to be read with continuous and vigilant attention, and foes always at hand to pounce down on a misquotation or a mistake, even if they could not, or would not, do anything else. There was nobody to bear the brunt of a heavy visitor; no secretary, no younger friend. Newman was cribbed and cabined in rooms no better than might be assigned to an undergraduate with twenty school books and as many pictures of horses and ballet-dancers. He was less and less at home in the college, where undergraduates, Fellows, and tutors were rapidly succeeding one another.

On the other hand, Littlemore he had always loved, and it remained much the same, the only novelty at that time being the church he had himself built there. It was his country parish, a goal that Oxford men used to look forward to. For many years he had walked there two or three times a week. He had become intimate with every household, every living and growing thing, and every stone in the place. From ancient times it had the reputation of being the best air and the healthiest spot near Oxford. Why should not Newman exercise the liberty claimed by everybody in these days? A clergyman is not suspected of sinister intentions if he changes his living for one where he will have less to do, or will be able to get others to do it, or where he will have less or more society, or society more to his taste. Nay, nothing is now thought of an incumbent who resides a mile or two away from his church and his people, or gets leave of absence altogether, if he can only give excuse enough to save appearances. But this was the proverbial case in which one man may open a gate, walk into the field, bridle the horse, and ride away with him, while another may not even look over the hedge without suspicion. Newman must have some important and mysterious reason for what he did.

It would be much in Newman's eyes that this site, to which he had devoted so much of his youthful interest and strength, was one of immemorial sanctity, connected with the remotest antiquities and the earliest developments of the University of Oxford. The very interesting story of the place is summed up in an article on Ingram's "Memorials of Oxford," in the "British Critic," July, 1838, and I cannot do better than quote it: —

"The history of the adjacent church (of St. Mary's) which has belonged to Oriel College for above 500 years introduces to our notice a sort of repetition of the history of St. Frideswide. A Nunnery, as we have seen, formed the first rudiments of the University, and of a church of St. Mary's, on the banks of the Thames; and a Nunnery some little way from it was closely associated with the later secular schools out of which the present colleges have arisen, and with the second St. Mary's church in the heart of the city.

"The liberty of Littlemore lies on an elevated plain, between two and three miles to the south of Oxford, towards London. It was in former times covered with woods, and is bounded by a brook which joins the Thames. Situated upon this brook, even in the Saxon days, was a convent, which was rebuilt soon after the Conquest, and the ruins of which still remain, bearing the original Saxon name of Mynchery. It belonged to nuns of the Benedictine order, whose devotion to the advancement of learning showed itself worthy of the ancient rule which they professed.

"What was its first connection with Oxford does not clearly appear, but so much we know, that the church which Alfred is said to have built on the site of the present University church is incidentally spoken of as St. Mary's even as early as the Doomsday Survey, and is also known to be dedicated to "Our Lady of Littlemore." This church Alfred seems, according to the general current of history and tradition, to have made the nucleus of his assembled scholæ or places of education of which a religious idea and sanction must ever be the binding principle.

From the west end of his church, passing along his palace, the King's Hall of Brasinhuse, ran in later times a long street, called School Street, up to the north wall of the city, and this was quickly tenanted and peopled by schools, both claustral and especially secular. These schools were originally attached to the halls there situated, being commonly the largest rooms in them, though others were dependencies of the monastic bodies in the neighborhood, and were but rooms over the tradesmen's shops.

"Among these monastic bodies the convent of Littlemore is especially to be noticed. Besides being possessed of the ancient hall, now called St. Alban's and then Nun Hall, south of the church, it possessed schools in the street just mentioned, which were called after the name of St. Mary's of Littlemore."

The building in which Newman had now made up his mind to resume the broken thread of these noble traditions was a disused range of stabling at the corner of two village roads. Nothing could be more unpromising, not to say depressing. But Newman had ascertained what he really wanted, and he would have no more. He sent me a list of his requirements, and the only one of a sentimental or superfluous character was that he wished to be able to see from his window the ruins of the Mynchery, and the village of Garsington.

There must be a library, some "cells," that is studies, and a cloister in which one or two might turn out and walk up and down, of course all on the ground-floor. The oratory or chapel was to be a matter altogether for future consideration. The library was the first thing to be considered, for it was the nucleus of the whole establishment. It was

to contain a large and valuable library, and it was to be the common work room. The cells, some of them, were to open into it; and in that case the library would have to be lighted with upper windows. But I had deprecated a library on the ground-floor, so Newman suggested that it might be placed over the kitchen or the refectory, or might itself be the refectory, in which case it would be sure of sufficient airing and warming. Each "cell" was to contain a sitting-room, say 12 by 9; a bedroom 6 by 6, and a cold bath-room 6 by 3, and to be nine or ten feet high. The library might be a separate building, at right angles, showing promise of a future quadrangle.

Newman had bought nine acres, which he would begin to plant with firs; and he would build bit by bit, as the money came, or the inmates. I contributed my suggestions in a number of ground-plans, sections, elevations, and even petty details. But Newman's invariable rule was to do no more than the occasion required, and he kept to it now. He must then have contemplated a very long stay at Littlemore, with a great development, yet there was no affectation of a grand beginning, like the enormous chancels now to be seen all over the country, promising cathedrals that are to be.

When I visited Newman and his two or three friends there, the place looked outside what I had always known it, a range of stables and nothing more. I told Newman that had I not been otherwise engaged I should have liked very much to join him. It is scarcely worth while to ask how far I was sincere in this at the time, but I now feel very sure I could not have endured it long, though some, apparently as wayward as myself, seem to have bowed

their stubborn or flighty wills to this sort of yoke for a whole lifetime.

Newman remarks upon the Oxford folks coming to Littlemore, peeping and prying about the Μόνη, and even making their way into it, for mere curiosity. This, however, is what English people do with every convent they come across all over the world. It is a sort of unconscious homage to the religious and catholic character of such institutions. Perhaps, too, knowing what private life is in this country, Englishmen wish to see a little of public life. Life by rule, and for a high purpose, they regard as public, and therefore open to all comers.

CHAPTER CIV.

THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

It must have been early in 1841 that I received a letter from Newman proposing that I should take his place on the "British Critic." He had written, or was going to write, to Rivington, absolutely resigning the editorship, and naming me as one of the writers who might be ready to undertake it. It was a very great surprise to me. I had been freely criticising the Review for some time, the inordinate length of the articles, the same writers returning again and again with the same subject under a new name, the hard work which the Review imposed on the reader, and a certain amount of unreality in some of the writers. But if it was easy to criticise, it would be so much the less easy to do the work myself. I should have the same writers, and if Newman did not keep them within due bounds, I could not myself expect to do better. Then there was the remoteness of my position, in Salisbury Plain, far away from good libraries; indeed, without a reference library nearer than London. I was, too, a very bad reader of books, and had always found it heavy work to read and write at the same time, glancing right and left alternately to the printed volume and the MS. On the other hand, it would take me to Oxford sometimes, and to London sometimes, and it would pay my expenses, I then thought and intended, besides

helping me to build my church, now beginning to show itself above ground.

I think I had just braced up my courage to accept the proposal, when our gardener ran up to the window to call my attention to a mock sun. I stepped out into the garden, and there it was, sure enough. It has always been regarded as an augury, but how was I to interpret it? A mock sun may be curious, but it is a very poor thing, mere magician's work, a phantom of the misty atmosphere, neither heat nor light, which as you look at it fades away. But here again came a new question. Granting it a worthless thing, how did that tell on the question before me? It might warn me not to try the part of an unreal, unequal, and fugitive imitator. On the other hand, if the thing was worthless, it was not worth my attention. Vanity decided the day. I was fighting for my Church and my country, and what better omen did I want than that? I wrote, accepting the proposal, and soon had a very pleasant, confiding letter from Mr. Francis Rivington.

I have frequently seen mock suns since, and still more wonderful and beautiful atmospheric phenomena. Why it is I know not, English people, nay, for aught I know, all people, fail to notice such appearances. They seldom turn their eyes to the sky except to gather some weather forecast. I have mentioned above that Newman's eyes, and if I did not add the Provost's I ought to have done so, often found a home and a consolation in the visible heavens above. Many years ago I was riding in Rotten Row, on a day of watery brightness and illuminated shade, wind rising, and storm not far, when I saw a splendid parhelion with three mock suns, the middle

one, that is the one over the true sun, nearly as distinct and bright as the sun itself. There must have been at that time a thousand gentlemen and ladies riding up and down, half of them with the sun right in their eyes, and as I rode the whole length of the Row, I did not see one individual apparently aware of the rare and interesting phenomenon.

Not many years since I watched for half an hour a brilliant column of solid crimson light following the sun which had already set. As I walked through fields and hamlets, I stopped several fellows to point it out to them. "Yes, sir, I see," was all I got out of them. The greatest wonders have to be brought home to most people with a mechanical force. When a tremendous storm salted all our windows at Plymtree four years since, thirteen miles from the sea, I made the twenty eldest boys and girls in the school rub their fingers on the windows, and then put their fingers into their mouths. They then tasted as well as saw what had come to pass.

But I must return to the "British Critic." Soon did I find that editing a Review is a very different thing from criticising it. Newman had not said a word that I remember about the existing staff, but I took for granted they were to go on writing. They had taken it for granted themselves. I wished to go on writing myself, indeed I had a list of forty subjects I wished to write about, on the basis of some slight stock of matter. Other writers were recommended. Others recommended themselves. I had to deny several. In about a year I told the gentleman who wrote about quaint or striking epitaphs, and who evidently wished to go the round of all the churchyards in England, that we had had as much

of that as we could stand for the present. Then there was the writer on the Church and Almsgiving, the Age of Unbelief, and other topics, the same though not the same, making out our ancestors at any period of history a good deal better than ourselves, without pointing out clearly what we were to do, unless it were to give away everything we had and join the great mendicant army. I expressed to him freely, and I hope tenderly, my opinion of his article. He replied in good taste, and there it ended.

Sewell had now retired. Henry Wilberforce ceased to make an appearance. Other writers were becoming too busy, the lawyers especially. Keble had written, but not in my time. There remained Ward, Oakley, Rogers, John Christie, my brother James, Bowyer, Church, J. B. Morris, and some others. A gentleman, I believe of Jewish extraction, introduced to me by Rivington, wrote an article full of Hebrew scholarship, which I sent to C. Marriott, who assured me it was good and sound. So it went in, but I should doubt whether anybody read it.

The pervading fault of these writers, not excluding myself, was that they wrote articles, not reviews. This produced a want of variety and novelty. It was not, however, a fault that told so much with the ecclesiastical world as it would have done in the political or the literary. The great length of the articles was the most serious fault, for it kept out what would have lightened the Review. For many years my idea of Ward has been as of a huge young cuckoo, growing bigger and bigger, elbowing the legitimate progeny over the side of the little nest. But on reverting to the volumes I see that I have wronged him. He was following the precedent

of greater offenders, though rather like the crowd rushing in at the open breach. The immense difficulty of mastering or attempting to master his articles within a week of publication, with a world of other things to do, made me exaggerate his bulk and confound quality with quantity.

Some people may be curious to know how a great organ of the religious world, certainly at that time commanding many thousand readers, could be worked from the heart of Salisbury Plain, at a time when the nearest railway station was at Micheldever, twenty miles off. Several London coaches passed through my parish, one of them about an hour or two after midnight, changing horses a mile off. Night after night I took my parcel to the change house, and had sometimes to wait a long time. My practised ears became quick and sensitive. I could always hear the coach emerging out of a depression and passing Stonehenge, seven miles off; then rattling past Vespasian's Camp into Amesbury; and after changing horses, toiling up Beacon Hill, down which it then came at a hand gallop. Sound travels easy and far on the Plain. In a frost I have heard a gig rattling on for two hours, that is for twenty miles. I have stood on Beacon Hill at Whitsuntide and heard the bands of seven or eight villages, and have frequently heard the voices of the children in Amesbury market-place, four miles off.

One night I was ready to drop with terror. The whole Plain was suddenly light as day. It was a meteor I just caught a sight of as I turned round. That omen, too, I tried to decipher, as I had done the mock sun, to as little purpose. I thought over the contents of the parcel I was sending up to town, but I sent it on.

When it became necessary to have some days in town, I went up by the mail, arriving about half-past five. I had nothing then to do but walk up and down Fleet Street till working hours. On one occasion I took my station on the steps of Mr. Roworth's office soon after six, for the chance of an early arrival, to whom I could deliver my MSS. and proofs, and then get away to breakfast.

Two men came up, one a big, red-faced, rather jolly fellow, the other young, thin, and not good-natured looking. They drew up at once. "Why, if that is n't a parson! Who ever saw a parson out so early as that before? What was I doing there?" I explained that I had some work for the office, and was waiting for some one to deliver it to. I should have to wait till seven, they said, for they passed that door every morning. "But now that we've got a parson, we should like to ask some questions." I said I would do my best to answer them. "Now do you really believe that God Almighty commanded Joshua to kill all the Canaanites?" Yes, I did believe, I said, and saw nothing better to believe about it. "What," the red-faced fellow asked, "the women and children too? What harm had they done?" I said you might ask the same question about all deaths, all calamities, and all punishments in the order of nature. They all affect women and children even more than men, and they all fall on the innocent as well as the guilty. They tried to establish a difference. "The commands of God must be moral: the order of nature need not be. It is the order of nature and nothing more." But, I said, the order of nature is the law of God, and nature is but a form and operation of the Divine presence. "But in nature," they

said, "there were no massacres, no cruelty, no revenges." What, not in earthquakes and pestilences? If a man lives a bad life, or lives ill for only a short time in his youth, he leaves his wife and children poor, wretched, disgraced, and in many ways the worse for what he has done. Much more passed, for it was seven o'clock before one of Mr. Roworth's men came up, and was surprised to find a "discussion forum" established in Bell Yard. The big fellow gave me his card — he was a journeyman tailor — and asked me to call on him if I could find time. Alas, I never did, and am still sorry for it. But I had very little time or money, and was afraid of fresh demands on them.

Mr. Roworth had had the printing of one of the great quarterlies. He mentioned to me several times the very slashing style of editorship he had been accustomed to see. The editor would cut down the article to half its bulk; one writer in particular, and that a man of note, was systematically pruned of every word or sentence too much. The periodical, the editor, and the chief victim recur to me, but I name them not lest I should be making a mistake. Since those days I have often thought Roworth meant this as a hint to myself, but it did not occur to me at the time.

CHAPTER CV.

THE WRITERS IN THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

VERY early did my troubles begin. I immediately made a programme for the next number, as well as I could, for there were one or two existing engagements. I suggested rational limits to the writers, indeed without this a programme was impossible. In those days every quarter produced an ecclesiastical event or an important publication, and for these I must reserve space. I had, too, my own hobbies, many indeed; and while all my hobbies struggled to emerge, the more material ones, according to the law of my poor nature, got the precedence.

I was full of churches and open timber roofs. Newman had very kindly appreciated these articles, and Rivington had endured with his wonted equanimity an invasion of pretty little woodcuts into his otherwise very serious and intellectual quarterly. I entertain a fond belief that he became attached to these interesting little Teraphim, for when a Suffolk ecclesiologist, some years after the days of the "British Critic," asked the use of them for a publication, he was unwilling to grant it. Criticisms on architecture are unreadable unless the reader knows the building or has a drawing before his eyes, so these cuts were really indispensable. I could not have afforded them but for a providential aid. My good surviving eldest sister drew them on the wood,

and a youth in my father's employment cut them, improving very much as he went on, indeed learning to be an engraver on wood.

Turning these illustrated articles over, I find my comments on the churches were what I should now call saucy, captious, and occasionally wanting reverence most while affecting it. That, however, was then the prevailing tone of church builders and restorers. They were the Young England of the day, always a saucy and rather foolish creature.

I had absolutely forgotten till just now, that, as much as forty-one years ago, I presented the public with two very pretty cuts of churches within a mile of me as I write at Cheltenham. One of these is Christ Church, in which I have worshipped now for a year without ever remembering that it was once the object of my most cutting sarcasms. The other, then just completed, has succumbed, after a brief existence of forty years, to the architectural storm I helped to raise, and has been taken down to give place to a magnificent edifice on the now approved principles. I have been watching its progress almost every day for a year, without once remembering the ill greeting I bestowed on its newly born predecessor. How do these things pass away, when one thing remains!

Some months ago, before I had been reminded that this church, St. Philip and St. James, was one on which I had bestowed a sort of malediction, I paid one of my early morning visits to its rising successor, and found the masons laying the very last cornice stone over the centre window of the south aisle. It would be the last stone on that side of the building. When the mallet had been struck the last time, I felt my spirit strongly moved to call the at-

tention of the masons while I blessed the stone. My courage failed to do this audibly.

Yet in my heart, standing there and looking on, I blessed the stone, the men that laid it, the people that paid for it, the ministers and the work of the church, the congregations, and all that ever came to worship there or to hear. And this I hereby put on record, to make up for the omission of what I might have done more boldly at the time.

My first troubles were with Oakley and Ward. I will not say that I hesitated much as to the truth of what they wrote, for in that matter I was inclined to go very far, at least in the way of toleration. Yet it appeared to me quite impossible either that any great number of English Churchmen would ever go so far, or that the persons possessing authority in the Church would fail to protest, not to say more. The cases of the two writers were very different. Oakley was out of my reach altogether in Liturgies and Ritual. I could only put my finger on a salient point of his articles here and there. This I did, and he submitted, evidently intending, however, to persevere and come round me in the end. It was otherwise with Ward. I did but touch a filament or two in one of his monstrous cobwebs, and off ran he instantly to Newman to complain of my gratuitous impertinence. Many years after I was forcibly reminded of him by a pretty group of a plump little Cupid flying to his mother to show a wasp sting he had just received. Newman was then in this difficulty. He did not disagree with what Ward had written; but, on the other hand, he had given neither me nor Ward to understand that he was likely to step in between us. In fact he wished to be entirely clear of the editorship. This,

however, was a thing that Ward could not or would not understand.

The practical difficulties which Ward threw in the way of an editorial revision were great. His handwriting was minute and detestable. It defied correction. The MS. consisted of bundles of irregular scraps of paper, which I had to despatch to the printer crying out for copy.

My own feeling about Ward's articles was that they were within comprehension and mastery; and that if I made the required effort I should probably go very far with them, but that I should find myself thereby embarked in an adventure beyond my control; in a word, that the terminus of the articles was outside the Church of England.

Strange to say, and certainly much to my surprise, a considerable portion of the readers looked forward to Ward's article as the gem of the number. In the very letter in which Robert Williams declined to accept my warning as to the dangerous character of the vaulted roof then building, as it was alleged, on one of his favorite models, he adds in a P. S., "Many thanks for . . . , as also for Ward's and Dalgairns' articles; the former, Ward's, surely the most intrinsically valuable that has hitherto appeared. It is really surprisingly beautiful." Think of that from a country gentleman and a banker!

I continued to read Ward's articles as fast as they came from the press, not only from duty, but with a certain pleasurable excitement akin to that some children have in playing on the edge of a precipice; but I felt it would be idle to attempt to bring them within safer lines. As for cutting them short, where was one to commence that operation when they were already without beginning or end?

From the time Ward rolled in to a breakfast party at Christie's a few days after his coming up to Oxford till my occasionally coming across him in town, I never had much to call conversation with him. Nor could it ever have been of the slightest use. He was a vast deal too sharp for me. I had a good answer ready for him in time — that is, half an hour too late. Coming out of the old chapel in Margaret Street, I think about 1844, I found myself between him, Oakley, and one or two others. We were soon in the thick of the great question. How we arrived at the particular point I remember not, but I adduced it as an argument against the system before us that in Roman Catholic countries bandits went out on their expeditions fortified with prayers to the Madonna, and with her pictures or her medals suspended from their necks. Ward promptly replied, "Catch two thieves or two murderers and search them. One has nothing about him but his weapons, the other has a Madonna tied to his neck. Which is there the most hope of? There is no ground of hope for one; there is some ground of hope — something to work upon — in the other."

Of course I might have replied that one knew nothing about the first, but that as to the second, one knew that he had formulized religion into a thing not merely worthless but even wicked, an aid to robbery and murder. You were positively cut off from hope there. Ward will no doubt have a reply to this, should it ever meet his eyes.

The question, however, is not peculiarly Roman Catholic, for there is a too familiar Protestant parallel. Of two ordinary Englishmen one never names the name of God or recognizes Him, or even seems to

be aware of His being and power. The other takes His name in vain every five minutes or oftener. Which is there the most hope of? Certainly there is a basis to proceed upon when a man has continually invoked the Almighty to judge between you and Him, which is really all that is meant by the most common form of profaneness. You may say, if you please, that it 's a grand theology in a nutshell. Yet it is certain that the persons and the classes most addicted to this profaneness and most frequently found with the name of God on their lips are, speaking generally, the least religious, the least moral, and altogether the least hopeful. They have formulized their religion into those two monosyllables, and taken their final stand on that worship and that creed.

There could hardly be imagined a greater apparent change of character than that between the Oakley of my earliest Oxford recollections, and as he came to have relations with me. An elegant and rather dilettante scholar, translating Lucretius into English verse, much at his piano, and avowedly sentimental rather than decisive in his religious views, he seemed in a fair way to settle into a very common type of English Churchman. What was it that drove or seduced him out of those pleasant, easy lines?

The trustees of the Ellerton Theological Prize may fairly be charged with a share in this strange transformation. As early as 1826 they put the question, "What was the object of the Reformers in maintaining the following proposition, and by what arguments did they establish it? Holy Scripture is the only sure foundation of any article of faith." The question was answered and the prize won by Oakley. But at a very early date there were other causes at work in

the whole University, and specially at Baliol, tending to unsettle minds and drive them in one direction or another. Frank Newman was elected Fellow of Baliol in 1826, Oakley in 1827, and Herman Merivale in 1828. The discussions in the common room, where Ogilvie still ruled, were already becoming unpleasantly warm, ending in some of the Fellows almost regularly absenting themselves. Disputants who pull violently in one direction are seldom aware how much they compel their opponents to pull in the other; and though Oakley did not like controversy, still his sentimental nature disposed him to resent the violence of logical, or rather mathematical arguments, and seek rest in reaction.

But I must pass to the other writers. My sufferings at the hands of "Jack Morris" I have already described. But people love those most they have taken most pains with. What would I give to have a day with him now, and hear his searchings and ramblings into the region of the supernatural! not but that all nature was supernatural in his eyes.

John F. Christie, dear good man, whose reward was not to be in this world, and who spent himself in serving the Church and his friends, wrote an article on Ridley. Somehow he felt a real liking and admiration for the man. I have to own that, in spite of the telling illustrations of Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England," I never yet succeeded in getting up an atom of affection or respect for the three gentlemen canonized in the "Martyrs' Memorial" at Oxford. As Lord Blachford once observed to me, "Cranmer burnt well," and that is all the good I know about him. It never was my way to like those who persecuted, turned out of doors, and hunted to death

either those they did n't agree with or those that an arbitrary monarch might hound them upon. Like Newman, I am disposed to believe that the blood of *these* martyrs still cries from the ground. Christie, however, like many good Christians, did admire and like Ridley, and, following the dictates of his honest and simple nature, made him not only a saint but an authority. Saint he might be after his fashion and opportunities, but if the "British Critic" was to be an authority, Ridley was not. I did what I could to soften and tone down the most repugnant features of Christie's article, but I fear the only perceptible result was a number of smudges; and if anybody will take the trouble to read what is really worth reading, and finds himself occasionally floundering in a sentence he cannot make head or tail of, the likelihood is that these are the traces of my editorial revision. Poor Christie was grieved and indignant, but his deep fund of goodness might be drawn upon to any amount, and he forgave, and I will hope forgot, what men, vastly his inferiors, would have resented to their graves.

CHAPTER CVI.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

To one of my contributors I owe a separate chapter. In my early Oxford days one used to hear of Sir George Bowyer, of Radley, who was ruining himself by boring for coal, and making a canal for the traffic there was to be. It was, I believe, at one of his borings that Buckland, having been invited with some others to witness what was confidently expected would be a great encouragement, managed to drop some bread and cheese into the bore, when it reappeared in the boring tube, mixed up with some loose coal. Sir George soon found it more agreeable to reside in Italy, and his sons had an Italian education, — the eldest son not so much as the second.

The eldest son was early befriended by Henry, Bishop of Exeter, and I believe he brought a letter of introduction from him to Newman, for whom he contributed to the "British Critic." He also published pamphlets. He had seen a good deal of Charles Albert, whose reverses paved the way for Victor Emmanuel's successes, and he had become a strong adherent of the Sardinian cause. At that date, indeed till long after, as late as 1848, he was taking the civil side of political questions, as opposed to the Papal. But an all-embracing policy was the fundamental law of his mind.

It would be very presumptuous for one who is not

a lawyer to express any opinion upon his "Commentaries on the Constitutional Law of England." But I may be allowed to say that I have often found it a book not only to be referred to, but to be read steadily, a chapter at a time. There are few things of which an ordinary Englishman is more ignorant than the Constitution he is so proud of — its origin, its history, and its existing form. Not to speak of the more ignoble class of lawbreakers, I cannot help thinking that country gentlemen, clergy, and other persons blessed, or cursed, with the possession of power, would not be so proud to override the law, to stretch or disregard it altogether, if they knew its true majesty and its awful claims to their regard. I believe I found myself at issue with Bowyer as to his Imperial predilections, but I forget whether it came to anything he is likely to remember.

He wrote an article on "Simony," which I agreed with in the main, but regretted. It was likely to wound weak consciences, and have no effect on the great majority of the case-hardened. It is the general fault of the Church of England that it tyrannizes over the good, and leaves the bad to do what they please, the unevitable result of which is that the bad get the upper hand. Bowyer's article seemed to me in this vicious line, not in its principles, but in its practical working.

A most excellent friend of mine in Hampshire held a next presentation bought for him by an aunt, and he was serving the parish as curate in charge. He had built a new parsonage, and spent a large sum on the church. Upon reading Bowyer's article he became painfully convinced that he was in a wrong position as regarded his living, and, under the cir-

cumstances, he felt that he would be party to a simoniacal act in presenting himself to it. I could not remove his scruples. He wrote to Bishop Sumner, asking leave to place the next presentation in his hands. In doing this he did not consider that he was asking the Bishop to recognize scruples in advance of the law, and of his own general practice. That would amount to the Bishop condemning the state of the law, and his own practice also in not going further than the requirements of the law. As a rule, people with tender consciences must satisfy them at home. They must not try to drag in their more business-like neighbors.

But there was another consideration. Under the circumstances, public opinion would expect his lordship to present the living to the man whose conscience had moved him to place it in the Bishop's hands; but the clergyman was a High Churchman, and the Bishop had a conscience of his own against promoting any but Low Churchmen. There ensued a long correspondence. How it was settled I know not, but the Rev. Donald Baynes is still the patron.

In town, three or four years after the days of the "British Critic," I saw much of Bowyer. Coming into our drawing-room one day, he saw for the first time a Miss Stonhouse. She was more than twenty years his junior, but the likeness was that between brother and sister, or father and daughter, indeed very much closer than is often found in those cases, and comprising some remarkable features. The manner and the voice were as much the same as the difference of age and sex would allow. An ancestor of Bowyer's had married a Miss Stonhouse, and had thus drawn into the Bowyer family the Radley estate

and the bulk of the Stonhouse property. So these were cousins in a very remote degree, the common ancestor being a Sir George Stonhouse, who lived in the reign of Charles I. However, nature spoke for itself, and these were undoubtedly cousins in blood, as they seemed at once to feel themselves. Bowyer could not have been very well off himself, but finding the young lady who thus represented the old house of Radley was the daughter of a clergyman with a small living and a very large family, he sent her to school for several years, and thereby qualified her for superintending the education of her brothers and sisters, for nursing her invalid mother, and assisting in his parish work a father whose lameness much limited his powers of locomotion.

Sir George Bowyer has chosen a career of romance and of conscientious self-sacrifice, not without its honorable distinctions and its useful results. He has not been able to go all lengths with the Liberals, or with his Irish friends. He has contributed much to raise into life, efficiency, and prominence the ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and in that capacity to establish and maintain a hospital and chapel in New Ormond Street. At Rome he and his comrades divided with the Guardia Nobile the honorable office of protecting the Œcumenical Council from violent or impertinent intrusions; and in that capacity he was able to be of some service, at its second public session, to her Majesty's present Secretary of State for the War Department, and, at the same time, to the writer of these lines.

CHAPTER CVII.

MY OWN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

EVEN if my memory fail me as to other writers, I ought to be able to say what I wrote myself. Yet I find I have to read sentence after sentence till I come upon something which nobody else was likely to say or to know. This is not creditable, for style ought to be one's own, and matter ought to be deep in the mind. The precious memorandum-book in which I carefully noted every change in the programme of the quarter, and in which one quarter ended with every writer and every subject different from those entered at the beginning, has long since gone from my gaze.

In 1839, Mr. Osler, a Conservative, and yet a good Churchman, had been recommended to Newman, and I wrote for the April number a friendly review of his "Church and King." I see nothing to object to in it, except some twaddle here and there, and I could even read it through, if I had nothing better to do. In the same number I reviewed Pugin's "Contrasts." It was easy work, for the "Contrasts" are most unfair. I think I can detect in the review a lurking tenderness for the Roman Catholic side, even while ostensibly abusing them. The Martyrs' Memorial was in preparation while this article was written, and Pugin had made a rude attack on the originators and subscribers. The architectural part of the challenge

was fully met, for the Memorial itself is worthy of any age of the Church.

For July, 1839, I wrote on the "Study of the Evidences," moved thereto by the great and still increasing mass of publications obstructing, as it were, the very beginning of Christian life. Turning over the leaves, I see illustrations that I wish I had passed my pen through, or put in some better form. The article is also too long. Yet I am proud to have written it. Most deeply do I regret to see this plague of Evidences increasing rather than diminishing. The number of foundations conferring a name, and money, too, I suppose, for lectures, has a pernicious effect in multiplying books on Evidences, one like another, only generally one worse than another, read by nobody, even though trumpeted by friendly reviews which perhaps also are read by nobody. Not one in ten thousand could ever have been really converted, or at all affected, by this sort of literature, except so far as it might help to satisfy a man who has already made his choice. He learns that he is justified in it, and is not so utterly foolish as some people would have him.

The article on "Temperance Societies" in this number is mine. I hardly know whether I could recommend it to the perusal of the Bishop of Exeter, who lately urged me in common with the other clergy in his diocese to establish a Temperance Society in my parish. Nor could I even conjecture whether the article has done good or harm. But the same doubt hangs over the Temperance Societies themselves. This was forty-two years ago, and both intemperance in its worst forms and the general consumption of strong drink have immensely increased.

Since I have named the Bishop of Exeter, I must add that he does the work of ten ordinary men, and certainly maintains a wonderful temper and cheerfulness upon no stronger stimulant than tea. This he likes made "straight," as he told me in answer to my inquiries, that is, not allowed to stand and soak, as some make tea. I must say that if the choice is to lie between never touching wine, and drinking, say, three or four glasses a day, the former is the best for health, sense, and goodness, not to speak of the saving of £25 a year per head for some better purpose.

It costs me some diving into the forgotten past to find out why I wrote in this number an article more than forty pages long on "Armed Associations for the Protection of Life and Property." How came I ever to think of such a subject? What occasion could there be for it? What place could it have in a theological quarterly? It will be equally a surprise to most of my present readers to be told that in 1839 Lord John Russell was advising lord-lieutenants, magistrates, and mayors to form such associations. This was for the better classes to take up arms against the lower, and so divide England into two hostile camps, "capital" the watchword of one, "labor" of the other. I suppose a recollection of the part uniformly played by the French "National Guard" made me distrust the loyalty or the courage of citizen soldiers. A few months before this, I had published a "Dissection" of the "Queries on Education" circulated by Lord John Russell. These new circulars seemed to me equally insidious. Considering the subject, the article is much too long, and evidently written *currente calamo;* but, the reader will admit, not without a cause.

In this number, too, October, 1839, appeared the first of my illustrated articles on "Church Architecture." I see it is successively headed "New Churches;" "Mr. Carus Wilson's Helps to the Building of Churches;" "Applications of the Lombard Style;" "New Churches in the Borough of Stroud;" and "Designs for Rural Churches." The object of the review was to recommend simplicity of plan, and of style, as at once the cheapest and the least liable to mistakes. Among other churches noticed with this intention are Littlemore Chapel, in its original state, George Herbert's church at Bemerton, and the pretty church just then completed by Keble at Otterbourne, in the parish of Hursley.

In the January number of 1840, under the title "Russian Manners and Morals," I reviewed and largely quoted Mr. Lister Venables' Letters, describing a year's residence in that country. I wished to do full justice to a most interesting work, for I thought then, and still think, that I have never read a book giving so good an account of the inner life of a strange country. I had remembered with much respect the author and his younger brother, or brothers, at Charterhouse, and was predisposed in his favor.

The article on the second part of "Froude's Remains," vol. i., otherwise headed "The Bible without Note or Comment," has very much puzzled me. Dipping into almost every page, I first arrived at the conclusion that it was not mine. A second perusal brings before me some anecdotes and allusions in which I read myself. On the whole, the weak points of the article, rather than its strong points, make me the author. I think, too, that I remember Newman observing that there was too

much of my own, but too little about Froude, and that after largely quoting him, I went off to some other subject.

In the July number, 1840, room was found with difficulty for a not very lengthy article on "Ruri-decanal Chapters," which Mr. Dansey had taken the lead in reviving, and had made the subject of some learned works. I contrasted them with the "clerical meetings" of that period, of a partly theological, partly social character, to the disadvantage of the clerical meetings. It was at least a most ungracious act on my part, for while I then knew nothing of the working of "Chapters," I had certainly received very much pleasure, and instruction too, from "clerical meetings." But the right form, the true form, the old form, was now the overruling idea, and even one's own experience was to go for nothing. Accordingly I expatiated on the lax tendencies of the clerical meetings, the prominence liable to be given to unpractical topics, the intrusion of gossip, and the natural exhilaration of old acquaintances meeting one another after a ride of many miles in the cold air. Of two things I have a painful recollection. One of these was some very warm discussions with a very good and kind neighbor who firmly believed the Temple would be rebuilt at Jerusalem, and the daily sacrifice restored and kept up for a thousand years. The other was the habit of some of the clergy to pour into the ears of their fellow clergy their grievances and quarrels with their own parishioners. My own impression is that they might be right on the particular questions at issue, but that it was their fault the questions came up at all, at least in the form they took.

I recently have been Rural Dean for seven years, elected by my neighbors of the Deanery, according to the custom of the diocese of Exeter. I was the last Rural Dean of Plymtree, and the first of Ottery. In the act of taking an oath, I had to abolish the ancient Deanery and institute the modern one. It may be expected of me that I should say how far the R. D. Chapter supplies the place of the clerical meeting. Thus far it does not, nor could one venture to say how or when it is likely to do so. There are only four Chapters in the year, nor is it possible to increase the number of Chapters, or to fix any regular times that shall not clash with other regularly recurrent engagements. With all the deductions to be made, including a church service and long journeys to and fro, the residuum of time is only two or three hours. If, therefore, the clergy wish to meet for the study of the Scriptures, or for devotional purposes, or for social purposes, — the last really as much a necessity of human life as the two others, — they find themselves obliged to supplement the Chapter with clerical meetings of one kind or another, and in that case they also find the attendance at the clerical meetings more convenient and more profitable than attendance at the Chapter. It is very desirable there should be some system of clerical association and co-operation, especially where most wanted, in our rural districts. It can be no good to anybody that a clergyman should be so tied to his parish as never to see a clerical neighbor, except for a few minutes at long intervals. So with the experience of a life I should write that article on Dansey's books very differently now, when I may think less of the theory and more of the actual working.

With much difficulty, and after turning over every page, I have satisfied myself that the article on the "Religious State of the Manufacturing Poor," in October, 1840, is mine; but if the friends or survivors of any other writer can establish a better claim, they are welcome to it.

In this number, too, came out the second of my articles on "New Churches." With this, as a whole, I should probably still agree, with some reserves. One little matter I have already referred to. At pages 494 and 495 are the pretty wood-cuts of two new Cheltenham churches, with needlessly strong, if not offensive, comments. I have now attended the more important church a year, and for the same period paid daily visits to the site of the other, on which a magnificent church has now taken its place. Not till I turned to this article did I recognize in these churches the objects of my early vilification, or remember that I had ever seen them before.

To the January number, 1841, I contributed a Review of Dr. Channing's works, such as I might now write, though perhaps now I may be allowed to hope with a truer appreciation of that agreeable but very shallow writer.

Did I, or did I not, write "Advertisements and Announcements" in April, 1841? None but myself could have been so courageous as to transfer bodily whole pages of queer advertisements to a Review. Somebody told me I was rendering the publishers liable to a heavy demand for advertisement duty. Ecclesiastical advertisers are a little less impudent now than they used to be. There may not be much to choose between one man who proclaims himself spiritually minded, and another who informs the

world he prefers a high ritual and can intone; but the assumption is larger in the former case than in the latter. An allusion to the singular name of a religious secretary, one Mr. Stabb, leaves no doubt on my mind that I was the writer. Bold as the experiment was, it has answered, for an old Review has rather more chance of a permanent place in a library than an old newspaper, and these advertisements and announcements are now curiosities, not quite to be equalled in our own times, when personal pretension does not pass without criticism.

In that number (April, 1841) came out my first article on "Open Roofs." It may, I believe, be regarded as a beginning in modern church architecture. There were then already some open timber roofs of recent construction, but they generally showed neither science nor grace, being simply a slight departure from the application of the tie-beam, by raising it a few feet above the wall plate. There were plenty of ancient examples still extant and open to view, though even in the last century many had been destroyed and still more had been hidden by ceilings. But architects and builders recoiled from them, and had to be taught that they were not only picturesque but quite practicable, and that they need not be very expensive.

CHAPTER CVIII.

MY OWN CONTRIBUTIONS, CONTINUED.

In July, 1841, I was editor. The first article, on "Bishop Jewell; his Character, Correspondence, and Apologetic Treatises," is by Oakley, and is considered itself to mark a change in the "British Critic." Newman had declined to be answerable for it. I have no doubt that he duly warned me of the risks I should be incurring by inserting it. I knew very little indeed of Jewell, and what I knew of him I did not like. Oakley was a singularly gentle, modest, humble-minded man, and, so far, there was a sort of personal security that the article would not go too far. Certainly some passages I light upon now, after not seeing them for forty years, look rather impudent. The chances are that I did not read the article carefully, except here and there. I shall not, in this place, say how far I agree with the writer. Neither the agreement nor the disagreement of one who utterly disclaims the character of a theologian would be worth much, and all the world will now interpret the article by the light which the writer himself threw upon it by his secession to Rome.

Then follows an article on an Address delivered by Sir R. Peel, on the establishment of a reading-room at Tamworth, and on letters written thereupon by "Catholicus," in the "Times." I had utterly

forgotten the article and the address for a whole generation, till just now reminded by opening the number of the Review. I did not at the time know, though I half suspected, that Newman was "Catholicus," but was informed of the fact some years after by one who could not but know, and who could hardly understand my ignorance on the point. But I have always made it a rule to avoid secrets. I cannot keep them, except by immediately forgetting them; and the communicators of secrets never intend them to be kept, thus putting the persons confided with them into a false position. The article labors under the incurable disadvantage of being a comment upon a comment, the weak echo of a vigorous original. However, I introduced "Catholicus" to speak for himself.

The last article in this number, July, 1841, is also mine. On June 3 the Margaret Professor had discharged in the Divinity School a "Lecture" in his customary style against No. 90 in the "Tracts for the Times." My article was on that lecture, and also on his University sermon three years before, republished with much additional matter, and entitled the "Revival of Popery." I had barely a fortnight to write the article, and near a hundred notices, besides reading with some care the other contributions. The apologue of "Growler and Fido" was hardly in place in the Review. I have several times been told that if I ever expected or desired promotion, this settled that matter. Reading it, however, after the lapse of so many years, when I had nearly quite forgotten it, I must confess myself amused, and what is more, I must say that I now see no reason to regret having written either the "Apologue," or anything else catching my eye in the article.

If any apology is needed for this peculiar style of illustration, I must plead a singular incident in my early education. From five to seven I went every day, "down town," at Gainsbro', to a boys and girls' school, kept by a dissenting brother and sister, assisted by the elderly widow of an Independent minister. Upstairs, in the girls' school, I had to sit under the lady's three-legged work table, receiving "thimble pie," that is a sharp rap with a thimble on the crown of my head, whenever any restlessness on my part disturbed the rickety table. Going down-stairs in my turn, I went through all Æsop's Fables — the "application" in small type — with the widow. Her mode of steadying me, and warning me of mistakes, was to thump me on the back. I never got up a book so thoroughly in my life. The rude woodcuts, the text and the commentary, remained at the top of all I had ever learnt, or tried to learn, for many years. Æsop's Fables became my Bible, my history, my literature, my art gallery, and my natural history. They burnt themselves out at last in the apologue of "Growler and Fido."

In October, 1841, editor though I was, it cannot have been quite spontaneous on my part that I wrote an article on "New Poetry," reviewing, among other poets, Herbert Kynaston, and "the youthful scion of the House of Rutland," Lord John Manners. In neither theology nor poetry did I ever feel otherwise than the angels that fear to tread on holy ground. Compelled as I was sometimes to put my foot on that ground, it was always as a martyr thrust into an arena to do battle with a wild beast. The task must have been forced on me by the increasing pile of small poetry books. There was a difficulty on the

point. I did not like to hand poetry to some one who was no more a poet than myself; and, on the other hand, I had found poets, that is small poets, a jealous, critical, snappish tribe, over-anxious to thrust out one another. So I wrote this review possibly to keep the queen's peace amongst them.

Glancing at the notices in this number, I find myself patting on the back the author of a prize essay vindicating the notion of *punishment*, or retributive justice, as a right instinct of the human mind, and an attribute of the Deity. The promising young gentleman was Beresford Hope.

By this time the offertory and the alms-box had both been revived, the latter adding a picturesque feature to the church. Staying at Canon Hamilton's, he showed me a pretty woodcut, as I supposed it was, which he wished to copy in an alms-box for some church or for his private chapel. I asked the loan of it, and gave it to my own woodcutter, who reproduced it, and there it is, with a proper notice, on the last page of the number. It turned out to be a bad case of robbery, and rather a provoking one. What Hamilton had lent me was not a cut, but a drawing, which he had paid a professional artist two guineas for, intending a sort of monopoly in a unique and beautiful object. I had made it the property of the public, some of whom in fact copied it. Hamilton, I need not say, took it kindly; and it must have been some years after this that I spent a long time with him in the vast basement of his Canon's house, trying to find whether any part of it would make a domestic chapel.

In January, 1842, I conclude that I was making up for an oversight in a previous number by a short

and favorable notice of Miss F. E. Cox's "Sacred Hymns from the German." Her translation of Wülffer's "Hymn to Eternity" I have read many times with increasing admiration, and I hope it has left some fruit in my mind; but I see more and more reason to disagree with the idea. It does not pass out of time, or land us in eternity. Neither reason nor revelation warrants the notion of eternity as a perpetual prolongation of time. It is one of the attributes of Him who is incomprehensible, and we are invading His presence when we attempt to measure His being. At the last stroke of time with ourselves, or the world, we shall find ourselves in the Divine presence, seeing things as they really are, which we cannot do now. So the terrible images forming the subjects of the successive stanzas in this grand composition, I cannot but class with the hideous conceptions of death, hell, the devil, in which a basis of truth is grotesquely exhibited.

In this number I am answerable for the article on "Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge." From the opening sentence it betrays an apologetic tone, dealing with the allowable and proper practice of reserve on ordinary occasions, with the meaning of the word and its derivatives, and with the fact that the very people who objected to its use did themselves practise all sorts of reserves, including the suppression of doctrines that the Apostle Paul thought it necessary to proclaim in every opening speech. There had already appeared an article on the subject in April, 1839, I am now told by R. J. Wilson, but this is manifestly in a different tone. Mine was written in the thick of the contest for the Poetry Professorship. But writing Reviews to appease con-

troversial antagonists is a very bootless toil. Those antagonists generally knew nothing of the tract except the single word Reserve, and it was necessary, or at least respectful, to give them the opportunity of seeing that reserve was not always false, fraudulent and vicious.

The next month, April, 1842, I returned to "Open Roofs," and certainly produced a very pretty article, as far as illustrations could do it. They were indispensable, and they have contributed to a great architectural restoration. Except I suppose a majority of the notices, I cannot find that I contributed anything to the July number this year. On looking over the October number I see I allowed the "Development of the Church in the Seventeenth Century and Extracts from its Divines," to run to 89 pages. I am myself answerable for a long, but long demanded and long promised article on "Pews," a subject on which I had done for my father, at Derby, a considerable work in 1831.

For the ensuing January number, 1843, I wrote the article on "Agricultural Labor and Wages," very much the old story, but to me ever new. I had early cast in my lot with rural populations, lavishing upon them all I had of heart, mind, and worldly gear. Here I was on Salisbury Plain, now for seven years, with no other companions, neighbors, or friends within five miles. They were the only people I saw and talked with, and visited in their homes, seeing and hearing their troubles. Whatever had to be done for them beyond their scanty means and opportunities, the parsonage had to do. It so happened that, as I had been the first resident incumbent within the memory of man at Moreton Pinckney, so, too, was I

now at Cholderton, and up to this time I went on the simple and certain calculation that here I was to end my days, and see perhaps the children's children of those whom we were teaching in the school. As a description of the state of the Wiltshire agricultural population at that date, the article, I feel sure, is a true, just, and valuable record.

Within my experience no one ever lived and did his duty for a long period among the agricultural poor without acquiring much love and loyalty to them. Some one, I think it must have been Froude, was expostulating with Keble on the shortness of one of his rare visits to Oxford, and said, rather off-hand, "Cannot your clodhoppers spare you one more day?" Keble immediately replied, playfully but decidedly, "I won't have my poor fellows laughed at."

Of this I was reminded many years after. A London incumbent had got the offer of a Chancellor's living in a very desirable part of the country. It did not, however, answer his purpose financially to accept the living unless he could obtain from his former patron succession to his living for his son. He wrote accordingly in a free and easy way to his very good-natured patron, saying that if he could not get the living he then had for his son, he was not going to bury himself amongst clodhoppers. But if any one could but have seen the two men, — Keble, who loved and honored his "clodhoppers," and this fellow, who was preparing to hate and despise them!

In the notices of that number, "Views and Details of St. John's Church, Oxford," remind me of three days I once spent in that church with Froude, assisting him in drawings and measurements. I remember

I was cold enough. But how these three days must have told on Froude's attenuated and susceptible frame!

For April, 1843, I must have written on Lord John Manners' "Plea for National Holy Days," but I can only put it in the form of a likelihood, and shall not take it amiss if it turns out to have been by another hand. If that should be the case, it proves how much we were all borrowing from one another. The question of national holidays has undergone a remarkable change since this article was written. The Bank holiday is a thoroughly national holiday in being observed by the whole of the town populations. Had it come down to us from the middle ages in its present form, it would not now go on without much criticism. Of course it causes an immense additional pressure on all the means of locomotion, and the persons employed in them, the very class already most requiring rest, and least able to obtain it. A large part of the holiday makers go to other towns, which they do not see in their usual and natural state because the people there also are holiday making. They don't see the shops, for they are closed; they don't see the people, for they have gone elsewhere.

In this number I must have written the Review of a volume of sermons by Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey. The book had been urged upon my notice, but as I had not time to look into more than a few pages, I would rather have passed it to some other hand. I have been always rather too keenly sensitive of the difference between the American style and the English, even on subjects that should harmonize all nations and languages. I feel sure I

accepted the burden, though my shoulders have long forgotten it.

For July, 1843, I wrote the "Six Doctors." The article is not on the famous sermon, which had not then been published, but on the very remarkable proceeding which resulted in the Vice-Chancellor, really upon his sole authority, suspending Pusey from his legal turns of preaching for two years. There had been no trial; and if there had been even an examination of the sermon, that was a matter of indifference, for the Six Doctors were neither willing nor in any sense competent to do justice to the sermon. None of them, to the best of my recollection, ever made any objection to the sermon, or gave any reason why the preacher should be suspended, unless it were that this kind of preaching and writing excited the University and diverted it from classical and mathematical studies. I feel very sure that the suspension was as gross an illegality as any ever alleged against the Stuart kings and their advisers, or indeed against any despot or pope whatever, any Inquisition, or any other secret tribunal.

The excuse is that there was a good deal of lawlessness in those days, and that all sides were taking the law into their own hands, going as far as they thought they could with safety. The whole proceeding receives a remarkable comment from the present state of things in the University. Has Dr. Pusey been silenced, or has his doctrinal system been prevented from gaining ground? On the other hand, has the suspension saved Oxford orthodoxy? How stands Pusey now, and hows tands the University of Oxford? I am very far from advocating or even desiring this kind of preaching myself, but I don't

expect to like every sermon I hear, and I should certainly be often disappointed if I did. Diversity of utterance is unavoidable in this country, and one's only comfort is to believe that underneath apparent antagonisms and contradictions there is a greater concord and unity than the speakers themselves even wish to imagine.

CHAPTER CIX.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE July number, 1843, might almost be called the last of the "British Critic," as far as I was concerned. Already, before it appeared, most of the writers and of the subjects for the October number had been settled; the subjects were such as would be left to the writers, and the writers such as to take their own way about them. I was not likely to interfere with Ecclesiastical Music, or with Mill's Logic, or with Pusey's Sermon, the one made the pretence of his "suspension."

But how was I standing myself at that time? That question had cost me many anxious days. It was a question to be worked out in the higher regions of the mind; in the calm atmosphere of devotion, or at least meditation, at the very shrine of truth, as secure as might be from impulses or passions, and from the sway of vulgar interests. It was, I say, to be worked out in this fashion, but I cannot honestly say that I did work it out as I knew it ought to be worked out. My article on the "Six Doctors," sound and true as I still think it substantially, was written as some people talk, in order that I might think the less. Besides being very angry with the Six Doctors I was now running away from a far more momentous question. Upon that question I had satisfied myself after a fashion, and did not wish my satisfaction to be dis-

turbed. Taking first one extreme utterance, then another, in the article I had to pass, I had asked myself, Do I agree with this? The inner response was that I could not say I disagreed with it even though its adjustment with the Thirty-nine Articles, and with my general duty to the Church of England, might cost more ingenuity than I should be willing or able to apply.

But I cannot remember the time when I liked the Thirty-nine Articles, or thought them anything else than articles of peace, and worth about as much as articles of peace generally are. I do not think that anybody does like the Thirty-nine Articles. Even as a pagan, brought up in the faith of paganism, as we all were at the great schools of those days, I had a vast mass of traditionary beliefs, for which I found much more encouragement than discouragement in the Bible.

I cannot dispel the belief that the great and good of all ages are now taking their part in human affairs. The Christian revelation I cannot understand to forbid or exclude such a belief. It rather tells us the form and manner and medium of this spiritual coöperation. They that are in Christ never cease to be in Christ; they are where He is; they are doing what He does. He is God of the living, not of the dead. Who can venture to circumscribe life, and to say what it is not? Life is action here. Will it not be action always and everywhere, and in fact continuously from the earlier stage? True, we are not told much about the next stage of Christian life, but if that consideration is to rule us, it tells quite as much against a negative doctrine as against a positive.

I never could understand why in the first Article

the Almighty is said to be "without passions." In the Bible He is described as loving, and hating; as being jealous, and indignant; and admiring his own works. Church of England writers tell us that these words mean nothing, inasmuch as it is inconceivable, and therefore impossible, that an Infinite Being should be so affected. But if we know nothing at all of the nature of God except what is revealed, we have no basis for denying that which is plainly revealed, and certainly it is no argument against an alleged fact that it is inconceivable. It is inconceivable how the Almighty performs all the operations of nature, say within our own bodies, or under the surface of the ground, yet as Christians we cannot deny the fact. The instant we go beyond the range of our senses we step into the inconceivable. The human mind breaks down the moment it attempts to imagine the Maker and Sustainer of the universe following our own secret thoughts, and keeping a record of all that we ever did, said, or thought. As Christians we are bound to believe it.

I used to try to bridge over the tremendous abyss by the conception of innumerable beings, in infinite gradation and offices, working out the great drama of Eternity and Infinity all around us and in us. This involved an infinite number of beings, who in comparison with us would be gods, just as we are gods in the apprehension of brutes. That such beings should condescend to our rank, and share our joys and griefs, and have to us the sympathies of parents, kings, and great statesmen, is conceivable, just as the human sympathies of Homer's deities are conceivable, and indeed take the imagination by force.

The seventeenth Article I always regarded as a piece of rigmarole, and nothing more. It is really put in the form of an interrogatory. A solemn declaration that such or such a doctrine is questionable is a ridiculous and irreverent act. Scripture certainly declares men to have been sent into the world, raised, educated, provoked, and hardened to do wicked deeds; but if that seem very shocking, it must be considered that men may do wicked things innocently and even virtuously, as they can also do good things worthlessly and sinfully, as indeed they often do.

Speaking generally of the Articles, of the Catechism, and of large portions of the Prayer Book, I used to suspect them the work of men without knowledge of human nature, without bowels of compassion, working for promotion, and getting it.

The Church Catechism has been the sorest trial of my long life. From youth to age it is the wheel on which I have been racked and tortured. To me it is a millstone tied to the neck of the Church of England.

This I say with some considerable exceptions. The explanation of the Lord's Prayer was the only form of private devotion, in addition to the prayer itself, I used for many years of my early life, including all my school days. Any Christian might repeat with advantage every day of his life the explanation of his duty to God, and to his neighbor. All the rest seems to me a vulgar attempt to reduce the Gospel to portable and negotiable form. It cannot be the natural instinct of any true pastor to make such a string of abstractions the basis of a child's religious education. I could not help liking Charles Kingsley, and greatly admiring most of his works, but I will confess I never

quite felt the same respect for his moral qualities after I heard him preach at Whitehall a most fulsome eulogy of the Church Catechism as the best possible basis of Christian teaching.

These objections related not so much to the matter as to the form of the Catechism. One objection, however, I had always felt as I should a knot, a tangle, or a jar. It was not a difficulty to carry me to Rome, yet it tended to discontent with my actual position. The triple answer to the awful question, "What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?" had long raised in my mind painful difficulties. The Apostles' Creed I thought I understood; not so the interpretations. My general indolence, or rather deadness, as to spiritual matters from my childhood had led to dogmatic statements lying on the surface of my mind, neither accepted nor rejected, neither understood nor questioned, as stones, and not things that lived and grew. They were to me as precious yet antiquated and cumbersome heirlooms or family relics, things kept because people cannot make up their minds to throw them away.

It was with me a passion and a pride to be orthodox; a loyal son of the English Church, and the sharer of her noble patrimony. There are many forms and shades of loyalty, and I could not claim a high one for myself; but it certainly was not the loyalty of interest, in the common sense, for I early conceived an utter contempt for money, promotion, or rank. I always felt that the understanding must be subordinated to belief, and that the nature and operation of the Deity must pass understanding. So, as I could not understand, I let the matters of faith alone, instead of laboring after that degree of ap-

proachment which it is doubtless part of our work here to acquire. Learning my Catechism and Scripture proofs as soon as I was eight, and taking it all for granted, I do not remember that either at school or at college I ever entered upon any serious doctrinal inquiry. Holding the truth as I did, it might not much matter whether I doubted or not. Yet upon an appeal to my loyalty, I should always have been ready to repel the imputation of either bigotry or insincerity.

There was then the inspiration of Scripture, literal as I always took it to be, and as it was always preached in those days, and which I still held after a fashion, even though I had repeatedly found myself in hopeless chronological and historical difficulties. I think I was more startled than comforted when Robert Wilberforce once said he did not believe in literal inspiration.

Then there was the Athanasian Creed. I could not describe the chaotic medley of notions and sensations that document always raised in me, to a very late date. I used to be seriously distressed, indeed depressed, at the sad but inevitable fate of the many myriads of poor creatures who for want of natural capacity or educational advantages would never be able to understand and accept the Creed, and who would therefore be burnt alive to all eternity. Could I say that I understood it myself?

That is a monstrous conception of the Creed of course, but paradox is the very element of this extraordinary composition, which the Western Churches forced on the Church of Rome after a long and even stubborn resistance on her part. Reverence long prevented me from saying anything about the Creed, but

the less I said the more I felt. The notion of an eternal and hideous punishment, not for one's own sins alone, but for the misfortune of being descended from Adam, lay for at least half my life as an incubus on my soul. To say that I quite believed it would be too much, but I could not quite disbelieve it. I was asleep, and it was a dream. I could no more argue against it than I could argue against a toothache. I might reason and talk, but there it was still.

As to the Articles of the Creed itself, I never reconsidered them without a fresh sense of difficulty. The Sonship of Jesus Christ appears most strongly, definitely and tenderly on the very face of the Gospels, and indeed the whole of the New Testament. Not to speak now of the other Creeds, that Sonship becomes merely titular in the Athanasian Creed. Where the place arrives for the definition or setting forth of this unquestionable article of faith, all we are told is that the Son is inferior to the Father (only) as touching His manhood. This would certainly seem to imply that all the acts of dependence, submission, prayer, and praise done by our Blessed Lord, were human only, not divine; not only done "in the days of His flesh," but belonging to them. Again, I could not see the propriety of the parallel between the union of the body and soul in man, and the union of God and man in Christ. I once mentioned my difficulty to Newman, and he made some remark on the point. As far as my memory can recall, it was that some one had very early made the clause a loophole for the intrusion of heresy.

My natural reliance upon the very letter, and my fear lest any sifting of it might lead me further than I desired, always led me to attach real and substan-

tial significance to the words of our Lord adopted in the Communion Service, and also to the statement in the Baptismal Service, "this child is regenerate." I never could, I never can, come to the conclusion that they are only figurative or only conditional. I have earned the contempt and indignation, temporary I hope, of some that I loved and admired, by confessions to this effect. I have been told at once that such ideas are not spiritual but anti-spiritual, for that they are materialistic. What I fall back on is this, we really know nothing of spiritual things. When we make, as we are sometimes bound to make, a statement in spiritual matters, we have nothing to do but to take the very words of our Lord and the inspired writers. These words we are bound to take in their simplest and most natural sense, whether we imagine we understand their whole meaning or not; and we are certainly not ourselves competent to say there is no spiritual or real change because we cannot ourselves conceive it or understand it, seeing that it is in a matter beyond our understanding.

At this date, that is, Midsummer, 1843, I had had Morning Prayer in my little church for six years, with the usual result. Some of my friends represented that I was inconsistent in not having more frequent Communions. I had often spoken of it from the pulpit as a duty and a privilege that we were disregarding and losing, but I could not doubt what some of my parishioners told me, that I should not increase the number of my communicants by more frequent Communions, and that I should run the risk of finding none but myself and the clerk. It continually occurred to me, Could there not be lighter, more attractive, and more varied services? But

where were these to be found, and who was there to draw them up? I will own that I still think many of the prayers and other forms incurably wordy and tedious. Any man who in private life persisted in using two words for one, and in repeating himself continually, would be avoided as a nuisance, and thought an empty-headed, cold-hearted man. On what ground can stupidities intolerable to man be thought the language fittest for the presence of God?

When I came to compare our formulas with those of antiquity, from which they are in fact derived, I found the earlier forms much simpler, shorter, and more natural. It appeared to me that everybody who had to do with the composition of the Prayer Book, from Henry VIII. to Charles II., addressed himself to a select literary circle, and to the intellect rather than the heart. A great deal had been discarded because it appealed to the feelings and the imagination, and a more solid and rational foundation had now to be substituted. This foundation was believed to be found in an abundance of good language — the admiration of scholars, gentlemen, and ladies to this day. But the people somehow have never taken to it, and it is only a small proportion of religious households that prefers the Prayer Book to all other devotional utterances.

Again, though the Articles are silent on the point, yet, generally speaking, it is the Roman Catholic doctrine that miracles have not ceased; the Protestant, or Church of England opinion, that they have ceased, unless possibly on extraordinary occasions. It is but the other day that, on a Hospital Sunday, I found myself invited by the hymn we were bidden to sing to inform the Almighty that He no longer

cures by word or by touch, but compels us to study the laws of nature in nature's book for the cure of diseases. The writer of a very moderate and neutral hymn-book assumes that to be the doctrine of the Church of England. Now I should think that there are few religious people who are not under a strong and reasonable conviction that if they have not actually worked miracles themselves, they have witnessed them, and have even contributed. There is a kind of miracle which is not called a miracle, for no other reason than that it seems only a succession of providential interferences. But many Christians must know of miracles that may be properly so called.

When I was only eleven or twelve years old, I was much impressed with an occurrence which at a later age I might have disposed of in some easy fashion. My father had an old man in his employment, old enough to have taken him to school when he was nine years old. Thomas Hill had attended John Wesley in one of his peregrinations for three weeks, taking care of his horse. In that service he was likely to pick up some special beliefs. However that might be, he had a confident belief that he could charm warts away. My chief friend at my Derby school was Edward Greaves, a handsome, well-grown, healthy lad, but with one hand, the right I think, covered and deformed with warts. I talked to him of Thomas Hill and his charm. He consented to try it. The old man required an assurance from me, and from my school-fellow, that we were not trifling, and that we had some faith in his power. He did not wish to see my school-fellow. I had to remember and describe the warts, and whereabouts they were. They were thirty-seven. In a fortnight they were all

gone. What the old man had done I know not, but when I told him the result he showed no surprise. It was a matter of course. I could never hear it boldly asserted that miracles had ceased without remembering this incident.

Another instance I give, occurring as it did at the very time I am writing of. In an unfinished and partly ruinous mansion, not half a mile from Cholderton parsonage, but in another parish, county, and diocese, lay for a long time the mother of a large young family, some time at death's door. The family came to our church and school, their own being four miles off. The woman, I cannot conceive why, became quite sure she would recover if she received the Sacrament, and die if she did not. She naturally expected me to administer it, for she had never seen the Vicar of her own parish. Neither had I, but I knew him to be a hard cut-and-dried "Evangelical," and I felt sure that if I had written to him he would have given the poor woman talk and no more. He would certainly have prohibited me from administering. So, with due notice, I administered to her and some of her neighbors. She immediately recovered, and was at church again in a few weeks. The Vicar heard of it, and wrote to me that if the people there wanted spiritual aid, he was ready to give it. He came over and made arrangements for a fortnightly evening meeting in the unfinished mansion. He had a meeting once, and never again, — true son of an Established Church, good to stop a work and nothing else.

I should not be bold to mention such experiences had I not frequently heard the like. Indeed, among the religious ideas that come up naturally and spon-

taneously, apart from churches, schools, forms of doctrine, and controversies, none are so common as those which testify to a deep and universal belief in the interference of the Almighty in human affairs, continual, and occasionally manifest. Such a belief may and does dwindle into superstition, and it is all the more likely to do so if it be not recognized, and if it be even denounced, and so driven into the dark corners of individual minds as little fanaticisms. It is very commonly observed by objectors that you don't hear such incidents first hand, and that second-hand reports are good for nothing. But it takes more than ordinary courage for any one to tell anything of the sort first hand, for in the very act of telling it he is held by many to forfeit all claim to respect and even belief.

CHAPTER CX.

THE CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND OF ROME.

WHAT were the leading issues between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, as I had been early taught to regard them? Most Englishmen would exclaim at once that truth was the first point. The Church of Rome, they would say, is a fabric of lies. But already, forty years ago, all the party of progress, all the leaders of thought, all the philosophical institutions, and most of the Liberal statesmen, believed the Bible also to be a fabric of lies. The sacred history, the sacred canon, and the sacred text were now in the same category with the most astounding Roman legends and the most flagrant forgeries. The uncompromising enemies of Rome were on peaceful and friendly terms with those who believed the Bible a string of fables and the Church of England a usurpation. But if I go farther back, indeed now twice as far, I find that actual, indeed inevitable, Liberalism was the rule of English society. In the all-important matter of education there was no help for it. For two years, from 1811, I went to the only good day school at Gainsbro'. It was kept by a Socinian brother and sister, assisted by the widow of an Independent minister, for whose son my father had raised a subscription to send him to Rotherham College. One of my godfathers was a Socinian. We were on the most intimate terms with the Socinian

minister, and his children were our chief nursery friends. The Evangelical curate was found one day standing in the vestibule of the Unitarian chapel to pick up strange utterances, and great was the storm that fell on him. In the year 1817, I and my brother were going to the only classical school at Derby, kept by a scoffing, clever, and idle Unitarian minister, a friend of Tom Moore, and the prophet, teacher, and guide of the Strutt family. Towards the end of the week he used to be for hours at his desk copying Blair's Sermons in shorthand. Good sermons they are, though one thing they lack.

Most of the young people in Derby or the neighborhood, if their parents could afford it, had lessons in mathematics, penmanship, and ciphering from George Spencer, mentioned above, a strenuous upholder of truth, justice, and purity, but without any faith or religion whatever, as far as one could see. It was generally complained that he talked more than he taught, and in fact made his lessons the vehicle of his opinions. It was borne because he was a very interesting talker, and still more because there was nobody else to have in his place. He was a necessity, and an agreeable one. Truth was not in those days the supreme object of contention between any two churches, or between the Church of England and the dissenters generally.

The next reply would possibly be the English jealousy and fear of the supernatural, especially when supposed or pretended to be in the hands of human authorities. The Roman Church peopled the air with spiritual existences and powers, by whose converse and assistance it could overcome all secular opposition. This fear was and is universal, but with

strange inconsistencies. People of all classes believe in preternatural interference, though of the most unaccountable, casual, and even ridiculous kinds. Absurd ideas of luck are universal. As I myself do believe in a Providence working in the midst of us, so I trace threads of special causation ever working to worthy ends. But such a belief is not confined to the superstitious. It creeps out in the speculations of the wisest, unless indeed they are sitting down to write a book showing that there is no such thing. The terror of the supernatural culminates when the awful element is placed in authorized hands and directly associated with material means and forms.

A woman whom I had often to see as a parish clergyman had excused or overlooked in her favorite son crimes and abominations that it would take pages to enumerate, and had just been helping him to bully his poor deserted wife into giving up some baby things she fondly cherished, and a sum of money that had come to her after her desertion, for the benefit of his paramour. More I could say, and worse. But this woman shuddered with unaffected horror at the discovery that the minister blesses the water in the font previous to baptism.

The exact nature of this horror it is not easy to state, but no doubt it has to do with the extreme repugnance felt to attaching significance to certain awful words in Scripture. It may be the flesh shrinking from the thought of the Almighty being so near and working by mysterious ways; but I suppose it will be ascribed more to David's fear of being placed in the hands of man. For myself, I never could put bounds to supernatural agency; and while I could not commit myself to positive statements ex-

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cluding many good men from the very pale of Christian belief, on the other hand I could not go along with those who were as absolute and dictatorial in their negative definitions. If I should ever be compelled to decide, I would not be negative at all events.

Another issue there was between the two churches, which I suppose to be, with much change of form, the same that there has always been in this country. It is the question of spiritual loyalty. Will you be loyal to the Pope or to the King? The latter alternative has come to mean loyalty to the Constitution, the traditional character, and the customs of this country. Till several thousand of the best men and women in England had gone over to Rome, any individual venturing on that step was a deserter, a renegade, a turncoat, and everything that was bad, odious, and contemptible. The feeling in its intense form had come down from the Reformation, when anybody who disputed the royal supremacy in spiritual causes was hung, drawn, and quartered, and his head and quarters stuck up over the chief gate of the town. The feeling was renewed and embittered from time to time by fresh outbreaks of Irish anarchy.

This loyalty, even if it were darkness, was felt. Of all sentiments loyalty is that which most endures changes, not only in circumstances, but in the object of its regard. In the questions between us and Rome, on neither side is it easy to define and describe the object of loyalty. All who protest against Rome in this country are devotedly loyal to something, which they believe to be common among themselves, though no two agree what it is. The sentiment is indeed all

the stronger because it cannot explain itself, and is proof against the assaults of reason.

Forty years ago, even more than now, a convert to Romanism had no future in this world. That showed the dire character of the issue at stake. The event proved that to the great multitude who had joined the Oxford movement, this was no terror. It was plainly disregarded by the thousands that went over, many not knowing how they were to earn their daily bread, and it was never imputed to those that did not go over that they were deterred by this apprehension.

If I hesitate to recall more of the workings of my mind at that critical epoch, if I even feel I have not done justice to those which I have now confessed to, I must remind my readers that over those strange searchings and misgivings there have now ebbed and flowed for near forty years the tides of a great ocean, and there have rolled to and fro the sands of a great desert. People may perhaps remember what they saw and heard forty years ago. But they cannot so easily remember what they were themselves, unless indeed they take greater pains to preserve intact and unchanged a grand individuality than I have done.

But why did I go so far, and why did I not go farther? Why enter upon arguments, and not accept their conclusions? Why advance to stand still, and in doing so commit myself to a final retreat? The reasons of this lame and impotent conclusion lay within myself, wide apart from the great controversy in which I was but an intruder. I was never really serious, in a sober, business-like fashion. I had neither the power nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate

conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my strength, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest, not a spiritual one. It occupied me, it excited me, it gratified my vanity, it soothed my self-complacency, it identified me with what I honestly believed to be a very grand crusade, it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact it was to me, all or most of it, an outside affair.

I sometimes felt a sort of parallelism in the case of the Rev. Mr. Brown, described by one of the essayists of the last century. Though a good, kind, and useful man, an excellent preacher, dutiful in all his relations, he was all his life under the miserable impression that he had no soul. He had searched and probed and found it not. What he did was by impulse, necessity, law, attraction and resolution of surrounding forces, not by any independent, judicial, and controlling volition. He was the very thing our evolutionists delight to imagine themselves; but Mr. Brown, who had no philosophical system to support, could not be reconciled to the want of a personal identity. One may justly ask what part of his nature it was that felt this life-long misery. It could not be his body, for the body is found to be capable of getting on very contentedly without a soul, or, what is the same thing, without recognizing it. It must have been the soul, and by that proof one is happy to feel certain that Mr. Brown had a soul, though smitten, probably from early years, with some painful, though not fatal, infirmity.

My case was really worse than Mr. Brown's, for he must have been half mad, and I, say, only a quarter mad, which made me more responsible. I never doubted I had a soul, and on that account, perhaps, left it to take care of itself. I was before the world; I had enjoyed many special favors of Providence; I was acting a considerable part; I was the companion of many noble personages; I was moving, writing, doing, and satisfying myself with the work of my own hands; I was seeing a great work going on all around me; I was fighting giants with my sling and stone; I was exercising functions important and appreciated in the literary and religious world; I had always more contempt than I could express for inferior understandings, even when combined with sterling moral and religious qualities. But Mr. Brown might have been and done all this without a soul, and without even discerning the want of it.

The commanding faculty, however, the real conscience, the true master of the house, that is the soul, I certainly had, as I still have; but I then let it, that is myself, alone, while I was pothering about all the world. The result is, all I did, or said, or wrote, was under inevitable misguidance, haphazard work; excesses, shortcomings, needless things done, needful things left undone; wild sallies, sad collapses, melancholy breakdowns, driving the chariot of the sun in the morning, wallowing in a bog before noon. Even a child that said its prayers regularly, and examined itself, and repented of what was amiss, would be stronger and wiser than I.

CHAPTER CXI.

HAVRE AND INGOUVILLE.

By the second week of July, 1843, my wife had returned from a course of visits, in which she had sought for sleep, but in vain. She desired to try more thorough change. Neither she nor I had ever been out of England. I provided for my duty, borrowed £50 from my principal tithe-payer on the Michaelmas account, and drove to Southampton, whence we crossed to Havre. In the passage I recognized Mr. Evans, the Vicar of Pusey, whose acquaintance I had made eleven years before this. He was returning to his family, settled for a time at Caen, for cheapness, and for the language. On our landing, most of the passengers accepted the invitation of Mr. Wheeler to his English hotel. There we had a wholesome early dinner for two francs a head, Mr. Wheeler himself presiding.

I then walked up and down the quay. No words can express the exhilaration I felt in the sights and sounds of a new world. The air seemed clearer, the sky brighter, the pace of life quicker, the voices sweeter, the manners and gestures those of ladies and gentlemen. The women, very simply and neatly dressed without shawls, with light caps and light shoes, looked as if they went in and out of their houses without change. There was no costume to be seen here. The quay was lined with shops full of

the things brought home by sailors; every variety of caged birds, monkeys, shells, corals, and the garments, ornaments, and weapons of natives. The town is not ancient. Its chief antiquity is a large round tower flanking the mouth of the harbor, built, I think, by Francis I. The general look of things is modern; the imposing fortifications — since levelled — were of course by Vauban. Notre Dame is comparatively modern and disappointing. I entered and found groups of worshippers all over, on their knees at this altar, or that picture or image, as it might be. The streets were noisy, close, and hot. The church was cool and quiet. The worshippers came and went, sprinkling themselves, or one another, with holy water, and crossing themselves.

Going up the harbor I came to a large dock crowded with ships, most of them with sacred names, one of them St. Augustine, of whom I was soon to hear so much. The full figures of the saints, in many-colored vestments, adorned the prows. Crowds of men were busy unlading immense bales of cotton. The town, as I soon found, was full and overflowing with cotton. Every coach-house and stable, every shed, was filled with cotton bales. Long trains of carts were conveying it to mills in the interior, each cart made with two poles, thirty feet long, across the axle-tree of two enormous wheels, forming at once the body and the shafts. There was always a long-legged horse in the shafts, a stronger horse before him, and a clever little horse in front. Whenever these carts had surmounted a hill, and were to descend the other side, the leading horse and even the second also, if necessary, were detached from the front and attached to the rear. The remaining horse or horses in front were then made to ad-

vance, dragging the others backwards. If the downward pace became dangerously rapid, the horse or horses in the rear were flogged to excite them to greater resistance. In one or two windows were plans of a contemplated railway from Havre to Paris. This surprised me more than anything else I saw, for, living in the country so many years, I had settled into the idea that railways were peculiarly English, and that Frenchmen could not be trusted with such tremendous devices. I had scarcely believed my senses when I heard some of the engine-men on board our steamer talk French. Yet I was gratified to observe that the world generally was learning.

At the upper end of the dock was the shell of a splendid opera house burnt a few weeks before, immediately after the performance of *Roberto il Diavolo*. The manager, who had just gone to bed, found the flames outside his chamber door, and got out of the window upon the broad cornice. There he stood, or paced, imploring aid, which was impossible. After being half burnt he threw himself down and was killed. It did not seem to me a proper place for a theatre, but of course the object was to catch the poor sailors.

After a night at Mr. Wheeler's we crossed the fortifications, and went up a very steep, narrow street into Ingouville, looking out for desirable lodgings. We soon closed with some a good way up, next door to a house occupied by an English clergyman, his wife, and a clever and pretty daughter. From our windows we commanded the most beautiful view I had then seen in the world. Since that I have seen many of the grand panoramas people travel a thousand miles to see, if haply the sky favors them, but this still

holds its own in my memory. Havre with its docks and fortifications lay at our feet, but far below; beyond lay the ocean and the broad estuary of the Seine, all alive with small craft, and beyond the latter Honfleur, backed by a range of hills, and a famous sailor's church crowning one of the summits.

We had almost a superfluity of attendance, for the wife and three daughters of the ship's captain, to whom the house belonged, competed for the honor and pleasure of waiting on us. Adèle, Céleste — I wish I could remember the other name — were good-looking, good-natured, and sprightly girls, whom we set down as fair specimens of the country. Later experiences lead me to suspect that they would have amused a Parisian as much as they did us. They were always in and out, always running up and down the stairs, like the angels in a picture of Jacob's ladder. If we asked a question it was sure to involve an immediate appeal to the room below, answered as quick and shrill. While waiting on us one of them suddenly uttered a thrilling scream. It was to call the attention of the family below to the *feu d'artifice* — a sky-rocket rising from the town. Our maid from Salisbury Plain, who lived below with the family, and could not speak or understand a word of French, was in a maze of enchantment. Our clerical neighbor had been in his house for some time, and he told us our people were honest and good, but that the education of the three young ladies had been neglected. How they did stare at us, and, I must confess it, how we did stare at them! I found it impossible to keep my eyes off.

Mr. Bowles very kindly took my wife and child several drives, while I walked ahead into "the bowels

of the land." The village roads were of a black, friable earth, which the least rain turned into deep mud. The fences were everywhere bad. Every quarter of a mile one came to a pair of immense stone gateposts, with cornice and carvings, to indicate the gentility of the proprietor, seldom with a gate or even a passable road between them. All the village women had short petticoats, bare legs, big sabots, or naked feet, and a coarse variety of the common Englishman's nightcap, jauntily placed a little on one side. I was told they were got for three-pence apiece at the shops. As the women had good legs, held themselves up well, and looked you in the face, I could not have wished to improve their costume, but it was not what I had expected.

In the outskirts of a village I came on a sight which might serve to allay the prevailing panic of France flooding us with cheap corn. In a triangular bit of ground, may be an acre, not more, an old man, his wife, and a lad, were in difficulties with a plough, furnished with two wheels as big as those of a coster-monger's cart, and drawn by a lean horse, a cow, and an ass. Not only at the end of every furrow, but in the middle of it, the whole apparatus fell out of gear, and a council of war was held to consider what under the circumstances was best to be done. The two farmers I had left in Salisbury Plain had, one a thousand acres, the other six hundred; with I am afraid to say how many good horses. Here was the bugbear our knavish politicians were frightening them with. I tried to work out the problem before me to its economical results, but did not succeed in making it out quite so absurd as I expected. If these people had no money, or not enough to run any risks

with, they could only do their best with the materials on hand, namely, their three selves, the three animals, the rickety old plough, and fodder enough to keep the cow in milk and the other creatures on their legs. The interior of the plateau over Havre was not picturesque, and even France I found could be dull.

Our cooking at Ingouville was of course oily, and my invalid wife could not touch it. She soon felt a craving for English fare. Was there such a thing as an English ham in Havre? Failing that, she must have some English cheese. I spent some hours in investigating the food resources of this populous town. As to the ham, I started with a misgiving, for I had not seen a fat pig since we had landed. There were hams in the shops that looked like hard brown stones picked up from the seashore. I expressly asked for an English ham. There had never been such a thing in Havre, they assured me. Why send to England for hams, when they had too many pigs at home?

I had to fall back on cheese. I walked twice up and down the chief street, and several streets intersecting it, and could not see anything an Englishman would admit to be cheese, or could mistake for it. When I asked for cheese I was referred to the market women, who exhibited in their barrows what looked like crumpets. Venturing to ask one of them what sort of cheese it was, she instantly, without giving me time to get out of the way, cut one in two, when there came out a stench which even now, at the remembrance, comes up to my nose. At last something in a glass case caught my eye. It might be a very ancient piece of cheese. So it was. It scarcely

held together. There was a pound of it. I asked the price. Had it been fresh, the price would have been three francs, that is half-a-crown. But I might have it for two francs, that is one and eight-pence. I declined, and had to return home empty-handed.

Mr. Bowles had brought with him to France an open carriage and a good horse. He soon found himself in a great difficulty. The pedestrians occupied the whole of the narrow streets, whether moving or standing in groups. They got out of the way for the public cabs, but not for the foreigner, — so he imagined. Complaining of this to a French gentleman, he was told that if he drove as fast as the cabmen he would find the course as clear as they did. The fact was he had been creeping along at a snail's pace for fear of accidents, and they were not used to it. After that he rattled down the descent into Havre, and never hurt anybody or had an angry word.

This will remind many of my readers of the horse races, as they are called, in the Roman Carnival. The horses, without riders, and infuriated by squibs and crackers going off all about them, gallop the length of the Corso, so closely packed with people as to seem incapable of holding anything more. As the horses' hoofs and the shouts of the crowd draw nearer, the people jump right and left, just in time, and immediately close again when the animals have gone by.

Passing through M. Normand's shipbuilding yard, I noticed something queer in the framework of a small ship on the stocks. It was an experimental screw steamer ; one of the first.

CHAPTER CXII.

CAEN.

After a fortnight at Ingouville we went by sea to Caen. Crossing the mouth of the Seine, and steaming up the Orne, we saw by the way the little chance Napoleon had of making Caen a considerable port. The general view of the city is justly compared by tourists to that of Oxford. There are even more church towers and fine buildings of all ages. The stone, properly selected and managed, is about the best in the world, at least for a pure atmosphere. The old town is built upon a rock; the new town on a bog, the result being that, as at Pisa, there is hardly a perpendicular or horizontal line in it.

It was taken for granted that we were come to see the races, to be run in the hippodrome, a mile course, if so much, on a meadow close to the new town. We looked out for lodgings cheap and picturesque, and were prepared to pay for it "by the nose." These we found at M. Marie's, a plumber and glazier, in *Place de l'ancienne Boucherie*, just opposite the famous *Abbaye aux hommes*, and a pile of buildings which we understood to be the remains of the old ducal palace. M. Marie's wife was Marie, and his only child Marie, seven or eight years old, still wearing her Confirmation dress. Every room in the house was floored with tiles, and the circular stone staircase was encrusted an inch thick with the dirt of many centuries, and, where not so preserved, the steps were worn away.

Having long been acquainted with Pugin's "Normandy," I quickly went the round of the originals. The interior of St. Etienne, or the *Abbaye aux hommes*, a church of cathedral dimensions, is much lighter than that of our own Norman churches of even a later date. Upon an immense slab in the choir is deep engraved, GUILLAUME LE CONQUÉRANT. Our dear friends the Huguenots, nay our revered ancestors many of us may say, did their best to scatter the bones of the giant; though the Revolutionists seem to have found something left to wreak their fury on. St. Pierre, with its wonderful perforated spire, is placed so low and is so beset with nuisances, that we might pass it with little notice. But it shows afar. Some of the churches are lamentable ruins. The older St. Etienne, I think the one with a large relief of the Conqueror on horseback, is a store for firewood and for rags.

The picturesque tower of St. Nicholas has been gutted for a shot tower, and it has been found even necessary to cut away about a quarter of the spiral staircase the whole height. At every round you have to stride over a yawning abyss, and receive at the same time a shower of molten metal on your hat and clothes. It is one of the things one does on faith; you are told to do it, and you see somebody else doing it; then you do it yourself, and think no more about it. The shower is not to be compared to a discharge of *confetti*, or even to an ordinary hailstorm.

Of the original church, now called the *Abbaye aux dames*, founded by Matilda, the great mother of a thousand kings, there remain extensive ruins, and a portion kept up for the Nuns, or Sisters of Charity, and the patients of the *Hôtel-Dieu*. The nunnery

is said to have been restricted to the *noblesse*. The present buildings date from early last century, and are magnificent. They make a hospital far surpassing anything I had seen before, though I knew well the infirmaries of Derby, Northampton, and Salisbury, each said to have singular claims. The wards were spacious and lofty; every bed had its little table, its books and its ornaments; with a sacred picture or image over head, and whatever one may expect in a well-appointed bedroom. The Sisters of Charity were moving about gently and silently. I had not seen anything to compare with the culinary arrangements. Walking into the country I soon came on a vast mass of ruins, apparently fresh from the hands of the mason and the sculptor. It was a religious house, interrupted and then destroyed at the great Revolution.

Everything here indicated that we were in France, and in the Normandy of history and of travel. The men wore blouses, the vehicles were rude and antiquated; the little children called out *Le petit cochon!* at the child with us, and threw stones at us on the sly. Handsome women, old and young, were walking about with magnificent fabrics of lace towering over their heads half a yard or more, with lace streamers descending below their shoulders. One of these girls was attracting the attention of the whole town by her stature, her beauty, and her stately bearing. They were coming out, and this was their introduction to such society as was open to them. They were peasant proprietors, with some land and plenty of money. We were told the framework of their tall caps was sometimes several centuries old, and that the lace itself might sometimes be two centuries;

indeed, that some of these caps were worth several hundred pounds apiece. Of course the wearers had chaperons, who seemed proud of their charges, and with their eyes well about them.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours had come to spend the race week at Caen. The Orleanists there were said to be between two fires, the Legitimists and the Republicans, and they wanted encouragement. There were two grand functions at the Cathedral, and the Duke and Duchess appeared in state. The occasion of the first I forget, but it was ill attended, and this I was told was an intended slight.

The next occasion was the first anniversary of the death of the Duke of Orleans, and the solemn mass for the repose of his soul. It appeared to me that besides the military, all Caen was there, the greater part in robes of office, order, or guild. Talk of the trappings of monarchy! I have seldom seen such a display of robes as at the funeral of a hospital physician at Paris three years ago. The most imposing feature of the ceremony at Caen was a semicircle of sappers, big fellows, with tall fur caps, black beards, white aprons, and burnished axes, behind the altar. In the open space before the altar were the Duke and Duchess on their knees, the former just a foot or two from the slab of the Conqueror. With a very small coin I induced a countrywoman to sell me her gripe on the railing round the choir, and then, mounted two or three steps, I could survey the whole scene. At the usual time in the service, for I was now beginning to be familiar with it, a priest so I supposed him to be, came round with a plate, collecting alms *pour le mort;* that is, so I interpreted it, for the repose of the Duke of Orleans' soul. He held his

plate resolutely to the Duke de Nemours for not less than a minute, the Duke remaining immovable. At last an equerry, I suppose it was, advanced from the circle and said a word to the priest, who withdrew. Several times we met the Duke and Duchess driving through the streets. No hats were taken off, as I was told they would have been to any princes of the older house.

Mr. Evans, the Pusey clergyman, who had invited us to call on him, was very hospitable and very serviceable to us, and through him we made acquaintances who called and left their cards at the glazier's shop for us. Of Dr. Webber, Dean of Ripon, and one or two receptions at his handsome apartments, occasionally occupied by the first Emperor I believe, in the new town, I have a most agreeable remembrance.

I cannot remember how we became acquainted with Mdlle. Tyrrell. The moment I saw her and heard her name, I recognized her unmistakable likeness to a Miss Tyrrell I knew in Salisbury Plain, since better known for her cottage hospital and other good deeds at Ilfracombe. Figure, eyes, hair, features, expression, and manner all the same; the character too. Mademoiselle told us these were the characteristics of the whole family. They had all dark brown eyes, and they were all blunt, truthful, and good. She was very kind, and would do anything for us, occasionally putting my courage to the proof and my shyness to confusion.

She must take us over *Le Bon Sauveur*. It was a grand establishment, covering a large area, but with irregular and homely buildings, in which Nuns or Sisters took charge of schools, orphans, deaf and

dumb, idiots, sick people, and it seemed to me, all that wanted help. For these multifarious purposes there were four sources of support, — the city, the department, the state, and charitable people. We were in the heart of this universal refuge when it was explained to the Nuns that I was a priest, and that the lady with me was my wife. They shrugged their shoulders, exclaimed *Mon Dieu!* uplifted their hands and exchanged glances one with another. Our visit proved unwelcome and fruitless, and I was a little put out with my well-intentioned guide.

Mdlle. Tyrrell it proved was really a cousin of our English Miss Tyrrell, but in a very remote degree. Tyrrell, whose glancing arrow killed Rufus, fled to Normandy, and was never allowed to return. His eldest son had to share his banishment. The second son, having no pretence to the inheritance, was allowed to settle in England. Mademoiselle was descended from the older son, Miss from the younger. Unless, what is not unlikely, there were intermarriages, the ladies were only related in the twenty-fourth degree of consanguinity. That they should have a strong family resemblance will not surprise any student of genealogies.

In the cornfields, all about the upper town of Caen, we saw immense wheels, of a very light construction, rising twenty feet above the ground. These are called *cercles d'Hercule*. Every now and then, half a dozen men clamber up the circumference and set the wheel revolving. In this simple way blocks of stone, each weighing as much as seven or eight tons, are drawn along the galleries of the quarries seventy feet below the surface, and up the shafts.

Our good friend Mr. Evans asked us to partake of

a great treat his children were looking forward to. I think we became as absorbed in the prospect as his children were. He had received from home a real English ham. A ham with peas and boiled potatoes was a banquet for the Olympian deities. Perhaps one of our party would have thought the *menu* improved with bitter ale; but nothing could be better than the *vin ordinaire*, straight from Bordeaux, in the tun, and bottled by Mr. Evans himself, costing him only twopence or threepence the bottle.

We wished to go to Bayeux to see the Cathedral and the Tapestry, but, as our resources were limited, I dreaded any enlargement of our plans. Mr. Evans told us how to do it easily and cheaply. Early in the morning he took us to a cab-stand where he was known, and made an agreement with the driver of a very rough hooded vehicle, with horse to match, that I was to have the use of it a whole day for ten francs. Dismissing the driver, who seemed right glad of a holiday, I mounted and drove to Bayeux, seventeen miles off. The country assumed an English character, good farm buildings, large green fields, fine cattle, and hedgerows. At Bayeux we had been told to expect an English-looking population, for it was a Saxon tribe the Normans had made terms with. The people I thought handsome, solid and well built, but not perceptibly Saxon. The interior of the cathedral is beautiful; all diaper work, as in Westminster Abbey. It was a reminder of my poor unfinished church at Cholderton, for it was evident the nave had been built to half its height, and then left to the elements for a century. The tapestry, in a large room built for the purpose, we examined very closely. It is a wonderful combination of simplicity and vigor;

all alive with great ideas struggling for expression through a very rude medium. I held up the child to see the work closely. As its wont was when held up in that fashion, it kicked a foot through one of the panes of glass. There 's my cheap journey to Bayeux! I said to myself, thinking the damage would be twenty francs or more. The custodian, a remarkably fine specimen of the Norman womankind, went off, at our request, to a glazier. He came, looking very grave. Carefully measuring the broken pane, which was not less than twenty inches square, he said the new pane would be two francs, and the cost of putting it in half a franc, altogether two and a penny of our money. I drew breath again, and have ever since believed Bayeux the most simple and honest city in the civilized world. A few years after I had occasion to consider the glass duties, and my principle through that question was that England should be made as like as possible to Bayeux.

It was quite dark before we got back to Caen. At the entrance of the town the usual officer of the *octroi* stopped us, and presented himself at the side with a lamp, and something very like a long sword. " Any wine, or fruit? " he asked, and was proceeding, so it seemed, to run his sword through a bundle lying on the seat. Happily he was stopped in time, for it was the child.

CHAPTER CXIII.

LANGRUNE.

Caen has a great secret, which it keeps to itself, at least from foreigners. It is Langrune. I cannot find it in any map or handbook. I never heard of it before I went to Caen, and I have never heard of it since. It is one of a long string of villages lining the coast of Calvados; the one nearest to Caen. The coast is ironbound, as they say. Nothing bigger than a small boat can approach it. For thirty miles of coast the Caen stone stretches into the sea, forming a rocky bottom for at least four miles from the shore. A line of lofty perforated church spires warns strange vessels off the shore. The coast people are primitive and religious. Mdlle. Tyrrell and Mr. Evans agreed that we must not leave Caen without a week or more at Langrune. The clergy and the old *noblesse* went there to be out of the way. People lived quietly and sociably at Langrune.

So we went there in a crowded omnibus. The springs were light, and every now and then the body of the vehicle came down with a frightful bump on the solid axletrees. Half a mile out of the town the driver alighted, took two blocks of wood, evidently prepared for the emergency, forced them into the springs, and stopped their play altogether. Under these circumstances I had a distant and not very comfortable view of Château le Henri, largely imitated in

modern English mansions. At length we found ourselves on a low seashore, no scenery, no shipping, not much in the way of buildings, no hotel, no bathing-machines, or other outward signs of a watering-place.

We found shelter with another Madame Marie, patronized by the English clergy. One of them, a chaplain, she would be always talking about. He would drop in late from Caen, knock at the door, and throw lumps of earth at her window: "You *bête*, why don't you come down? Why don't you open the door, you *bête?*" You may call a Frenchwoman a *bête* a hundred times, but not *stupide* once. That 's an eternal separation.

Mdlle. Tyrrell had secured for us the earliest attention of two priests, who with their sister, a young lady in some employment at Caen, were taking their holiday at Langrune. There were many clergy there, and some apparently studying for Orders, but these two were evidently distinguished among them, and were of a higher type. M. Achille Valroger had large, dark, flashing eyes, fine features, a mouth combining sweetness and power, and a good figure as well. His brother Hyacinthe had a strong family likeness, but his expression was more that of tenderness and of mild humor, and he was a lame, misshapen dwarf.

They were most agreeable talkers, and they reminded me of my old Oxford friends, in spite of the difficulty of communication. For our sake they labored to express every syllable slowly and distinctly, and generally succeeded. They had heard much of what was going on in England and at Oxford, and they were familiar with the names of Newman and Pusey; indeed they knew some bits of their writings better than I did. They took it for granted that

Newman would join their communion, and that he was only lingering in order to bring more with him in the end. This they seemed to think a natural and proper proceeding, and I should doubt whether there exists a Frenchman capable of thinking otherwise.

It may seem unwarrantable to attribute to a great and gallant nation a moral code which few Englishmen would be found to tolerate; but France is a military nation, and has also ever been divided into parties practically at war, and observing the old maxim that all is fair in love and in war. We Englishmen hardly know what a great blessing we enjoy in being able upon the whole to observe the code of honor, even while we disagree.

How the Valrogers came to know the lady was Newman's sister I cannot remember. My case was plain in their eyes. It was that of the young Augustine, and through a course of St. Augustine, chapter and verse, they proceeded to take me. I walked with them every day, and, strange to say, talked. My readers will ask in what language. Though I wrote a good French letter the year of the battle of Waterloo, I have never been able to talk in French. I have never even attempted. On the other hand my clerical friends could not talk or understand a word of English. There was nothing else to be done. I talked Latin. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. Every time it was my "neck verse;" I must reply, and make myself understood. My Latin was certainly neither colloquial, nor theological, nor philosophical. Newman used to tell me it was hardly prose at all, but made up of scraps of Virgil and Ovid. However, I was understood.

My friends were very much interested in Oxford,

which was evidently something quite beyond their conceptions. Of the theological course pursued there I could give no account. As they answered my questions by rule, they expected me to do the same. They would tell me their own system, why could not I tell them ours? On one point I had the advantage. My little Oxford Greek Testament must have been lying about, for they were told I could read the original into English. They could hardly believe it possible, unless I were a most accomplished scholar whose fame would go before him. But they evidently thought it a superfluous accomplishment. The cumulated strain upon me I found considerable, especially as there were two of them, and when one ceased the other began. But happily they could change the subject, and be very amusing.

Subsequent reflection satisfied me that besides mistakes of a more palpable character, the use of Latin had one general ill tendency. It is the language of grand sentiments and big things. I was in the case of a common shopkeeper, not a bit better than his neighbors, talking Bible. The medium itself involved hypocrisy and a baseless assumption. This was our first visit to a foreign soil, and we did not appear to be in want of means in comparison with ordinary Frenchmen. So our friends asked why we had not gone to Paris, instead of wasting our time at Caen and Langrune. No Frenchman would hesitate for a moment where to go. He, or she, would rather be at Paris, with a bloody Revolution raging all round, than enjoying peace and safety in the provinces. So the question was natural.

The answer I gave fills me with shame as I write it, but yet was not wholly unreal. I said I did not

care to go to a city which had been the scene of such terrible events. I wished to see France, not Paris; France as she used to be. This was a sentiment above the scale of my friends, and they looked on me as a sublime character indeed, and a great prize, if they could secure me. As a fact, the horrors of the great Revolution were fresh in my boyhood. I had also felt extreme indignation at the then recent triumph of the long Orleanist intrigues. So I was more than satisfied to take our holiday at Caen, of which my architectural books had told me so much. Several of my Oxford friends had taken £20 or £30 in their pockets, and spent a month pleasantly in Normandy and Brittany. Yet, as I think over the matter, I am sure that with a hundred pounds to do what I liked with, I should have preferred a visit to the city of Revolutions, even if one Revolution more was raging there, — perhaps the more for that.

The Valrogers invited me one day to walk with them to call on an abbé, a great man, who was to be a dignitary, perhaps a bishop, some day. They were disposed to quiz him, and, as we walked on, they dwelt on the very respectful demeanor we should all have to observe, and the attention we should have to pay to the great man's utterances. It was plain they did not like him much. I suspect he was an Orleanist, or a trimmer. We arrived at a good house, in a large walled garden, with broad green walks and rows of trees and shrubs. The great man was not at home. Well, we might as well take a turn in the garden.

As we walked on, the brothers seemed to be engaged in some topic of their own. We came to a fine mulberry tree, under which lay a great quantity

of ripe fruit. I stooped down to pick up some of it. While I was so engaged my friends had turned a corner and were out of sight, and the great man himself had suddenly appeared on the scene. He looked at me graciously but inquiringly; and he certainly had a right to know how a stranger came to be in his garden eating his mulberries. So out with my Latin. "Veni huc cum amicis quibusdam tuis, qui cum te domi non inveniebant, volebant monstrare mihi hortum tuum. Illi progressi sunt. Ego restabam hic breviter ut fruges tuas consumerem — ut vides." G. A. D. will blush for his country at the thought of such Latinity being exhibited even to a French abbé, but I should like to see him in the same situation. The great man accepted the explanation courteously, if not intelligently, and, walking on with me, soon overtook the brothers. The fact was, on coming home he had been informed that they, with a friend, had gone into the garden, and he had followed them.

My Latin I remember did not always avail me. I went into Caen for letters, and took the opportunity to get some bottles of ale. But what was I to get them into? What is French for a small hamper? I tried first one word, then another, and at each word the good woman in the shop produced something quite unsuitable. She called in all her neighbors, who greatly enjoyed my perplexity. I succeeded at last by signs, which I frequently found my only resource.

The Valrogers took for granted that I was considering the great question, and they daily impressed upon me that no time was to be lost in the answer. They gave us *souvenirs*, which lie before me, too

new, too little used. I cannot resist enumerating them, and transcribing the inscriptions. To me they gave, "Méthode courte et facile pour se convaincre de la vérité de la Religion Catholique," selected from the writings of Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, and Bullet. The inscription is "à M. Mozley, gage d'affectueux dévoument. H. de Valroger, chanoine honoraire de Bayeux, et professeur de philosophie au Séminaire de Sommervieu près Bayeux (Calvados). Occurramus omnes in unitatem fidei, Ephes 4." Under this is written in another hand, "A. de Valroger, professeur de théologie au Séminaire de Nantes." From an inscription in "Oraisons Funèbres de Bossuet," given to my wife, I gather that Achille de Valroger had the title of Abbé. The sister gave my wife "La Journée du Chrétien," compiled by M. l'Abbé Dupanloup from Bossuet. It is neatly inscribed in her hand, "à Madame Mozley, gage d'affection respectueuse et dévouée. Adèle de Valroger."

The Valrogers wished to hear news from me, decisive or at least favorable. The length of time that has elapsed forbids a hope that those two men still live to this world, or that if living they are still the bright figures they then were. But they dwell unchanged in my memory, and I fondly trust will never die there, whatever else in the way of communion may be the order and will of the Almighty.

We were, I think, two Sundays at Langrune. I attended the services in the parish church, joining in them with certain reserves. The church was crowded with men in blouses. In the adjoining parish the fishermen had subscribed amongst themselves enough to build a handsome and capacious church. The people who say that Frenchmen never go to church must confine their observations to the great towns.

At one morning service, suddenly everybody was seated, and there was a deep silence. A figure rose up in the midst, upright, with marked features, and in a splendid vestment, the name of which many of my readers will know better than I do. He sang a song to the Blessed Virgin with the brilliancy and fluency of a glorious bird. The congregation was evidently enthralled as much as I was. In the afternoon, as I was roaming about the village, I heard the same voice in the distance and followed it. A crowd of men were sitting in and about a public house, and my morning's friend was singing a comic song, at the close of which he was greeted with loud applause. It a little impaired the morning's illusion, and I did not wait to hear more. Yet in all human affairs, in all religions and classes, among the very best people, there must and will be compromises.

On a day of unusual brilliancy, as we poured out of the church, I noticed that the congregation, instead of parting into different directions, moved in one unbroken column, man, woman, child, rich and poor, toward the sea-shore. I went with them, ignorant of the reason. To my amazement the sea had disappeared, and in its place was a pavement of rock stretching a mile from the shore, and right and left further than I could see. Already there were groups of people, and even carts far out. The congregation immediately spread itself over this new world. It was intersected everywhere by channels and lakelets, full of sea life, in forms then quite new to me. The water was so still and so clear that but for the creatures moving about one could hardly see there was any water at all. People with baskets were collecting whatever might be worth the trouble. I walked

on and on, sometimes stepping deep in the still and colorless pools, till it occurred to me to turn round. I could no longer distinguish Langrune from half a dozen other villages, which had all poured out their populations into the deserted sea-bed. Langrune, however, had a fine perforated church spire; the new church I have mentioned had not one to show much. So I found my way back, with a handkerchief full of curious starfish, sea-urchins, sea-anemones, small polypuses, and other creatures. On getting home I put them all into sea water, but they soon languished and died.

The system of bathing at Langrune was simple enough. The bathers dressed for the sea in their own houses, and walked half a mile, it might be, before they reached the shore. There they found acquaintances with whom they walked into the water, frolicked and danced for a time, and then they returned home dripping like Newfoundland dogs all the way. By this time their feet were cold and covered with mud or dust. But they were sure to find foot-pans of hot water ready for them, both for cleanliness, and to secure a wholesome reaction.

One of the roads from Langrune to Caen passed by *La Deliverande*, a famous centre of pilgrimages. If I remember rightly, the object of special veneration was a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin that had survived various casualties. The chapel was always open. Pilgrims were always arriving, some in long procession from a distance. They were of all ages, with one or more priests at their head. One of these processions I saw at Caen on its return. The day was very hot and the general fatigue was great, but they seemed to bear it easily. Once or

twice I found the priests looked at us rather fiercely, presuming us to be unsympathetic spectators. But they had been walking many miles in a hot sun, a dusty road, and in a crowd. The instincts of pilgrimage and of processions are strong, and will develop themselves in one form or another. The Americans are eminently given to processions, to anniversaries, to celebrations linked with places and epochs. Yet they are beyond a doubt a sensible nation.

CHAPTER CXIV.

CHÂTEAU D'OUTRELAISE.

THE Valrogers had early introduced us to a Count and Countess de Polignac, and their relative the Countess de Ste. Aldegonde. He was first cousin, so I understood, of the minister whose eloquent but vain protest on the eve of the July Revolution had so much moved me. There was also a charming little fellow, who might now be the head of the family. They seemed to be doing it as cheaply and quietly as anybody there, walking through the village in their bathing costume, ducking and splashing, and dancing in circles, like the rest, going home like drowned rats, and shortly returning to the sands to walk and talk.

The Valrogers had told them all about us, and they no doubt desired our conversion, which they understood to be in progress, but perhaps they even more desired to impart to us their intense hatred of Louis Philippe. It was not pleasant to us to hear a reigning sovereign spoken of as they spoke of him, especially as our Queen was about to pay him a visit, which he was to return. "Would that he might never get back again!" they said, for, going and returning, there were two chances of his going to the bottom. They hated England also, but liked the English individually. They had a skit at our Queen which of course applied not only to the whole

dynasty, from the Conqueror downwards, but to the old French and most other European dynasties: "She 's descended from one of our country girls."

The ladies talked English well, and knew many English people, whom they expected us also to know, not perceiving the difference between London and Salisbury Plain. They had a great curiosity to know more about England, which seemed to have presented itself to them in quite a new light now that it was the field of a religious movement in the direction of Rome. Movements usually meant destruction in their eyes, but this was for union and for order, that is for the proper subordination of classes and recognition of authorities. But could any good thing come out of England? In the emergency which they contemplated, they invited us to take refuge in France. So many people would be glad to make our acquaintance. They found that I was myself bound to return soon, for I had appointed to be home by September for the work of the "British Critic." Was my wife obliged to return with me? I had already pressed her to remain a month longer in Normandy. So she gladly accepted an invitation to Château d'Outrelaise, par Langannerie, Calvados.

Three weeks after my return home, she went there with the child and the maid, and was very pleasantly entertained for a fortnight. It was a grand house, with lofty roofs, tall chimneystacks, a courtyard, a fine gateway, and handsome suites of rooms. The Polignacs were the old family of the place, and the style was that of our own straitened and old-fashioned gentry. They and the neighbors dropped in one upon another. The French are really early risers, and their eleven or twelve o'clock breakfast is equiv-

alent to our lunch. Any lady might choose that time for a call. If it was fine, the company then walked in the park, or looked at the poultry. I suspect there were fighting cocks at Outrelaise. If it was wet they played at billiards or had games. It was now past the equinox, and the evenings were chill. Once or twice in the evening, the Countess rose and said, "Let 's make a *tour à la roche*," and then they all went and warmed themselves at the kitchen fire, talking with the old servants.

A contested election for the mayoralty of the village was going on, and the family was indulging in a faint hope that a friend might be elected. On the contrary it was their worst enemy, and the successful party came at the close of the election, which was on Sunday, with banners and music, and kept hurrahing for half an hour at the gate within hearing of the château. The new mayor they described as a monster of depravity and low cunning.

My wife was very desirous to make use of the opportunity to acquire the best idiom, pronunciation, and accent. These the Polignacs told her are confined to the best society, and could not be communicated to the mass of the French people, much less to foreigners. As for the people of Normandy, they all talked broad; they were too near England. "But the clergy? Don't they talk good French, and pronounce it properly?" They smiled at the idea. "How should they speak French? sons of peasants and *épiciers*?" "Now don't the Valrogers talk good French and speak it well?" "They talk the language correctly, but it is not the language or the pronunciation of the *salons*. Very few even of the bishops can talk and pronounce as they should. You can tell them to

be a class of their own." As they illustrated these criticisms with examples of the right phrase and the right tone, and the wrong ones to be naturally expected in a parish priest, and even a bishop, it seemed to be too evident that the fastidiousness of excessive civilization had created a bar between the *noblesse* and the clergy themselves, now that the latter were more than ever from the bourgeois and peasant classes. An unapproachable excellence was its own downfall.

But poverty came in as a mitigation of pride. The dinners and the *ménage* were as simple as those of an English parsonage. These good people relished a *potage* that here would have been put out for the dogs. The ladies, as I saw at Langrune, dressed as simply as shopkeepers, though with a little more taste. They were ready to discuss freely the downfall of the old French *noblesse* and their exclusion from the political and the larger social circle. Generally speaking it was owing to their poverty, the immense burdens that lay upon them, the complicated state of the land, the clergy, the religious houses, the poor retainers and dependents, the old servants, and above all the younger sons to be provided for, in the first, second, and third degree, there being but few openings for regular enterprise.

When these people could hardly pay their way in the country, in the heart of their own belongings, they could scarcely hope to make an appearance at Paris. However, they had to make great efforts, to borrow money, and attempt now and then a Parisian season. But here was the great pinch of all. To bankers, farmers of the revenue, and successful speculators, Paris was in season all the year. They were

at home at Paris. The country *noblesse* could only afford to come up late in spring or early in summer. The wasteful wood fires of a roomy and windy château were ruinous at Paris. A good fire was estimated to cost twenty francs a day. The whole scale of expenditure was impossible to a country gentleman. He became more and more a stranger and a foreigner at Paris, and meanwhile the object of increasing envy, jealousy, and aversion. Other reasons I know can be given for the lamentable fate of the French nobility, involving as it did the fall of the monarchy; but it was the social question that these ladies dwelt upon.

Some years ago an announcement in the papers suggested that the pretty little fellow I saw with his mother at Langrune might have been listening to these and the like discussions to some practical purpose. M. Polignac, it ran, had just married the daughter of a fashionable and wealthy *modiste*. How I wish I could ever be sure that he had not fulfilled the common saying that a young French lad is an angel, but grows up into something else! The Polignacs corresponded with my wife, I think, as long as she lived. Their letters were always interesting and amusing, but also very bitter. They lie buried in accumulation a few yards from me, but I shall never see them. For what remains of my eyesight and of my wits has other work to do.

It was the last week of September, 1843, and the first of October that my wife spent at the Château d'Outrelaise. In a few days, and after a very stormy passage, I met her again at Southampton, and brought her home to Cholderton. Everything she had heard or seen abroad had fixed her more where she stood;

and I also by that time had come to the conclusion to leave theological questions to those who are more capable or more worthy of them, and to confine myself practically to the lines of the Church of England, as far as I could discern them.

CHAPTER CXV.

"BRITISH CRITIC," NO. LXVIII.

I LEFT Langrune on the last day of August. As we steamed down the Orne the tide had some hours still to flow, and as the waters expanded we met scores of little canoes, each with a tiny square sail, and a single occupant steering rather than propelling with his paddle. Each canoe had what appeared a dangerously large freight of sand. It looked as if the smallest wave would swamp it, and the men kept a sharp look-out on our little steamer. Their practice is to drop down with the ebb, and to allow themselves to take the ground all over the sandbanks at the mouth of the Orne. The receding waters leave them high and dry. They then with their paddles scrape together all the sand within reach, fill their canoes, and quietly await the returning tide which floats them back to Caen. Nothing is more remarkable in industry than its many singular specialities. Passing along the quay at Havre to my packet I saw a regiment embarking in two small steamers for the Château d'Eu, where Louis Phillipe was expecting Queen Victoria, on a short visit to the soil of France. The spectacle was new and strange to me, the soldiers having to pass rapidly along the plank, heavily accoutred as they were, and form themselves into coils all over the deck, where there could be barely standing room.

On the first of September I was again in Salisbury Plain. Before my eyes, in more senses than one —

> Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
> Murorum ingentes.

There was my huge unfinished church before my windows, and the work of the "British Critic" to be resumed. There was also the parish and the school; every house to be visited, and some visits to be received. But there was not much remaining to be done with the forthcoming number of the "British Critic." I should now be glad to be quite certain that I wrote the very favorable review of that most extraordinary yet most interesting poem, "Nature a Parable." The writer entered this earth, as it were from another sphere, burdened with a deep treasure of feeling and thought, speaking almost a foreign language, and delivering his message in strange, stammering, not to say uncouth enunciations. I am thankful to have been one of those who could converse with him in his writings, and feel his great value. It must have been I, too, who wrote the review of Formby's "Visit to the East," for I cannot think of any *alter ego* likely to do it. The notices I had always taken great pains with, from a deep sense of the presumption I was guilty of in writing them at all. On this occasion, when I fully believed I should never have to review a book again, I took more than usual pains. The notices of this, the last number, marked the epoch. Huber's "English Universities" had just been translated and published by Frank Newman. The author of "Nature a Parable" had published his Essay towards the Conversion of learned and philosophical Hindoos. Mr. E. W. Grinfield had published his very useful Hellenistic edition of the New Testament. Albany Christie

had written on "Holy Virginity." Toovey was now publishing devotional works of the new school; a "Manual for the Holy Communion," and extracts from Thomas à Kempis for the use of the poor in St. Giles' workhouse. Edward Blencowe, to whom I have given a chapter, had gone to his rest, and here was his funeral sermon: "The blessedness of the dead which die in the Lord." There was also a funeral sermon on the death of Robert Anderson, of Brighton.

A comprehensive paragraph rapidly and summarily dispenses various meeds of honorable mention to many writers of Sermons and Charges; among them the Bishop of Salisbury, Robert Wilberforce, and Archdeacon Manning, also Archdeacon Sir Herbert Oakley, Bart., Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Gresley, and Dr. C. Wordsworth, and many others. This reminds me that in some former number I had commented, as I thought in the proper line of the Review, on Dr. Wordsworth's new edition of his "Ecclesiastical Biography." He had struck out a good deal of matter to make way for some of a decidedly Protestant character; so at least I remember it. I had intimated, in I forget what terms, that the book was not the better for the substitution. Not long after that a single line in a note from Newman informed me that "the young Wordsworths" were by no means gratified by my remarks. They were not likely. One of these touchy young gentlemen now presides over the diocese of Lincoln.

Mr. J. E. Reade had published what he was pleased to call "Sacred Poems on Subjects from the Old Testament." Calling Jael a "fiend," he pronounces a tremendous imprecation upon her. This is quoted and observed upon, I forget by whom.

Palmer of Worcester and Dr. Wiseman were at issue, the former charging the latter with quoting spurious and heretical writings; and somebody had stept in between them. Mr. F. D. Maurice had been writing to Lord Ashley a monitory letter on "Right and Wrong Methods of supporting Protestantism," the right method being, in his opinion, to let anybody say what he pleased. The writer of the "notice" observes in effect that this is sound doctrine, inasmuch as an absolute and universal license of the tongue and the pen must destroy authority, which, it is presumed, is the object of Protestantism. The "Rationale Officiorum Divinorum," by Durandus, had now been translated and published by J. M. Neale and B. Webb. A "Tract upon Tombstones," by Mr. Paget, elicited from me some of my newly acquired continental experiences. The Temple Church had just been restored by Mr. Burges. Baptismal fonts, ornamental needlework, and encaustic tiles, the "Ecclesiologist," and an Architectural Magazine are treated more at length, perhaps, than they would have been a few years before. Various poems, tales and biographies of the new school have all the help the last words of the "British Critic" can give them. A kindly word is bestowed on a speech by Lord John Manners on the Laws of Mortmain, with a protest against posthumous charity.

I must confess to a certain tremor as I turn over the leaves to the very last words of the "British Critic;" and this tremor is not set at rest as one observes the increasing confidence, not to say dependence, of a large and increasing section of the Anglican Church on its only periodical organ. Various readers, I was reminded, had been desirous to see

within a moderate compass the catalogue of the little library, like an Examining Chaplain's list, which they would have to read before they could be considered graduates of the new Oxford school. Who were the Oxford divines, and where could their views be found comprehensively stated? These inquirers were referred to some lists on the backs of the "Tracts for the Times."

Another question then came athwart the whole course of the English controversy. How about the Established Church of Ireland? Was it not united by Act of Parliament with the English Church? What duty did we owe to it? In a word, what had we to do with it? The writer of the notices appears to have felt no more difficulty in answering these questions than Mr. Gladstone has since found in extinguishing them altogether.

There was then much talk about a book occupying a large and mysterious position on the skirts of the Oxford movement. This was Mr. Kenelm Digby's "Mores Catholici," the first volume of which had been published by Dolman in 1830, and this, with other volumes, was out of print, and could not be obtained.

After satisfying some inquiries after this work, I, the writer of these lines, did solemnly anathematize Freemasonry as necessarily Antichristian. Being now more than twice the age I was then, I feel I should be disposed to think an anathema above the occasion, and to agree with Cardinal Manning, who is said to have told Pio Nono that English Freemasonry was nothing more than a Goose Club.

Would that I had stopped there. My own last breath, and it is a very long drawn one, as British

Critic and Theological Reviewer, is a rather fierce attack on my very dear master and friend, Edward Churton, on the occasion of a letter written by him to an Irish ecclesiastical journal. It is true the letter was not a wise one, and certainly was not kind to the Oxford writers, and poor Edward Churton must have been fairly beside himself when he wrote it. How otherwise could he have imagined there was any chance of conciliating Irish Protestantism? Had he been in the full possession of his calm and clear intellect he would have known that no sacrifice he could make, no sop he could administer, would propitiate that animal. It might have accepted the Oxford writers as an instalment, but it would have opened its maw speedily to devour him as well. Edward Churton must have forgotten his learning, too, when he appealed to Bishop Horne and Jones of Nayland as men who never had an idea not fully warranted by the Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles. However, I am very sorry indeed that such were my last words, and such the man they were spoken of. On the opposite page is announced as preparing for publication, "Lives of the English Saints," edited by the Rev. John Henry Newman B. D., Fellow of Oriel College.

CHAPTER CXVI.

INQUIRY AND INDECISION.

A WRITER who edited the penultimate number of the "British Critic," went into a Roman Catholic country, spent weeks in confidential communication with Seminary priests, and returned to edit the ultimate number, giving notice, at the same time, of his retirement, may be supposed to have some account to give of himself. I cannot, however, say that this account was ever asked of me. The interest of the religious and theological world was then drawn in another direction, — other directions indeed, for there were others besides the chief, then occupying much more attention than I had ever wished to occupy. They were at Oxford and London; they were before the world, and they gave their names. They wrote what they spoke, and they spoke what they wrote, instead of the cold shadowy impersonality of the anonymous writer. Newman, always turning his face to his assailants, had retreated from the visible battle-field of the University, battered and buffeted by Sermons, Charges, and Censures; by sudden assaults from the right hand and from the left, by strange formations in which all differences were merged to gain a momentary advantage over a common enemy, as he seemed to be believed. He was now at Littlemore, and "What next?" was the question of the day. On the other hand, his Oxford allies were the more

prominent, and not the less courageous, for his absence from the front of action. They had Oxford to themselves. I might drop off as a rotten branch if I pleased.

I have, however, an account to give, for I had always kept an account in my mind, if nowhere else. It was a very different account from that which Newman has given to the world. He was at once the centre of a grand history, and, in his own inner being, of a great spiritual development. Any account I could render would be not so much the workings of a spiritual life, or even of an ordinary well regulated conscience, as of prepossessions, and sentiments, and reasonings, and imaginations; of likings and dislikings; of old prejudices, of sudden impulses, and of other such stuff as this world is mostly made of. Such as it was, however, all this account was before me, as if I stood before a tribunal. The matter of it was not in my inner being. I had only the perception of it. I had considered over and over again, "How far does this commit me?" Where I gave in I noted it as if I had passed a landmark. Was it necessary I should so commit myself? I came to the conclusion that it was necessary, for not to advance was to recede, and to recede I was not prepared yet. In the works of all these writers whom I made myself answerable for, I can recall but little that did not seem to be in my mind already, only waiting till I had the power of expressing it, or of recognizing it as expressed by others. In the fearful irresponsibility of one's own thoughts, I had already gone very far.

But in what region had I gone far? Was it in the region of a living, or even of a positive faith? It was

not. It was in the region in which I had accepted the creations of poets, the vagaries of philosophers, the systems of dreamers, and the almost equally fanciful conceptions of historians. It was the region in which I had long before been fumbling at a mad philosophy of my own. For many years of my life, my chief religious conclusions had been of a negative character, one continual revolt against the hollowness, flimsiness, and stupidity of "Evangelical" teaching. That could do one no good. Better close with any heresy, not very extravagant, than be only learning to believe nothing at all. It was some years before that I was spending a day in a mixed company of the new school and the old. The former freely criticised some score or two popular preachers and writers. A hitherto silent listener took advantage of an opening to ask, "What preacher is there that you do like?"

I suppose the truest as well as the most comprehensive account to be given of my early religious career is that I was simply following my own sweet will and my own idle fancies, and that such being the case, I had no call to find fault with any preaching or any system. Reason, however, had some voice in the matter. Though we read the awful warning, "Beware of hypocrisy," the "good people," in the common estimate of that period, seemed to think hypocrisy the last thing to be afraid of. I knew well I must be spiritually changed, and so regenerate. I knew well that Christ must dwell in me, and I in Him; and that I must be holy even as He is holy. But if I listened to these good people I was bound, immediately upon any suddenly increased conviction of these truths, to begin preaching to all about me, and proclaiming a conversion, which in truth I be-

lieved must be a life's work, and a thing to be demonstrated in deeds not in words.

Yet, was I true to my own sober and judicious convictions, thus carefully adapted to personal convenience and to social exigencies? That I was not. I might be wise, that is I might be forming wise opinions upon persons and things, and schools of preaching, but that was all the wisdom I had. I was wise and foolish at once, and I knew it. I was all things, not to all persons, but to myself. So heterogeneous and conflicting did I feel the constituents of my mental being that, taught by my own experience, I never had the least difficulty in conceiving a person possessed of any number of evil spirits. To me it was the same thing as a waste or a ruin being occupied by all sorts of bad characters or strange vermin. My difficulty rather was the complete inhabitation and dominion of one Spirit, commanding all the posts, and throwing the light of truth everywhere. I lived in a rebellion, and could only conceive warfare. Often have I said to myself, "To be a good master you must first be a good servant, and a good servant I have never been."

This confusion, which was in my own nature, affected all my vain, desultory, fruitless essays in the field of theological inquiry. At every return to them I felt as a man resuming a calculation or rearranging the papers on his table. I was conscious of a tacit reproof when I found so many men had clear, definite, and absolutely certain convictions. It would, however, be possible, I said to myself, to produce any number of such men, utterly disagreeing with one another; so that their happy confidence must be in the temperament, and therefore not at command, or

necessarily associated with one belief in comparison with all other beliefs.

I have mentioned the question of assent or dissent, as arising every now and then; and upon a passage here or there. This had always been the case as to the writings of Roman Catholics. Conscious as I was of a difference of tone, yet they had generally carried me along with them, and a hundred times had I said that if I had been born and bred a Roman Catholic, I should so have remained in spite of any earthly terrors or inducements. Only, every now and then I came on a passage which both my religious engagements and my acquired habit compelled me to object to. This was a common remark among all our Oxford friends, that is all that had any part in the movement; I suspect, too, in some who had no part. One I will not name, because in truth he lived much more in what he cordially accepted than in what he could not quite accept, for he never liked criticism. His expression was that in reading a great Roman Catholic author you might wish to pass your pen through a word, or a line, in the course of many pages; while, as to another class of writers, you might not be able to do that, but, after a page or two, you put the book down and did not open it again.

I had now for many years, latterly with pressure and exigency, been compelled to consider various points of the controversy between England and the great Church, which for I know not how many centuries has claimed to be the Mother Church of all Christendom. I had been compelled to use not only my own judgment, but the judgment of men resolute to inquire and unflinching as to results. The ir-

refragable logic of this or that writer did not quite convince me. I might allow myself to be whirled in a dizzy maze by Ward for several pages, and find myself able to stand on my own legs. But the atmosphere of reasonable discussion had been telling on me. Samuel Wilberforce, in one of the most famous of his sermons, urged Oxford undergraduates to entertain no doubt, to stamp it out as they would a spark in a magazine, and recoil from it with horror. Such advice is useless. It is vain to dissuade men from an inquiry by telling them that it will probably lead them away from their present belief. They will be sure to rush into the forbidden ground. Whoever prohibits doubts starts an inquiry.

But there was more than this. The great controversy was being pressed with equal vigor in both directions. Already, fifty years ago, the question lay between more belief and less belief, widening every day to much belief and none at all. From the East and from the South a portentous cloud of infidelity was rolling upon this land. The vast superiority of Germany and France was in many Oxford mouths. As critics and scholars, as linguists and Orientalists, as thinkers and philosophers, as historians, and even as theologians in the "undenominational" sense, we could not compare with them, and could not hope to rise to an equality without first sitting at their feet. This was an appeal to reason, even with the probable consequence of an entire abandonment of our most cherished convictions

At that time, as in all times, and not without a cause, there was a cry against those who halt between two opinions; who either will not decide, or will not declare themselves. Certainly life is too short for

indecision, whether of thought or of deed. But what were the great facts of that period? On the one hand there were many men whose piety and truthfulness I should not be permitted to question were I so disposed, who to all appearance were prosecuting the most vital inquiries with the aid of rationalist and even atheistical writers; knit together in one partnership and bound to the same conclusions. Speaking for myself, and with more knowledge of Hampden's Lectures than I then had, as well as a higher estimate of their ability, I look in vain for anything in them to save the writer from the last fatal plunge. Hampden, however, was but one of many.

On the other hand there were men of at least equal piety and truthfulness who were pursuing another inquiry in the direction of faith by the aid of authority. The intermediate mass that did not move and did not inquire was daily diminishing, and did not even command respect. The great majority were inquiring, that is to say inquiring honestly, and not merely beating about for arguments to support a foregone conclusion. Thus the Oxford world was steadily resolving itself into two opposite schools of sentiment and opinion, however we may please to regard that mental process.

The common idea of a theological inquiry is grand and heroic. It is assumed to be entered upon deliberately, leisurely, and in due order. The inquirer is supposed to possess the moral requisites, at least in the negative sense of freedom from vicious prejudice, and to have laid down his first principles. He then attacks the whole question, addresses himself to the several parts of it in turn, and gathers the light they throw on one another. He is under no compulsion

to hasten the process and decide precipitately. The truth will wait for him, and if he is sufficiently loyal to it, and honestly seeks it, he must finally attain to it.

My case was the very contrary. If I had not positively recoiled from the great question, I had never dreamt of facing it. The lesser questions, whether of principle or of detail, had been successively forced on me, often without warning. I had then not to decide, but to accept. Some of the writers, indeed, allowed me scant time for deliberation, and truth compels me to admit that I must have passed a sentence here and there without a mental decision, flattering myself at the time perhaps that the mood was that of controversy, and the surrender hypothetical. I was never stretched on the wheel, but one by one the harder points of my weak and ill-compacted moral frame were torn from me. Perhaps they were like a child's first set of teeth, hardly worth the keeping. My own unwarrantable self-confidence had put me in that position, not to speak of the levity which impelled me into a struggle I was not fit for. Whatever the issue might be, such a process was not honorable, and no honor have I ever claimed for it. I have even been ready to accept its penalties. In so doing I render tribute both to the Divine government, and to the voice that whispers within.

CHAPTER CXVII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

I HAD not gone to Normandy with any idea of being helped thereby in my path through the controversy to which I had committed myself, and in which I had been borne along. All I expected was an agreeable change, rest and amusement, foreign manners and customs, picturesque architecture, with scarcely even the hope of a good French acquaintance. The choice was in fact made for me, and was perhaps owing to a mere personal consideration. We had been told that my wife's Huguenot ancestors were from the neighborhood of Caen.

Either on principle or for lack of opportunity, I had never before entered a Roman Catholic chapel, since some friends took me to Moorfields Chapel the second Sunday after its opening, in 1821 I think. So what I now saw would come upon me with all the force of novelty, and it immediately had a great fascination for me. This was truly worship! There was the sense of a Divine presence. All hearts were moved as one. The music seemed to me so much more expressive than our own pretty chants and singsong melodies. There was a charm in the very roughness of the voices, the monotony of the big ophicleides or gigantic bassoons, the rush-bottomed chairs, and the freedom with which the people seated themselves here and there, which seemed to speak of a rude

antiquity. This I saw in the midst of our own grandest historical associations. I had been prepared to be disappointed. I had repeatedly read and had partly believed that Roman Catholic worship was without reverence, unreal, and wholly beyond the understanding of all but a few scholars; that the clergy set the example of ill-behavior, whether in church or out of it; that they talked, laughed, and took snuff at the most solemn parts of the service; that hardly ever was a man to be seen in church, certainly never a man of education; that the morals of Roman Catholic populations were flagitiously and shamefully bad.

I can only say that what I saw was the contrary of all this. This I say, knowing that no single testimony is sufficient to decide such a question, and that in matter of fact, thousands of tourists have gone about France seeing only what their pet preachers and writers had told them to see, and what accordingly they had made up their minds to see, an exceedingly bad state of things. The French appeared to me in the main a religious and orderly people, honest and polite, and, as all know, frugal, independent, and industrious. Their worship seemed to me hearty and intelligent. It was perhaps a childish remark, but I frequently made it to myself, that this was worship. That is to all appearance the one thing often sadly wanting in an English congregation. Some inquiry led me to believe that the majority of a French congregation followed the Psalms, and such parts of the service as are audibly said or sung as the act of the congregation, quite as well as the English generally follow the Prayer Book. Out of service-time there were always people in the

churches, saying their own prayers, whatever they were. In the streets there were numbers of little girls going about in their white Confirmation dresses. They had a serious air, and they seemed the objects of a tender interest. At all hours, early and late, the church bells announced that something was going on. All these things, and other incidents of daily occurrence, conduced to a favorable impression of the people, and of the system.

But then came points which the unaccustomed English mind cannot but be startled and offended at. Let me treat these matters as they come, and as they must come to the English visitor. I approach a church door. Upon it, or over it, I see printed or painted in large letters, *Indulgentia*, *plenaria*, *perpetua*, *quotidiana*. The printed papers offer this act of the Divine mercy, whatever it may be, on the condition of certain devotions, endowed apparently with a traditionary or authoritative value. What does all this mean? Where, and of what nature, is this indulgence? I often tried to understand it; often was it explained to me, I fear in vain. Generally it seemed a promise of ease and relief to the soul, and the soul certainly often wants that. Such relief cannot be reasonably expected without some acts of faith on our part, for we must believe, and we must show our belief, before we can be helped and comforted. The calculation seemed natural, but the whole matter remained very nebulous. Does the Almighty run up accounts with us in this business-like fashion? But he who believes anything is on his way to believe a good deal more, for faith is not an operation that takes its stand and says, "Thus far and no farther." Its natural movement is forward,

and it is even too apt to think small difficulties of no account.

Inside the church door is the holy water stoup. The natives put their fingers into it, sprinkle themselves, and cross themselves. There is always some privileged beggar who scrutinizes every arrival. He offers to the native a brush just dipped in the holy water, but lowers his brush and asks alms from the foreigner. It is natural, but not pious, that he is better pleased with the heretical sous than with the act of Catholic intercommunion, friendly and picturesque though it be.

But what is going on in the church? We look in the direction of the altar, and soon perceive that there is more than one altar, several indeed, nay many in a large church. What can this mean? There is but one true Altar, one Sacrifice, one Victim, one Propitiation. I have always been advanced enough to believe in a priesthood, and that I am myself a priest, in a representative character, and with derivative functions; but this multitude and even variety of altars was a new experience to me. It is not new as a matter of knowledge, history, and architecture, for everybody who has dabbled in the latter subject knows that St. Paul's Cathedral is expressly built for a dozen or more altars, and that in our own village churches there is often found, perhaps in some comfortable family pew, the piscina, and even marks in the masonry indicating an altar. But that is ever new which is seen for the first time.

A priest in a vestment, which to the unaccustomed English eye looks gorgeous, but which to the native apprehension is old, faded, dirty, and threadbare, is doing what? This is the very crisis of the whole

question dividing nations, languages, worlds, — happily no longer with burning and bloodshed. What can he be doing? There is not a soul there besides himself, except a little boy, of Standard IV., V., or VI., as may be, also in what an ordinary Englishman would call priestly attire. He has a surplice, very short, transparent, embroidered, and fitting close to a colored vestment below. The only Church of England service at which this kind of thing could then be seen was at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, much frequented by Lord Ashley. These two — but before I can concentrate my attention upon these mysterious beings I observe that there are several such pairs seemingly doing the like at other altars. These two are performing in dumb show. The priest is standing, kneeling, passing to and fro, crossing himself, frequently bowing or bending his knees. Hardly a murmur reaches you, but a bell is tinkled several times, and after some specially solemn stage the priest turns round and holds up something. Abruptly, because unexpectedly and unaccountably, the performance closes, the work is done; the priest covers up something and walks away, attended by the boy, whom by this time you have recovered enough to call an acolyte, and to think possibly is of one of the seven orders of Roman Catholic clergy.

But here is the wonder of all. There is no congregation. There might be, for, as you look about, you see that there are a few worshippers, one, two, or three, at the other altars. So there may or may not be a congregation for this service, or whatever else is its proper name. That is an indifferent matter. The priest alone is sufficient, for the boy can only be regarded as an official appendage or technical

complement. This is mass. It is a low mass. It is for some special benefit. It has been demanded. By and by other priests have finished their work, and are passing along the floor of the church, to this or that door, carrying something with them.

You know enough of the matter to recognize in this the Host, the Body of Him who was once offered, once for all, for our sins. So the Body of Christ can be repeatedly and simultaneously offered at different altars in the same church, and exhibited and carried about and reserved, — that is closeted in darkness, to be brought out again when there shall be need of it. The stranger may have heard of all this, and read of all this, and may have racked his brains about it to consider whether it comes within any reasonable comprehension. But there is a very old saying about the eyes doing their work quicker and more thoroughly than the ears, and now you see it all. If the stranger has had to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, he has pronounced a very decided judgment on all this, and may justly have misgivings whether he has any right to be there, looking quietly upon what some of his neighbors at home call blasphemous mummery, etc., etc.

But as the stranger ventures to creep about the church, he comes on something which is quite intelligible, which requires no racking of brains, no dividing of unities, no assumption that one is many and many one, no feat of metaphysics whatever, not even a civilized intellect. Before what the stranger — certainly the little girl at his side — will pronounce a large gayly-dressed doll, the very counterpart of which she has seen in many a London shop window, a crowd of women and children are on their knees,

saying their prayers. It is the Virgin Mother, with or without the Babe. Many candles are burning before her. This is no solitary performance. Christ may have been offered a dozen times in that church since early sunrise, without one beloved disciple or one Mary at the foot of His cross, or at the opened tomb; but the Mother never lacks attendance or worship. What she has to give all are eager for. She is here, to the stranger's eyes at least, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." It is she that has overcome sin and death, and opened the way to eternal life, with many an earnest of that gift, and many a consolation of present misery, to be poured down on those that ask for it. If they do but seek she may be found. She does not even impose importunity as the condition of success. Surely this is an idol, the stranger says. If this be not an idol, what is? Such indeed were my own reflections.

The stranger is soon made aware of a good deal of caprice and favoritism, as it seems to him. The altars of the Saints, such at least he conceives them to be from the pictures, are generally neglected. It is not even every altar of the Virgin that is equally popular and equally accredited, so to speak. A title, an attribute, an incident, a tradition makes all the difference. Even an hour spent, profanely as some would say, in going in and out of churches, reveals mysteries which never can be fathomed.

The stranger suspends his judgment till Sunday comes, when he will attend high mass and see a full congregation. He is greatly impressed with the fixed and concentrated attention of the multitude, vast in a cathedral or a large church; with their instantaneous dropping on their knees, and other tokens of

joint-worship. But the performance at the altar assumes still more the look of a grand pantomime, at first quite unintelligible. A plate comes round and is impressively urged upon the stranger's notice ; by and by another plate ; then a third. They are for the poor, for the church, and for the dead. Immense baskets of sweet cake, in good sized lumps, were handed round at the time whereof I am writing, and many of the congregation, especially the young people, almost scrambled for it. What a travesty of communion, thought I to myself ; but I seemed to have no choice; I took some of the cake and ate it, making a note to ask some one what it signified, and what I had been doing. I believe it to be actually a tradition of the Communion cake or loaf, as it was in Apostolic times. Some say it is the primitive Agapæ.

What more was there to strike the stranger as he walked about town or country ? There were the colossal crucifixes, painted to life, at the cross roads and other conspicuous points. There were representations of purgatory, in the rudest elemental form. Any one with a particle of Paganism in his nature — and I have more than a particle — understands purgatory, and is disposed to accept the general idea. But general ideas are incapable of representation, and do not affect the majority, which uses sense more than reason. So if purgatory is to be set forth at all, it must be in some concrete form.

I have said little of the appearance the Roman Catholic system made in the streets. Monks and nuns were evidently reduced to the modest conditions of common utility and appreciable service. Such nuns as one saw were Sisters of Mercy or teachers. I cannot recall seeing in Normandy any one that I should call simply a monk.

One appearance I did see more than once. You hear a small bell, which makes a momentary sensation. Turning to the direction of the sound, you see a little procession; a priest in vestments carrying something under a small canopy; an acolyte, a beadle or two, one of them perhaps carrying a tall staff surmounted by an ornamental lantern, such as one may see in the attics and lumber-rooms of our old country houses. As the procession passes the people stop a moment, take off their hats, and then walk on.

This is the Host. It is the consecrated wafer, now become by Roman reckoning the very Body of our Lord. It is on its way to a sick or dying bed. The procession appeals alike to reverence, to the common sympathy with suffering, and to that sense of mortality which no profaneness can dispel or wholly deprive of its seriousness. Death is near, and the opportunity is taken to proclaim that here is Life.

But upon the whole the appearance made in Normandy was far less than what I afterwards saw even in Belgium, and of course far less than what I have since witnessed often at Rome. The Belgian clergy are evidently resolved not to lose by want of self-assertion.

At Rome I was once watching, from the steps of St. Peter's, the evolutions of a body of 400 French soldiers. In a moment they all went down on their knees. So my memory tells me, but if any one is prepared to show that this is impossible, and that they only grounded their arms, I submit. Looking about I saw that the Host, under a high canopy, had entered from the Borgo, and was passing into the long street running along the south side of the Tiber. It occurred to me there could be no necessity for en-

tering the piazza, and I was told that this route had probably been taken with the express purpose of winning this recognition from the French soldiers.

Poor fellows! they are a simple race, and much put upon. In the year 1848 Paris was filled with regiments fresh from the provinces, mere lads from home and school. They were filling the churches and doing their devotions at the altars, while the Gardes Mobiles were gambling in the worst female company on the steps before the entrance. The soldiers of the line were then receiving, I was told, three sous a day pocket money, while the daily pay of the Garde Mobile was a franc and a half. These poor fellows had been accustomed to be drilled by the clergy. At Rome they had to bear more. Coming one day out of St. Peter's with four English ladies, we got into a *fiacre*, and gave our orders. A line of French soldiers — for a parade then was a matter of daily occurrence — was advancing towards St. Peter's. To our utter consternation the driver lashed his horses and drove right into them. The line was already breaking when the officer shouted a "halt," and as loudly delivered a "sacré," responded to with a loud laugh by our driver. No doubt the latter was presuming on the nationality, and perhaps the sex, of his freight.

At Caen I witnessed the slovenly performance of a solemn rite, for which the military, not the clergy, were answerable. Noticing before a house in a poor quarter of the town the usual indications of a funeral — the black curtain, the mutes, the table, and the plate — with a soldier or two standing by, I resolved to see it out. A company of soldiers, about twenty, made their appearance, and the funeral began. I followed to the cemetery. At the end of a short service

the soldiers fired, that is they were to fire, three volleys. Not half of the pieces went off. The mute guns were tried again and again, with variable success, and the flint and steel again and again adjusted, with some violence as it seemed to me. They were so long about it that I gave it up, and walked into the country. Returning the same way I found five or six of the soldiers still making vain attempts to discharge their pieces, the orders being that everyone must do it three times. Were these some of the guns that the English Government sent Louis Philippe out of the old stock in the Tower of London?

CHAPTER CXVIII.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

SOME of my readers will have begun to ask, pages back, how I could have patience with all this nonsense. Why did I not run out of these idol temples, and never enter them again? What was my religion worth, if it did not instantly reject such utter folly? That, however, was not my present mood; indeed it had not been my mood now for many years; and though I may now reject things more quickly and more thoroughly than I once did, still I can try all things, or at least many things; and I possess some powers of assimilation. I will, too, ask the reader to take into account that I had long been engaged upon the grand argument, and upon the principles that necessarily involve details and reduce them to minor account. The greater questions were those of Catholicity, unity, antiquity, primitive practice, Apostolic sanction, the supremacy of the See of St. Peter, the authority of Councils, the testimony of Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and, comprehending all these questions, the just inference to be drawn from the concurrence of many myriads of good, wise, and learned men in these very practices. There is some excuse for my not instantly, then and there, abominating and execrating what all Christians — for in the matter of customs there is not much to choose between the East and the West — had done for a thousand years before the Reformation.

I had come to believe, nay I still believe, indeed all believe, in the indifferency of customs, so long as they do not make void the Divine word, whether of truth or of command. We have no choice but to make light of customs not absolutely incompatible with faith, hope, and charity. We know hardly anything about the religious practices of the first Christians; and what we do know, or have some inkling of, was very different from the religious practice of any Christian community of these days.

We have to interpret freely the promise that the hour cometh and now is when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Does it exclude any who so worship Him, yet retain the traditions of olden time? There is no body of Christians that has not reason to ask for a charitable construction.

The charge most commonly brought against all these customs is that they are superstitious, foolish, trifling, and ridiculous, unworthy of a man of sense. But which is the weightier matter of the law — a protest against such alleged trifles and nonentities, or — the bond of peace? Grant that these trifles are a thicket and hiding-place for all sorts of scandals, what scandal can be greater than that two neighboring nations, of kindred race, and with many common interests, should have no communion in Christ? A scandal, indeed, there is greater, and that is that the people of these isles, speaking generally one language, and under the same rule, are divided into countless communions, reprobating and excluding one another.

With whom lies the responsibility? Who began the quarrel, and thus divided Christ? Nay, England

has never had the courage to give back as much as she has had to take; for while her own Orders are nothing in the eyes of Rome, she respects Roman Catholic Orders as the foundation and channel of her own. Whether we look to ourselves or to those about us and amongst us, to Christians abroad or at home, not of our own communion, we have to bear all things, it may be said, and to ask mutual forbearance.

In the abstract, and without prejudice, what is to be said of a Church professedly claiming the allegiance of millions, who in fact have nothing to do with it, and who live in irreligion or dissent? What is to be said of a Church whose professed members have, for the most part, no other visible observance but to put on their best clothes and sit for an hour and a half once a week hearing oratorical prayers, choir music, and a well-written discourse. No Anglican layman or divine was ever so wildly enthusiastic for his church as to set it up as a model for general imitation. The men who composed or compiled the English ritual cannot possibly have had the least inkling of the future of the British Empire. Even the double-minded son of Beor, even the Pagan sibyls, priests, and poets, had more of the prophet in them. When rivalry, or a wish to keep up appearances, or some vague idea of duty, compels the Anglican Church to offer its peculiar form of the Gospel to the large section of the heathen world included in a common political bond, it has nothing to bestow on them as the means of their conversion and their spiritual sustenance but that which the vast majority of its fellow-citizens at home will have nothing to do with, and abominate from one quarter or another of the theological compass.

It may be easy to repel the question altogether and refuse to hold an argument, either in the secret council of one's own mind, or with any one so weak or so bad as not to hold everything that we do ourselves. When the argument is once opened, and it is understood that both sides are to be heard, then we soon find ourselves having to choose between two conclusions, neither of which is quite as we should wish it to be. We may object to confession, absolution, and penance in the Roman form, but we cannot weigh against it a few fleeting words and an impalpable shade. We may say, if we please, that the ideas of relative holiness and continual purification in the Roman system are Jewish, materialistic, or whatever wit may suggest; but yet we can hardly feel that to be the whole of Christian sanctification which is confined in space to a building and the ground it stands on; in time to one day in seven; and in the spiritual world to ourselves and a few select acquaintances.

We may dislike and be unable to understand purgatory, and the practices associated with it, but we cannot certainly banish purgatory from our system without passing the pen through a good many texts, and whole passages. Even then, if we have a conscience, we shall be haunted by the thought of a reckoning running up between ourselves and the Omniscient who rewardeth all men according to their works. We may believe, if we have that conceit of ourselves, that we are truly sanctified, and need no ceremonial purifications, but we can never remember without some misgiving that none but the pure in heart will ever see God.

When we come to the great doctrines which are

the very hinges of the Roman system, Roman baptism and communion, we have to start with the admission that we have two distinct doctrines among ourselves; unless indeed our domestic animosities come to the aid of our insular pretensions, and we shut out of the account our own most learned school of divines, and the best men of our acquaintance. We may, if we please, read and even write works as pleasant as a popular tale, to show that regeneration means nothing more than moral goodness; but we cannot prevent the words "this child is regenerated" from blazing high in theology, confronting us in the Prayer Book, and lying deep in the hearts of our simple working poor.

The words, with their apparent significance, remain unaltered by time. I must have heard from my youth many hundreds of sermons blared against them, but they stand, and the only result of these attacks has been to drive the people into dissent, where they are allowed to believe what they read, and to think there is something in the Christian profession. They who believed there was any doctrine at all in baptism heard their sentences as long as I can remember from some thousand pulpits in the land. They were Papists already at heart, and the best they could do was to go over to Rome and sail under true colors. Yet what was the wonderful sight that the Baptist testified to? Was it only an instructive show? Had it only a future significance? If it is inconceivable there should be a spiritual change in a new-born babe, is it less so that there should be one in the Eternal and only-begotten Son of God, baptized in the thirtieth year of His humiliation?

I recognize material things and spiritual things; the immutable laws of nature, the moral government of God, and the kingdom of grace. Where they begin and end I know not. I cannot say of matter that it is, and of spirit that it is not. I do not believe that the soul of man grows and develops only by human will and circumstances. I feel a mystery everywhere, and mastered by it I cannot say that there is no more in baptismal regeneration than fools and philosophers may be ready to allow.

Even the material forces wielded by the Omnipotent utterly transcend our powers of analysis or detection. Every bar on the solar spectroscope indicates an influence coming direct from the sun, and, on a fair presumption, doing its work amongst us. More than twenty years ago, six thousand had been ascertained and described. Grant that science in another century may tell the functions of a tenth of them, it is quite as likely that by that time our observers will have ascertained six thousand more bars, many of them not coming under the evidence of the senses, not to be seen or felt, but discoverable only in their chemical or other relations. Is this to suggest a material hypothesis for baptismal regeneration? No. It is not. It is to suggest that when matter itself is so utterly beyond human comprehension, we may as well speak more modestly of that which we believe to be not matter, but God.

CHAPTER CXIX.

THE SACRAMENTAL THEORIES.

THE dogma, or definition, of Transubstantiation has been universally selected as the one sufficient and insuperable obstacle to communion with Rome. From very early years I had heard that Roman Catholics made their god; that they worshipped a wafer, and bowed down to that which they had kneaded and baked, and which they shut up in a box, and carried to and fro. But the people who most abhorred the mass did not like our own Communion Service either. They would have preferred sitting to kneeling, tables to a rail, and the linen cloth laid before the communicants. To the words of the Service they objected, not that any force was put upon their own convictions, but that no force was put upon convictions different from their own. The Service admitted of various understandings of it, more or less mysterious, from Transubstantiation to the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Real Presence of Anglican High Church. They held themselves that it was no more than a commemorative, instructive, and edifying rite. The service is so considerately and cautiously composed that it is hard to see who the composers were favoring in their own hearts. It is a pity that this neutrality has been at the cost of so many words, particularly when brevity, or rather no words at all, would have been better. As a fact, "high" and "low"

meet on equal terms at the Anglican altar or table, whatever it is to be called. English ideals are generally practical, for in this island at least we are averse to mutual extermination.

The operation of the Body and Blood of our Lord on the body of the recipient is declared in the words of administration and in the Prayer before the Consecration, though some emphatic passages to the same effect in the Service of the Mass are omitted. The Exhortation, now passing out of use, certainly suggests that while the elements, properly received, are medicine to body and soul, they are in effect poison to those that partake of them unworthily and unpreparedly.

Whether in boyhood or in manhood, whether in the stage of unconscious or careless acceptance, or of enforced investigation, I had always inclined to the "high" view, though tolerant of the "low" view, if its holders would only leave me alone. The truth was that when I came to consider what people said and did in this matter, I arrived at the conclusion that no two people exactly agreed upon it, but that each had his own interpretation.

It had long appeared to me that our Blessed Lord Himself, in mercy to the great variety of human understandings, had used words allowing of a very great latitude. They who can only regard the feast as a remembrance are welcome to that board, so too they who conceive it to be very much more.

They who believe in a Divine Creation must believe that all the laws of matter are the commands of God, and that, so far, there is no substantial difference between the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace. Bishop Berkeley's opinion of the non-exis-

tence of matter, which Froude was often returning to in the face of Dr. Johnson's rough confutation, is only a way of stating what Christians are bound to admit to be virtually true. The power is in the command, not in the thing, for it really is not the bullet that kills you, but the human will employing the laws of motion and gravitation. Of course this may seem a refinement, and likely to mislead when applied to Christian ordinances. But in truth the saying, *Materiam superabat opus*, pervades all human affairs. Of matter, as of the letter, it must be said that it killeth, and the spirit giveth life. Speaking generally, all opinions as to the relations of matter and spirit are equally presumptuous. Yet there are plain moral relations, and, it may be said, relations that are revealed. Matter, if indeed it can be said to exist at all, is always undergoing mutation, corruption, and destruction. The Word only is real and eternal. The consecrated bread has the assurance that it is the Body of Christ, and the promise that it will save body and soul. Therein is its true substance and reality. Yet it requires a very hardy faith, or a very idle and acquiescent faith, to accept all the practices built upon this doctrine. The Roman Catholics have their replies. If the people won't communicate, let them at least gaze and adore. If they won't come to the altar, let the Victim be carried to them. If they will not eagerly seize a privilege every day, let them be daily reminded of it. Let them be taught that there is a presence, a power, and a glory, in the midst of them, and at their doors.

I had always felt perplexed and pained at the contrast between the practice of Communion in the Primitive Church, and in our own. In those early

days there was no need to invite, for all pressed in, and the trouble was to weed and sift the multitude. But in these days what a work it is! What canvassing round! what entreaties! what urgent and reiterated reminders! Yet how scant, how precarious the results! Is our interpretation of Communion answerable for this, or the mode and manner of our Communion?

I had long felt, indeed most people feel, that our service is much too repulsive. The result was and is, that while the Catechism, certainly in accordance with the Scripture, declares Communion necessary to salvation, we go on assuming and actually pronouncing the salvation of millions who never communicated, or having done so once or twice, never did again. I had much desired that all professing Christians should communicate regularly and frequently, and that for this end, communicating should be rendered less terrible and less difficult; for it is actually difficult, not to say impossible, under many circumstances. There are invalids and aged people, who cannot be even half an hour in a church without suffering and inconvenience, and perhaps annoyance to the congregation. It was a point on which I differed from some friends who did not think it an objection that the service is long, tedious, repulsive, and minatory. Froude always took the severest view of preparation, and even performance. The body must have its full share in the work. This view he once humorously illustrated in a suggestion that every member of Parliament should receive a good whipping before every sitting of the House, to make him feel it a serious business and bring down his self-conceit. From different quarters was often heard the wish that church-people might

be attracted to the table instead of being warned off by terrors such as those that once girt Mount Sinai; and that Communion should be made less a trial of human endurance, which it often is. The invariable reply to these wishes had too much truth in it. The real difficulty is the general unwillingness to make a complete surrender to the service of our Lord. In this matter, as I was merciful to myself I was merciful to others. Practically I don't believe in complete surrenders. I don't believe that the three hundred ladies and gentlemen attending a fashionable Communion have made a complete surrender of themselves, and that it is this that makes the difference between them and the whole of the working classes inhabiting the same area, and more or less working for them. I might not object to a little more repulsion being shown to those who come to the altar, but I wish there was less of it towards those who do not.

But I had also always desired that communicants might be left perfectly free to put their own sense on the consecration of the elements. Each man's sense we shall never get at. It is certain that many who profess the "low" view, that is the purely emblematic sense, are the most reverential, and apparently the most deeply impressed and edified; while it is lamentable to notice how communicants professing the "high" view can immediately betray, by their frivolity or worldliness, how little hold it really has upon them.

Whenever I attempted to ascertain for my guidance, either as a writer, or as a humble Christian, with just a soul to be saved, what this "high" view was, I have to make the sad confession that I never succeeded. Whether they were the friends of the

"high" view or its foes, controversialists seemed equally to envelop their meaning, if meaning they had, in that haze which is the medium of exaggeration. The phrase "*real* presence" I never could attach a distinct meaning to, nor can I think it necessary, as neither the word nor any expression corresponding to it can be found in the New Testament. But the accusation continually repeated was that the "high" doctrine led to Transubstantiation, and was indeed the same in disguise.

The more I have read of our English theologians, old or new, the more am I satisfied that when they come to treat of these matters, they cease to know what they are talking about. I find no difficulty in accepting the words of Scripture; indeed, who does? what child does? But I do find insuperable difficulty in understanding the strong positive, and not less the strong negative, propositions of polemical writers. It is not because I can pronounce them wrong, but because I can pronounce nothing at all upon them. In the Church at least we have a common basis. It is that the Sacrament is the supreme occasion and mode and form of a mysterious communication between God and His people. Polemical writers require that I shall say what this is, and what it is not; in other words that I shall define the action and being of the Incomprehensible. I believe that in the Sacrament there is the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit, in the way proper to a true participation.

But how this is I know not, and feel certain I never shall know in this world. I feel certain that none know, and that no purpose could be answered by any one knowing much more than others in a

matter in which, indisputably, faith, hope, and charity are infinitely more important than scientific definitions.

Luther, with whom I cannot say I have over much sympathy, indeed of whom I have very little knowledge, had evidently found himself in the like perplexities, and had never extricated himself from them. He maintained with much zeal and heat, and much loss of popularity, an opinion which most modern writers declare to be substantially, as they express it, the same as Transubstantiation. But he was a scholastic philosopher, and by the time I was in priest's orders, Oxford had been told that scholastic philosophy was at the bottom of all our troubles and all our blunders. I was ever but a listener at the door of the school thus denounced and contemned, without even a foot within its threshold; yet I cannot bring myself to believe that the succession of great men who formed the backbone of human thought, and of faith too, for many centuries, were quite the fools which a school of modern authors, generally unbelieving, would try to persuade us.

Since words fail to fathom or to describe the mystery believed to be hidden in an apparently simple rite, and the outer world has to be dealt with, the controversy has become one of ceremonies and customs. Both at the altar, and in the streets, and in private houses, and wherever reverence allows it, Roman Catholics exhibit the once consecrated bread as an object of such awe and worship as we should give to a Divine Presence suddenly visible amongst us, if our self-possession were not utterly overpowered by the sight. The Church of England disapproves of these usages on the simple ground that they have

no direct justification in Scripture ; and that such few statements as there are bearing on the question stop very far short of any public or private worship to be given to the consecrated elements. Yet an abundance of writers and talkers within our Church, and still more out of it, tell us we are really as superstitious as Rome, and that what our greatest divines believe is equally beyond all rational apprehension.

CHAPTER CXX.

THE TRINITY.

THE doctrine of Transubstantiation, it has always to be borne in mind, has ever been inseparably associated with that of the Trinity. The Church of the Middle Ages spoke as awfully and as definitely of the consecrated bread as of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. The same controversy, and the same arguments, the same play of words, it may be said, touched the altar in our midst, and the throne in the Heaven of Heavens.

These schoolmen brought together from Holy Writ all that we may say, or do, or think, or feel, as regards the Blessed Son; and all that we may say, or do, or think, or feel, as regards the Holy Spirit. They then said: These, of whom we may say, and do, and think, and feel such things must be God. But God is One; so these are Three in one God. The argument is Scriptural; it is admitted to be Scriptural, and is necessarily Scriptural. Nor would any one venture in these days to teach a doctrinal form of words on the simple authority of the Church. When I was barely eight I was learning the Catechism, confirmed by "Scripture proofs." An ordinarily intelligent and right-minded person will find no difficulty in putting together and bearing in mind what we read in Scripture of the Son, and of the Spirit, and in arriving at large, exalted, and awful

conceptions. But when the single-minded, well-taught, and well-directed Christian has done his best, theology proposes to carry him at one huge bound into another order of intelligence, not to say existence altogether, by dogmatic statements admitted to embrace the inconceivable and incomprehensible.

Always wishing to believe as much as was believed by the best and most faithful Christian, yet always exercising a reason of my own, I have again and again entered on this great question with an ever-increasing wish to see the Church contenting itself as much as possible with the very words of Scripture, and stopping short of definitions in matter beyond human comprehension. I say, "as much as possible," for after all the "very words" are themselves partly beyond our reach, and partly to be extricated from surroundings of a local or temporal character. The Church, too, in all ages has had to meet the teaching, and to follow up the arguments, of men employing their own terms, and imposing upon the multitude by the pomp and the subtlety of their demonstrations.

Jesus Christ is the Son of Man and the Son of God. Why are we not content with titles so endearing, so elevating? Yet people are not content. Even the expression "God the Son" is not the same thing as the "Son of God." What warrant is there for set prayers and hymns addressed to the Son simply as God, frequently without even a reference to the Father? I know that many Christians have been tortured in childhood, haunted through life, and pursued to old age with such questions as how could the Babe in Mary's arms be carrying on the work of the Universe — nay, of an Infinity beyond our Universe — entering into the hearts of all men, into the nature

of all living things, and into the secrets of this solid globe? Such a question is of course utterly childish and ridiculous. But is the Church of England quite blameless in the matter?

More than fifty years ago a dear friend confided to me his difficulties as to the Personality of the Holy Spirit. I was grieved to see him in a condition which seemed to impair his powers of activity, and threatened to delay the period of usefulness. So I tried to talk down his doubts, and I may have contributed to that result. After applying as well as I could the texts ascribing to the Spirit divine attributes and distinct operations, I fear my more general argument was that we were bound to accept the teaching of the Church, and that in so doing we were in no danger of guiltiness. While I talked in this strain I was fixing a deep disquiet in my own mind, which remained, and indeed still remains, all the more because I have never seriously addressed myself to its removal.

A thousand times have I wished, and then resolved never again to let myself be plagued with the wish, that the word "Person" could be banished from our Symbols and Formularies. I shall shock many of my readers when I say that the word has often suggested to me that the evil being who has certainly much to do in the affairs of the Church has intruded this word as the most effectual difficulty language and thought could supply to the simple and proper reception of divine truth. At the time of this evil importation *Persona* was a term in law and in trade, in as familiar use as the word "party" in our courts and exchanges. It is the old nominative of *Præco*, a herald or preacher, and is identical with the word "preacher," only with a different termination and a different

flow of the liquid and vowel in the first syllable. It was adopted as the best equivalent of a logicial term in the Greek, denoting that to which the qualities under discussion might be applied. If the object be to bring a stupendous mystery as much as possible within reach of a mathematical intelligence, the word, for aught I know, may be as good as any other. But for any practical purpose, it must defeat its own object. We should set down any one as either a madman or a very vulgar jester who should address either Father, Son, or Spirit by the name of Person, or should so refer to Him.

I can only hope that Heaven in good time will send us some simple intelligible form, saving the divine agency of Father, Son, and Spirit, and the divine Unity also.

Again. I ask with all humbleness where the idea of Threeness is expressed in the New Testament with a doctrinal sense and force. Where is the Triune God held up to be worshipped, loved, and obeyed? Where is He preached and proclaimed in that threefold character? We read "God is one;" as, too, "I and the Father are one;" but nowhere do we read that Three are one, unless it be in a text long since known to be interpolated. Nowhere in Scripture is there the idea of numerical virtue or mystic number. The number "seven" indeed is often found invested with sacredness, such as in its application to the division of time, and the gifts of the Spirit; but that is very different from the introduction of number as an attribute into the Supreme Object of worship.

To me the whole matter is most painful and perplexing, and I should not even speak as I now do, did not I feel on the threshold of the grave, soon to appear before the Throne of all truth.

I may be censured for these confessions, but let me not be misunderstood, for I wish to agree with our best divines, and have no wish to be thought a single step on the way to Arianism.

Is not that which I confess to have been a lifelong trouble to me a comparative novelty? The Apostles' Creed is old. I can say it with all my heart and mind. The Nicene Creed is old. I can say it also with all my heart and mind, though I may doubt whether *filioque* be the right expression. But in neither of these Creeds, and certainly not in Scripture, do we find the expression "God the Son;" or "God the Holy Ghost." Whenever I pronounce the name of God simply and first, I mean God the Father, and I cannot help meaning that if I am meaning anything. When, therefore, I immediately add "the Son," or "the Holy Ghost," I am conscious of a departure from the sense I opened my mouth with. The first invocation, namely, that to "God the Father," is to me intelligible and clear, for the words bear finite senses with infinite enlargement. But, as the words stand, and in the order in which they stand, the other invocations are not to me intelligible. When I pronounce them I feel in a momentary maze, as if a dizziness had come on me, or as if I had slipped and were twisted round. I have had to execute a performance, and I have always done it ill.

I venture to ask, When did this order of words come in? The four invocations in the Litany are mediæval rather than primitive, and are peculiar to the Western Church. But the old Latin words there are *Fili redemptor mundi Deus*, which I take to be a very different way of speaking from "O God the Son;" and *Spiritus Sancte Deus*, which seems to

me very different from "God the Holy Ghost." To confess the honest truth, when I say the words of our invocations with the least attempt to understand them, I feel balancing myself upon the finest of edges between Tritheism on one side, and Sabellianism, if I know what that is, on the other. I may confidently say I feel no such straitness and peril in using the Latin forms.

In the French manual of devotion referred to above, compiled by Dupanloup from Bossuet, I find the invocations running: —

> Père céleste, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié de nous.
> Fils Rédempteur du monde, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié de nous.
> Saint-Esprit, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié de nous.
> Sainte Trinité, qui êtes un seul Dieu, ayez pitié de nous.

I use the words "God the Son" and "God the Holy Ghost" both in public and in private. I have used them in private the very day I write this. I should not hesitate to perform the Marriage Service, though the words are there, the Church of England having taken that opportunity of inculcating its very "highest," that is, its most unintelligible doctrine. I have continually, up to the present time, used the Catechism for children, though I must say that if the question, "What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief," could be put for the first time to the entire Anglo-Saxon race, I feel quite sure that not one of them, young or old, would return the second and third answers, or answers even like unto them.

The truth is that in religious matters everybody expects to be called on to say what he does not understand; and they who impose the words evidently are the last to wish them to be intelligible. The writers of our Hymn Books adapt their theory of

the Divine Being and operations to the exigencies of the metre and the rhyme. They invoke whatever they please and find convenient, and they abandon their theology at a moment's notice for the sake of a happy fourth line. The sentences of a sermon succeed one another too rapidly to make sense strictly necessary. So religious people are habituated to be random in their expressions. They speak in unknown tongues, for others to interpret if they can.

CHAPTER CXXI.

THE SAINTS.

Most Anglicans will agree that the one Roman practice that rises above all the rest in the strange and startling character it presents to their unaccustomed eyes is the worship of the Virgin. To me it was the greatest difficulty, and what I could least turn round, or get over, or smooth away. Walking as I was, nay almost running, towards Rome, I yet seemed to find all my work begin again when there rose before me this Queen of Heaven who seemed to occupy the place of all else that was Divine — of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit — of Holy Scripture, of Sacraments, and of the Catholic Church itself. Is it possible that this can be right and true? Does the Scripture give any warrant for it? Is the mother of our Lord so prominent a figure in the Gospel narratives, or are the few passages relating to her so explicit, so peremptory, and so tremendous? When the Bridegroom had gone, the mother might be the consolation for His absence. But does she emerge in the Acts, and shine brighter as the night darkened while the Epistles were written? True, all must admit the Revelation of St. John the Divine to occupy a debatable place in this matter, but yet most will think it to be interpreted by comparison with the other Scriptures of the New Testament, especially those by the same writer, and nearest to it in time.

Of course most Protestants feel that hundreds of worshippers on their knees before a gaudily dressed female figure, nay sometimes before a perfectly black and scarcely human physiognomy, traditionally held to be an image of the Virgin, from some preternatural source, constitute a spectacle that they must recoil from with horror. There is not even room for doubt here, they will say, and there can be no occasion to search the Scriptures to see if these things be so.

But I was now a traveller in search of truth, and it was my duty to throw nothing aside till I had looked at it, and considered what was to be said for it. In the first place, for more than a thousand years, saints, theologians, martyrs, the salt of the earth, the men that had held fast the faith and preserved it for us, and that had continually rescued the civilized world from relapsing into prehistoric savagery, had done what these simple folk were doing. They had undoubtedly worshipped and invoked the Virgin, and bound themselves in special devotion to her service. But for the place long held by the Blessed Virgin in the heart and mind of man, I should not have been a Fellow of Oriel, for Oriel would never have been; and I should not have gone to Normandy, nay, I am very sure I should never have been at all. All these good men, who so marvellously combined the faculties of thought and belief found incompatible in our times, must have had something to say for the worship of the Virgin, and for her great exaltation; indeed, as it strikes us, her super-eminence.

Let us handle the matter in a rational, cold-blooded manner, not shrinking from the consequences. "Is the Mother of our Lord now existing?" Yes. I believe that all fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters

are now existing. Nature, speaking generally, has disposed of their bodies, so far as we can trace her work; but their souls remain. So I read in Homer, in Virgil, and in the New Testament, though not quite so certainly in the Old. I even find this fond belief struggling against counter-influences and philosophies in Horace, and blazing into deification in the great Pagan Empire. This existence I am permitted to believe is a conscious and active existence; I say not in all cases, for many poor creatures can hardly be said to have a conscious and active existence in this life, and if they are kept like chrysalises for a few thousand years before they emerge in a winged state, it might conceivably be no great loss, either to themselves, or to the world from which they have disappeared.

The next step of the inquiry is a larger one, for it introduces not only sentience, but free will and moral government, into the limbo of cold shades, as we deem them. Is there indeed a great cloud of witnesses all about us? Do our forefathers commune with our thoughts in our own houses? Do the old saints assist at our worship, our old statesmen in our cabinets and councils? Do our long line of sovereigns still sit on thrones over us; indeed are we ourselves but the visible ranks of a vast army, resembling the armies of modern warfare, that never show themselves, but do their work without being seen?

It is very true that in the New Testament there is next to nothing as to the state of the departed, and their coöperation in human affairs. It seems there to be regarded as an accidental or exceptional matter that Christians died at all, so much was the mind of the Church engrossed in the speedy coming of the

Lord. It is impossible to find anything positive as to the state of the departed; equally impossible to find anything negative. Is it a case in which nature is left to take its course? The tendency of nature has always been positive, for wherever men have had proper affections and high intelligence, they have almost invariably believed the souls of the great and good to be interested in human affairs, accessible to human approaches, and potent for good, indeed occasionally for ill. The epithet of "fond" applied by the 22d Article to this and other doctrines can only mean that they are the teaching of nature.

But is nature no authority in this matter? How often have I read touching epitaphs, not only in churchyards, where there are "fond" things enough to be found everywhere, but on the marble tablets inside, expressing the belief that the departed wife will still aid the lonely husband, and the departed daughter still comfort the parents' weeping eyes!

There necessarily then arises the question of human relations. Will fathers still be fathers, mothers still mothers, sons and daughters still sons and daughters? Will the greater virtues and faculties and positions be glorified and perpetuated? I had myself at this time ever thought it must be so, for it was inconceivable that they should be suddenly determined like the compact between our poor material elements, or our common earthly engagements. Are not our relations parts of our identity, and how can a man be the same if not only everything about him and his tabernacle of clay, but the whole matter of spiritual identity is to be changed, nothing surviving but a "character," whatever that may be?

I am aware that what is called a vigorous under-

standing and a "masculine" Christianity will on English soil reject all such speculations; but I could never be sure they would not reject everything beyond the range of the senses. Doubters are very apt to stay just where they are, doubting forever, certainly in this world, possibly, to their great loss, in the next. Believers are apt to believe too much, and to end in the lesser beliefs that undermine the greater and neutralize their proper effect. But they that are resolute to disbelieve, whenever they think they may, go on believing less and less and less, till they believe nothing at all.

CHAPTER CXXII.

"MARIOLATRY."

But I must return to that which is the great rock of offence, the one thing which innumerable Christians not unfavorably disposed to the Church of Rome say they cannot get over; the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and, as they add, the substitution of her worship for all other Christianity. Of Scriptural warrant, or even guiding landmark, they say there is hardly any. Instead thereof, visions and traditions have had to be alleged to make a case, that is, when a case is demanded. As before, I ask what is the teaching of nature, which I presume to be not wholly out of court in this matter? What became of the household of Nazareth, when death finally released it from its earthly ties? For thirty years was Jesus living there, in the completest obedience, and in the most loving interchange of kindnesses, and even benefits.

It was a real and true companionship. It was an actual family. Jesus was no shadow. He was not a piece of Divine mechanism. He was not deceiving Mary and Joseph with a show of goodness. He was not acting the part of a son. We cannot doubt that He loved Mary to the fullness of his nature, which was Divine. It would be a very idle refinement to say that He loved her as man only, for in Him the human and Divine nature were united. That nature, human and Divine, he bore with him to heaven.

But what is human nature without its objects and belongings? What, indeed, do we think of the man who has no sooner risen a step, than he begins to be ashamed of his humble relatives? We despise him as a traitor to the dignity of true human nature, a hollow counterfeit, a thing formed by vulgar fashion, the circumstances of the hour.

The love of Mary and of Joseph could not be bound by conditions of space or time. We may think it a terrible presumption to place Mary, and Joseph the carpenter, whose very name and profession were a reproach to Jesus, near the throne of the universe. But it would be a far more terrible presumption to place them anywhere else. Can we possibly suppose them to be laid deep in the dull catacombs of an intermediate state, waiting the solemnity of the trumpet call? Can we suppose them somewhere, walking sadly and pensively in laurel groves? Can we suppose them enjoying that mere rest which is of all things the most wearisome? Can we imagine them relegated for ages to some corner of the universe, out of sight, and out of mind? Would the Son intermit His love, and stop the flow of His affection for thousands of years, till the time arrived for the reappearance of Joseph and Mary in the innumerable crowd to be then gathered, and separated right and left? In a word, is there any one positive conception of the present state of Joseph and Mary so natural and so reasonable as that they are now with Christ, and where He is, at the right hand of the Father. Grant that this last expression is only a way of stating that which is really past our understanding, there is nothing inconceivable in Joseph and Mary being now with Jesus of Nazareth.

It is true that all that we ever imagine of these supremely favored personages, of Christ, and of the saints, and indeed of all departed spirits, must be under the correction that in their case time and space are no more. They are in the presence of God, and that is all the account we can give of their habitation, their ways, and their mode of being. But this leaves the Love that never faileth, and that knows no difference between time and eternity, the finite and the infinite, the only guide of our speculations, destroying thereby all the barriers which human jealousy may choose to place between the Son of God and the daughter of man.

Then with another long step we come to the questions, Can Mary hear us? What can she do for us? Why should she do anything for us when Christ is all-sufficient, ready to hear, and ready to save? Is not this to make Mary ubiquitous, omniscient, all-powerful, and Divine? Such questions are often asked as if they were quite conclusive, and as if no satisfactory answer were possible. But the greatest power that the human mind can conceive stops short of the infinite and the Divine. With the mechanical agencies wielded by modern civilization there is nothing inconceivable, or even difficult, in the idea of the whole human race being put in loving accord and intellectual relation with one person. Surely the great Artificer of the universe, wielding forces far surpassing our knowledge, could delegate to whomsoever He will what He pleases of His sovereignty.

It would only correspond to the greater part of the work done here below. Vicarious agency is the rule of human life. Nearly all mankind find themselves greatly beholden to others for their spiritual comfort

and progress. Everybody wants help of some sort or other. The most confident and independent have to admit, as regards themselves, that they are occupying a mediatorial position, and that they are the ordained receivers and dispensers of mercy, truth, and grace. But whatever is done on earth can undoubtedly be done more easily as well as better in heaven. If Christ tolerates such poor rulers and such poor teachers as we find below, why may He not have good servants above, doing His work better?

But what proof, what sign is there of all this? some will say. The answer is, that proofs and signs are not always necessary, and certainly are not always insisted on. We frequently shape and color the unknown from the known. What guide have we for the future except the past? We cannot help imagining heaven in some fashion or other. The vulgar conception is rest, freedom from earthly pains and cares, singing hymns and shining bright in glorious apparel, with crowns on our heads and palms in our hands. Can we really believe that to be the fit consummation and meet reward of a Christian statesman, theologian, or philosopher? If these ideas are founded on texts addressed to the common understanding, may not even more be built upon such texts as that which describes the Disciples as governing the twelve tribes of Israel, and that which promises ten cities to him that has done his duty by one? But the attempt to reach the skies by heaping one idea upon another, the probable upon the probable, the possible on the possible, the conceivable on the conceivable, is in truth heaping Pelion on Ossa.

That in some way and in truth Christ governs the

world, we daily say, and, it is to be hoped, we believe. So are we told; so has it been handed down to us; we cannot question the propriety, and we have accepted the probability so long and so fully that it is easier now to believe than not to believe. But Englishmen have not been born and bred to believe in the Syrian household, the inmates of the carpenter's shop, assisted by cousins, brothers, or neighbors, doing this mighty work; the gentle Matron now as prominent a figure, as specially loved and as immediately obeyed by all the powers of earth and heaven, as when the Babe sat on her lap, or the Son helped in the household offices. Where are we to stop, if indeed it is wished we should stop anywhere, when we read the title, "The Mother of God," won by generations of controversy, and still resolutely claimed for Mary of Nazareth?

There is no disguising the matter. The new Trinity has displaced the old in Roman Catholic countries. The Church of England has long constituted itself the Protector of the Trinity, as Trinitarians understand it, and it fights with national pugnacity for that driest and quaintest of all formulas, the Athanasian Creed; but the new Trinity is most intelligible, most agreeable to behold, and most easy to approach. Instead of the rustic worshipper having to repeat, with stammering accents and intellect lagging far, far behind, a long jingling rhapsody playing on logical terms, he now sees his own dear household in its sweetest earthly form, with its hopes still to be fulfilled, all as it should be, and as it ought to be for ever.

Was it not Mary that bore the Babe, that nursed the Babe, that fed Him, and that taught Him to say

His prayers to His Heavenly Father, and to sing hymns to Him, and to make proper obeisances, and be a good and dutiful and very gentle child? Was is not she that introduced the Babe to His own inheritance, His own kingdom, and His own subjects, to the flowers, and the creatures, to the budding trees and the changing skies, to the Temple, and to the crowded shores of the Lake of Gennesaret? Was it not she that taught the Babe to pity all, even the unpitying and unpitiable, showing more by look than by word what she felt as Priest and Levite passed her humble door on their ways to and fro between synagogues, public places, and well-to-do houses? Was not her house the early school of Him who was to be the Teacher of the world? What is a Revelation for if it is not to reveal something intelligible? Who brings a light in order to leave us still groping about in darkness, and falling one upon another?

The largest and at the same time the dearest foreshadowing of the Christian future is, that as we believe ourselves to be now in Him and He in us, so we may confidently trust that wherever He is, there we shall be, and that this indwelling will not be anything passive or dormant, but the sharing of a mighty work in our respective capacities. To no one among all that God has made can this promise apply so directly and closely as to Mary of Nazareth. Whatever we hope and believe of ourselves we must hope and believe of her, and believe it, too, in the sense appertaining only to her.

Putting together the argument, if argument there be, we can conceive this glimpse of heaven, this reunion of the family of Nazareth. It is probable, and

it has as much Scriptural authority as can be found for any other doctrine.

But we all of us know that with the vast majority of mankind there is no such thing as argument, and there can be no such thing. They walk in the lines of habit, custom, and tradition, doing as those before them did, and those around are still doing. The wise tell us this is generally the best thing people can do, for, resting upon custom, when the custom is gone and the habit interrupted, they know not what to do or think, and become nothing at all. In these days, however, it is not everybody that is permitted to live that life of unthinking and unconscious duty and observance, which even George Herbert pined for, but could not obtain. We are not all allowed to graze in sweet pastures, to quench our thirst at the pure stream, or to be as trees waving their foliage in the soft western breeze. We find ourselves compelled to defend our own beliefs, and to attack as well as defend.

What, then, becomes our rule, that is, our actual rule? The answer is easy, too easy indeed. The generation of belief is soon told. It is the child of will. People believe what they wish to believe, and they wish to believe that which suits their interests, their tastes, or their prejudices. Other views, other arguments, may be implanted in them to-day, but only to be found dead to-morrow. Whatever finds its way into them requires food, and if the food be not there, the ungenial and really unwelcome intruder dies for lack of it. Faith is a living, and therefore a dying thing. It is not a stone cut to shape, insoluble, imperishable, and holding its ground because indigestible. It must grow and develop, or disappear;

and its growth must be by the accretion of kindred elements.

People do not like to be told they believe what they wish to believe, and what suits their temper or their cards, but they are nevertheless often angry at the beliefs of those about them, and such anger recognizes the prevalence of will and the supremacy of the moral nature in the decision of religious questions. We are not angry with the man who is simply a member of some unchangeable order, one herring in a shoal, one worm in a coral reef, one leaf on a tree. We are angry with the man who appears to have a will and a taste, and whose will and taste clash with our own will and our taste.

That belief is a matter of taste and of will appears on the face of history, and in no historical records more plainly than our own. There we find arguments, authorities, records, texts, becoming at once as the chaff of the floor or the dust of the earth before the strong will of a man, or a woman, bending the nation to her own fancies or her own purposes. As a rule the English parent assumes that nothing in the head or in the heart of the child ought to prevail, in the matter of religious belief, against the parental authority. The parent insists on the child adopting the hereditary belief, and would seldom condescend to argument as having any place in the question. What is this but to admit that all arguments, all authorities, all Scriptural proofs and analogies, are but material to be played with in sight of a foregone conclusion? But foregone conclusions have their day. They betray the violence of will. They provoke counter obstinacies. They who have been compelled for years to believe or not believe, to reason or not

to reason, at the word of command, find themselves one day their own masters, and though they may repeat the tyranny they resent, and dictate as imperiously as their fathers did before them, it will generally be in a somewhat different direction.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

ROMISH INVENTIONS.

But what healthy taste, and what will that is not rather wilfulness than free will, can accept the enormous lies, fables, pretended miracles, and alleged revelations of the Church of Rome? Such is the indignant cry of Protestant writers, who seem to have discovered for the first time the large part played by the imagination in human affairs when they hear this or that marvellous Church story.

It is a comfort to be assured by these bursts of outraged reason, that the sense, or at least the profession, of truth survives, and is not afraid to declare itself. Yet any one who knows anything of human affairs must be aware that lying performs a large, and not wholly injurious or discreditable part in them. The same Almighty who has created us without a window in our foreheads or in our breasts, and who has given every one of us a council chamber for the management of our little affairs of state, has also ordained an infinite number of circumstances, the whole truth of which it is unnecessary to bestow on the world. With regard to all these matters, it is held to be sufficient to give the world just as much as it has a right to ask, and no more. If upon finding his natural defences suddenly forced, a man happens, from an unreadiness, to say that which is not literally true, he throws the blame on those that practised on his weakness or his simplicity.

But it is quite impossible to communicate the real state of things, in any matter of religion, morality, or politics without an intermixture of error. We may flatter ourselves that the utterance proceeds from us without distortion or alloy, but it has to pass through other media, and receive their refraction or their hue.

But will this account for the enormous circumstantial inventions and forgeries of Rome? Grant that it will not. Grant that some of these inventions — to be content with one of them, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin — is simply a forgery and nothing more, let us consider what these inventions come to.

As a rule inventions are made, or adopted, in confirmation or illustration of existing probabilities. A fable is a fictitious representation of a truth, and the more popular, the more ancient, and the more widespread the fable, the more strongly does it testify to the universality of the truth. Baseless itself, a pure invention indeed, and utterly incredible, it fills the imagination with a scene, and the mind with a moral belief.

Nobody ever yet supposed that any dog had dropped a bit of meat while snapping at its shadow, or that any lion had ever invited an ass to share his sport and divide the game, or that any porcupine had ever sought refuge from a shower in a snake's hole and then declined to quit it, or that any tortoise had run a race with a hare and won; but these stories were both picturesque, and they also illustrated what frequently occurred in human life. Every attempt to teach the ways of human life with real and practical illustration labors under great disadvantages, as must be immediately apparent to any one who makes it.

This, of course, is specially the case in dealing with the young and the uninformed. They cannot take in the ideas or the facts of real life ; they cannot follow moral consequences or estimate moral probabilities. They will dispute every allegation, and insist on reducing all human affairs to their own imperfect reflex and puny proportions. They as quickly reject the details necessary to establish any case, and are then worse than they were before, for they have triumphed over truth, and made facts contemptible. But if you tell them of all the beasts once choosing an ape for their king, or of all the trees of the forest electing a bramble bush, or if you tell them of a fox and a crane exchanging hospitalities, and the former putting his fare in a plate, and the latter into a long-necked pitcher, you make no demands on their faith or their experience, but you leave a highly suggestive and indelible picture, which may be said to be substantially true.

The prevalence of such fables does not in the slightest degree militate against the probability of the moral truths represented ; on the contrary it testifies thereto. Nobody could ever say he was certain there were no people capable of "blowing hot and cold," because he was certain that no satyr had ever kicked out a traveller who seemed to do so ; indeed that there never was such a being as a satyr.

Bunyan palmed a prodigious revelation on the Christian world. But he disarmed criticism by the candid avowal that it was a lie from beginning to end, so far as all the particulars were concerned. Yet his wonderful power enabled him to give this fiction all the force of truth, and it is frequently said that the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost" have

done more to form the religious faith of this country than the Bible.

In the course of a controversy raging within and without on every point of the Christian faith, and making a continual defence against injurious objections, the Church arrived at various beliefs, amongst them the exaltation of the family of Nazareth to the court of heaven, and the restoration of the desolate Mother to her true Son. Filling up first one void, then another, in the vast conception, it imagined such a Mother as such a Son would have, the almost necessary companion of His glorified humanity. This might be incredible, but it is not inconceivable, that is if we are at liberty to conceive anything at all of what is, and what passes in heaven. It is as conceivable, for example, as anything in the Revelation of John the Divine. It is far more conceivable than what Milton tells us of the conversations in heaven.

But there were still more voids to be filled, each successive supplement drawing still more boldly on the stock of probability. How did Mary pass through the grave and gate of death, and how did she rise to heaven? It could not be as a common mortal. She who, for aught we read, had never left her Son, but for some brief absences, from the cradle to the Cross, must, like Him, rise in glorified humanity to His throne in heaven.

Hence the story of the Assumption. The belief was never founded on that story. The story was founded on the belief, and testifies to the fact of that belief. The belief which was universal required a defined shape, and that shape at length it found. It was, then, equally probable, but equally wanting circumstantial record and doctrinal form, that this per-

sonage, all but Divine, if indeed not Divine, should have her share in the Divine government, and have rights of worship. The saints already had this on a lesser scale. There must be testimony and particulars for this.

Hence the thousands of legends of the Blessed Virgin's appearance and interposition. It was a common belief, taking various local forms. The immense variety, and almost evidently fictitious character of those legends, only testify to a belief which in itself is scarcely less conceivable than the universal reign of the risen Saviour, and only less probable. Of those professing Christians who utterly reject the one belief, a very large proportion as utterly reject the other. But no amount of error, of imposture, of absolute nonsense, can affect the probabilities upon which both are founded.

Truth and goodness always will be preyed on and counterfeited. But even if the representation of a truth be false in its particulars, it may not be materially and substantially false. We tolerate too readily much substantial untruth. We tolerate historians that give all the virtues to one party, and all the vices to the other. We tolerate one-sided biographies of heroes or saints, who could have told us a very different story of one another. We have all our history written backwards, in order to square it with modern ideas. We see no dishonesty in this. Yet the people who thus invent history and poison the wells of knowledge are most piously indignant at stories that only pictured old beliefs and invested them with proper circumstances.

What, then, is the moral to be drawn from a general view of all this questionable matter? We are

driven back to the conceivable and the probable, as far as it runs in the lines of Scripture and of the Church and has the adequate guarantee of general agreement. But now comes the greater question. This probability any one who is not born and bred and tied and wedded to a system has to measure for himself; and, as I have said above, his measure will be very much what he likes, and what therefore he wills.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

THE FIELD OF IMAGINATION.

THERE is no faculty so universal as that of conceiving beings out of our knowledge, and circumstances out of our experience. When the philosopher laid down that novelties can only be tested by experience, he put on it a burden it has always refused to bear. The result is that there is no public property so universal, so vast, so fertile, so unfailing, as that region of fancy in which the mind creates or accepts creations. What they profess to be signifies little. They may have gained admittance as possible verities, or as plausible fictions; they may have claimed to instruct or to amuse; they may have demanded entrance or insinuated themselves. Once in, they hold their ground and become part of our existence. One thing they are not. They are not matter-of-fact, probable, reasonable creatures. They are above human nature, or below it, or beside it altogether. They are incarnations. They occupy the mind and monopolize it. We may say that they are inventions, and that they are indeed nothing at all; but they possess us, influence us, master us, and are our lords. The historian is always hampered with the difficulties of circumstances, the conflict of authorities, and the obligations of truth. The novelist, the poet, or the dramatist soars over mundane obstacles. He creates personages, principalities, and powers, in the air.

The art of giving life and form to names and senseless things is envied alike by historians, philosophers, and naturalists. They are forced to bring poetry and invention to their aid, investing men with angelic natures, brute creatures with reason, and matter with far-seeing aspirations and concerted action. We boast that this is a matter-of-fact age, and that nothing is taught, sanctioned, or upheld that cannot be mathematically demonstrated. Yet never before did fiction in a thousand forms occupy so large a part of the current literature. Never before were inventions of the most monstrous and irrational character a regular part of education. In the presence of so great a fact we must assume this to be the order of Providence and the constitution of our nature. We cannot know everything, or more than a very little. What we do know we cannot know rightly. We must see fact itself through a medium of fiction. But of pure fiction itself we can all take in a considerable quantity, a whole world of it indeed.

Yet this fiction necessarily, and certainly in fact, occupies a rank midway between earth and heaven, between experience and imagination, between our sufferings and our aspirations, between our own short tether and the illimitable range of higher powers. Here is a whole firmament to be filled just as we choose to fill it. May we not at least suspect that all this is a lost and ruined realm, made to be furnished with better stuff, and peopled with nobler beings than the creations of men avowedly disdaining the higher in comparison with the lower affinities? It may be impossible to repair the vast and inveterate injuries of time. A true and wholesome hagiology may be now as impossible as unity or other primitive

grace. Yet may not that be lamented, and may we not dwell on that which might have been? The Church of England has swept out of all recollection fifteen centuries of great, good, and holy men, with all their works, whatever they were. What does it show instead? In its own lines it can show some learned and exemplary divines, one or two Christian poets, and a few ladies of rank and piety. When it wants to produce a cloud of witnesses, it has to look out of its own lines, and borrow for a momentary display the names of men who spent their whole lives in one long protest against it.

When the Church of England had done its best to destroy the traces and the very memory of thousands of saints, by a singular retribution it became barren. The very idea of the man or woman favored with extraordinary grace and living a Divine life is extinct, except in forms specially adapted to our aristocratic or literary preferences. The Wesleyans and some other dissenters have a copious hagiology, in which the humbler classes have their proportion of numbers and honor. The Church of England seems to show a positive jealousy of the saint "from the ranks." My Oxford friends very early noted and lamented the void, and caught eagerly at new books that seemed to offer Christian experiences in the humbler class of life. Wood's "Death-bed Scenes and Pastoral Conversations" was hailed as a promising novelty, and widely recommended to young clergymen. The book at once interested and disappointed me. I felt it clever and instructive, but very unreal, as if out of the writer's own head. When the "Tracts for the Times" were started, Thomas Keble, I believe it was, either described or conjured up one Rob-

ert Nelson, a humble and pious inquirer after the Anglican fashion. I am not in a condition to say how far he succeeded. Very soon after there appeared right and left of the movement a vast cloud of auxiliaries in still brighter array. Samuel and Robert Wilberforce, Adams, Paget, Gresley, Parkinson, Neale, E. Monro, and a host of writers ushered to the world by Mr. Burns, were now writing for the young fictions more or less founded on fact. Actual religious biography came in but slowly. Since those days I have occasionally heard of exceptional Christians in cottages who received the testimony of a sermon or a tract. They emerge and sink again out of notice; known for a time in a neighborhood, never at all in the country at large. A collection of such memorials would be a valuable addition to our scanty Anglican records.

Though Newman was himself one example amongst many of a man as well read in all the best works of imagination as in those of history or philosophy, and therefore proving the compatibility of the three, nevertheless it is evident that imagination is always covering new ground and displacing serious thought and study. It dominates in our nurseries, in our drawing-rooms, in our elementary schools, as well as in our theatres. It holds its ground with a tenacity out of all proportion to its reasonable claims. In most memories its characters survive conquerors, kings, and statesmen; its most trifling or impossible incidents are remembered with accuracy when revolutions and civil wars are forgotten; its moral lessons are still recognized amid the wreck of decalogues, constitutions, and creeds. In an interval of sober reason a man asks himself the value of this immense

visionary world. He answers quickly that in matter of fact it is nothing at all, but that it is all substantially true, inasmuch as the sentiment is genuine, the morality good, and the philosophy sound.

Forty years ago we had arrived at the question, Was the Church alone to be shut out of this fairy-land? Was it not to be allowed to dredge in the deep sea of mediæval tradition, to bring up all that came into its net, for people to deal with as they please? Here were the actual records. They were written, it is true, by monks who had to please their masters or their readers. The tales, novels, and still larger class of books combining imagination with fact are also written for masters and readers. The "Calendar" and "Lives of the English Saints," advertised in the last number of the "British Critic," no doubt contain a good deal that is startling and past the powers of a modern imagination. But when these saints present themselves and their wonderful stories, demanding admission, and at least a hearing, it cannot be said that there is no place for them, or that we have not the faculty for comprehending such beings, or that we are better employed. Of course it will be replied that between mediæval legends and modern works of imagination there is the saving difference that the former profess to be true, the latter to be fictitious. Even if that were quite true it would not much affect the comparison, for when we have allowed ourselves to be possessed with an ideal personage, it does not much matter whence he came or what are his credentials.

The truth is, even if we have made these idols of the imagination with our own hands — and many of us have so made them — they work upon us as effect-

ually as if they were real and living beings; often far more injuriously.

After all, these legends are the chief material left for filling up the enormous gap that we call the "Middle Ages." We possess annals, indeed, still with the monkish taint upon them; documents, title-deeds, and what the antiquary can make out of heaving turf and mouldering wall. But none of these give the life, the faith, and the thoughts of the once mighty people from whom we are descended. Historians despair of rousing interest for the battles of kites and crows. When Kingsley wished to introduce Saxons and Normans to his Modern History class, he substituted a tale for annals. Living historians are throwing overboard men and things, and giving us in their stead the successive developments of principle and the irresistible instincts of class, position, and power. Not only Divine intervention but the human will itself disappears into the inevitable sequence of causation.

Maitland, working in the Lambeth Library, and Sir F. Palgrave, undertook in their respective ways the restitution of the Middle Ages, and of monkish literature, art, and science, to their due place in history. They would both probably think themselves taken at more than their word by Newman's "Lives of the English Saints." This, however, is an age of discovery and of exhumation. An immense quantity of documents, hitherto buried in archives and muniment rooms, in public and private collections, have been published in series. The principle of entire and unreserved publication is now universally accepted. Everybody is to be allowed to use his own judgment upon the originals. It would have been

quite impossible at this date (1843) to publish the "Lives" with selection, omission, suppression, or curtailment of any kind.

Though the publication *en masse* was thoroughly in accordance with the modern English usage, and was certainly a bold reply to a crowd of jesters, yet I believe most Roman Catholics of the old school would call it unnecessary. They concern themselves very little about these legends. They are not called on to accept everything, nor is it their business to disparage anything. Few indeed of them know anything about these matters which so much trouble Protestants. They can refer to a local tradition or a quaint personage, much in the same tone as an English gentleman would in giving the history of the monastic founders of his house and his estate.

The English Protestant may go to St. Peter's every day for a winter without seeing the least sign of a relic or a miraculous legend. If he goes to the metropolitan church of St. John Lateran, he will see a nave adorned with the colossal white marble statues of the Apostles, and nothing more. But his guide-book will probably tell him of wonderful relics at both churches. Hope Scott greatly desired to see the treasures accumulated in the "Confession" — that is, the crypt of St. Peter's, and asked the Pope for an order. Pio Nono told him he must go to the Dean for that; but he added, "I have not seen them myself."

At the Lateran the stranger has been told of a cloister remarkable for its fine twisted columns of Alexandrine mosaic. Through a small side-door he passes into it and finds himself in another world. A vast quantity of relics are piled against the walls,

as if it were a curiosity shop, looking very dirty and neglected. The one that dwells in my memory is a slab perforated, so the legend is, by the fall of the Host upon it. I need not say that few Italian or French gentlemen believe in legends, but alas! few of them believe anything at all.

CHAPTER CXXV.

HOLY WRIT.

I HAD never read the Bible much in a devotional way, nor cared to hear it so read, except in church, or on the rare occasions of it being read exceptionally well. There is hardly a chapter which does not bring up a passage of doubtful significance, and it was always an extreme annoyance to me to find myself expected to accept a conventional sense, which was sometimes no sense at all, but rather an expedient to evade the obvious sense. Sixty years ago the interpretation of Scripture was one vast mass of conventionalisms, very galling, very oppressive, yet not to be touched as you would value your peace and character. Should any one have the temerity to express a doubt whether the words "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie," were point blank against purgatory, or whether the "works" contrasted by St. Paul with "faith," included Christian obedience in the same category as Jewish ordinances, he must be an atheist, or, still worse, a Papist in disguise. More than fifty years ago I was with Golightly at my Lincolnshire friend's, Mr. Wayland, whose wife was very clever and very good after the fashion of the time. She quoted as a promise of support in the hour of need the words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Golightly, with much solemnity interposed, "If you will excuse me, ma'am,

that is not the exact sense of the original," which he was proceeding to explain. He was, however, interrupted in return. "That 's just the way of you Oxford gentlemen. You are taking away from us, one after another, all the texts which are our comfort and our stay, till we shall have none left." I might not myself be so careful as Golightly to ascertain the true sense of popular texts, but I had come to regard nothing with so much suspicion as popular interpretation.

Hence, possibly, my present questionings were less reverent and more impatient than they might have been. I had to seek, and I did seek, for a clue through this sea of doubtful interpretations; but I was not much of a Biblical scholar, and still less read in the Fathers, or even in our own divines. The latter are a wordy race, and one has to be a long time getting at the pith of their meaning. Some of them seem to have no other art than that of disguising the weakness of their convictions.

My general impression of the Church of England was that it told you to use your common sense, which upon a favorable estimate of yourself would be the teaching of the Holy Spirit. It appeared to be universally agreed that Scripture, which was to be the rule of our faith, must be, to use the words of a popular misinterpretation, a book that they who ran might read. That is, incapable of misinterpretation except by those wilfully prone to error. This being the case, any orthodox reader, or any "spiritually minded" reader, would find this common sense a sufficient guide.

What common sense may have been in former days, and what in other countries now, I know not,

but in England it is a personal gift, each one having a common sense of his own, and no two agreeing, unless their tastes and objects happen to be the same, or they resort to the same Commentary. Any one who selected such portions of Scripture as his own common sense or his favorite Commentator's told him were of real value to him personally, and in these times, and then applied that common sense to their interpretation, seemed to me very liable to self-deceit, and no guide to earnest inquirers. He might answer his own purpose by the method, for that was what he wanted, but it was all. It was quite impossible to say what people would not drop altogether out of count, and what significance would attach to the scant remainder, under the guidance of an inward monitor, itself the creature of habit and the slave of the will. The appeal to common sense seemed to me, "Believe just as much as suits you, and understand it as you please."

All that does very well, so long as you have no other wish than to float indolently in some sluggish old stream of traditional interpretation. But I was now at sea — such a sea, indeed, as if I had really embarked on the perilous voyage once proposed to me by William Froude. Forgotten texts reappeared, slumbering questions awoke, and passages that had long lain, as it were, in the trough of the sea, were now curling over head, and threatening to overwhelm me.

One thing was now very plain to me. It was that while the traditional interpretations of the Church of England, in the line of the Thirty-nine Articles, were very timorous and reticent in one direction, they were very negative in another. There are people so con-

stitutionally and habitually given to negatives that they have extinguished the power of definition and assent in themselves, and in those who submit to their influence. It is dangerous for preachers to tell people that many hundred passages in Scripture cannot mean what they seem to mean, and in fact have no meaning that concerns us. Hearers who are so disposed, and many are so disposed, readily hail the suggestion that Scripture generally bears whatever sense you may wish to put upon it, down to no sense at all. I was then in no mood to bow down to this idol of "common sense" as the rule of Scriptural interpretation. It was the teaching of men who exalted common sense over theology, and deprecated its usurpations in all other branches of knowledge, in arts and in sciences. I had now been many years under a very different teaching, under which much of Holy Writ, that had been dead before, now lived to me. Newman had always seemed to me to start from the axiom that Scripture must mean something, while even pious people were content that much of it should mean nothing, and had better be left unintelligible. I am aware that there are those who think that literal interpretation was Newman's great error, indeed the chief account to be given of a life's aberration from the wise Anglican course. I should myself say that he did cherish and freely use the literal sense, without, however, binding himself to it, or seeing nothing in a text but the outside. Inside and outside, the buried ore and the glistering surface, had both come from heaven, and he would turn both to account. If you use a text simply for illustration, you must take it as it is, for neither eloquence nor exhortation loves the critical mood.

On the whole I was prepared to find more than the great Family Bible of the period would allow me. I was prepared to go forward in the direction of faith. It is true that I was as a poor weakling, who insists on joining an Alpine adventure when he cannot but break down at the first pinch ; or as the multitudes that hung on the Crusades, to fall out and die on the long march.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

THROUGHOUT the great controversy of that day the choice lay between two things which, if not equally questioned, were equally questionable. First of all came the great question whether the Anglican Church should aim at a more Catholic form and manner; and, to use the old familiar phrase, set better the bone badly set at the Reformation. The other alternative was imminent and hideous. It was to let the Church of England settle down like a scuttled ship under the combined attacks of Liberal unbelievers, rationalists, dissenters of every variety, and parties and schools in the Church who also had their future, and who were ready to combine for any act of destruction.

Then for the Sacramental question, and the practices depending on it. I have always maintained and do still maintain, that the Church of England allows the widest scope on these subjects, and abstains from imposing either of the two conflicting theories on those who seek her sacraments. But at the period I am writing of there was a confident and very general expectation that the Church of England was to be speedily made more comprehensive not upwards but downwards, by the removal of everything disagreeable to Liberals, Dissenters, and the Anti-Sacramentarians in her own bosom.

Then there was the lamentable fact that, in our towns, Communion was almost confined to the well-to-do-classes, the mass of the people being so far out of the pale, and without that which, as children, they had been taught was a necessary of spiritual life.

Nothing has raised more Protestant indignation than the reservation, the exhibition, and the carrying about of the Host, the Victim once slain for the sins of the world. But do we in any way bring before the masses of our people the great saving truths thus feebly represented? Again, it might be all well for the Anglicans to denounce the invocation of Saints, and the worship of the Virgin, but here in their own system and practice was an absolute blank. Separated by the Reformation from the Church of all ages and all lands, the Church of England has no Church in heaven to call its own, and shows not even the desire to communicate with it, or to be sure that there is such a Church at all. It peoples the spiritual universe with the Father and the Son, and certain emblematic representations of the Spirit, which the Western Church, somewhat roughly, declares to proceed from Them.

As for the departed generally, it allows the survivors to indulge in their own fancies, so as they do not force them on their neighbors.

The national mind revolts from the sacerdotal form of confession, absolution, and penance; but even the national mind laments, in its more tender moods, that confession is not made except in the most gregarious fashion; that absolution is not sought, that penance is not endured, and that retribution is a forgotten idea.

Again, we have turned out statues and pictures

from the inside of our churches. But we yet miss sadly something to look at, and prevent our eyes from wandering everywhere. We have nothing to fix our gaze upon except the Commandments, most known and most broken of all known laws, and the Prayer and the Creed, which by this time should be engraven too deep in our hearts to require that the text should be always before our eyes.

We denounce the authority of the Pope, and generally of the Western Church in any form whatever. But what have we instead? Lay courts, lay judges, and lay lawyers, whose only business it is to construe the acts of a legislature, the leading part of which is a House of Commons, which is not even lay, for a large part of it is not Anglican, while some are not even Christian.

Forty years ago the negative side of the Church of England, represented in all these contrasts, was rapidly increasing. The state of things just as they were did not seem a sufficient basis for defence against the general dissolution of faith threatening the Church. If we would continue to believe what we professed we must all believe more, and find in more definite ideas a protection from growing carelessness and indifference.

This growing indifference was the great fact of that day. It was a public fact, a social fact, an academic fact, a domestic fact. A man might avow any phase of unbelief, and any contempt of religion, without loss of character, in the service of the state, in society, at Oxford, and at home. It was expected of every young man in "the world." If he was wise he held his tongue, or did not needlessly shock prejudices. If he was humorously and good-naturedly pro-

fane, and could extract amusement out of such barren stuff as the Bible and the Prayer Book, he might lose a little, but he would certainly gain a reputation which slower wits or more timid hearts might envy. For everything short of fanatical and intolerant atheism, there was not only condonance, but a certain degree of admiration. Good mothers were proud to see their sons thinking for themselves, and knocking over the idols themselves were bowing to. But though impiety, and even immorality, did not signify, Popery did, and if a man so much as looked that way, he forfeited his inheritance, his prospects, his popularity, the confidence of his equals, and the love of his nearest friends.

Lees-Mich
Barnet alk, N. C.

CHAPTER CXXVII.

DISCONTINUANCE OF THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

SUCH had been the state of affairs, such my own little part in them, and such my reflections upon them, when I went to Normandy in July. To these I had added, without intending it, a large Roman Catholic experience when I returned to Salisbury Plain on September 1, 1843. Things had been going almost headlong at Oxford now for two years. No. 90 had appeared early in 1841. It was censured by Bagot, Bishop of Oxford, defended at great length by Ward, condemned by the Hebdomadal Board, which not many years after itself ceased to exist. The "Tracts for the Times" ceased at the moment when they became the best read publication of the day. Encouraged by these attacks, and by this submission, a flock of male and female vultures darkened the air, and lighted on what was left of the offending tracts and other writings of the school.

I had to look into these attacks, some worth reading, most of them not, at the rate of a score a day. When I had read a few pages, and dipped in here and there, it always occurred to me to ask why it was that these good people, so alive as they all were to the danger of believing a little too much, seemed perfectly indifferent to the certain fact that a large part of the so-called Christian world believed either nothing at all, or so little that it never showed

itself, and could never be ascertained. I then felt, and I still feel, that as matter of doctrine, that is of belief, the difference between what is held by English Churchmen, and what is held by Roman Catholics, is infinitesimal. There is absolutely no comparison between the doctrine of the Incarnation and all the special beliefs and practices dividing us from Rome. That indeed is the Continental estimate of the matter. When an ordinary French or Italian gentleman hears that a respectable English gentleman actually believes that "the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise," he sets him down as a far greater fool than the uneducated peasant who holds a few trifling and harmless superstitions. The enlightened Italian will look you in the face and tell you that if a man believes the Bible he is prepared to believe any lie, and to tell any lie; and this he says with a special regard to the great doctrines which are at once the foundation and the key of the whole structure.

Of course I admit that though the Roman Catholic additions, developments, concretions, or whatever they may be called, are infinitesimal in the scale of doctrine, the practical, that is, the political and social, difference is very great. Rome is a power; the priesthood is a power; and in the matter of confession there is the choice — if choice it may be called — between a painful submission and a burdensome neglect. But all the writers I am speaking of were riding the high horse, that is the high doctrinal question; and it was always strange to me that while they seemed utterly indifferent to pure deism, or absolute atheism, they were driven into fits by matters which are but as dust in the scales of Divine truth.

I cannot remember whether it was in 1842 or 1843 that I had had to stand before the Bishop of Salisbury at a Visitation, and listen to a carefully composed censure on the Oxford movement, with a passage which both I and my neighbors understood to be aimed at myself. My impression at the time was that it was borrowed from that passage in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, where Socrates is introduced suspended in a basket and conversing with the newly invented divinities. Certainly Socrates was not a man of position, or indeed of the world. A man who deals with Church matters, and human affairs generally, from a small village in Salisbury Plain, and who when he goes to town finds himself a man on the pavement, between his hotel and the printer, may be said to be hung in a basket. However, the Bishop was bound to say something, and, being a good classical scholar, he could not prevent the old ideas from running in his head. The "Four Tutors" had now invoked the ready intervention of the Vice-Chancellor to the rescue of the orthodoxy, or the peace and quiet of Oxford, and had won an easy, if not a pre-arranged victory. Newman had immediately met the challenge of the "Four Tutors," whom in so doing he had called the "Four Gentlemen." It did not seem to me a happy expression. They were gentlemen, of course, but they were not equally gentlemen. Tom Churton, for example, was a very queer fellow, an exception to his family, and an exception to his class. Another of the Four evidently did not know his own opinions at the time, for he soon found himself in a case to ask for a liberal interpretation, instead of disallowing it.

It did occur to me that Newman might not choose

to recognize any special right in Tutors to move the University in religious matters. They were ceasing to have anything to do with the religion of the undergraduates. In the matter of religious belief, "Four Tutors" had no more meaning now than Four Bursars, or Four College Stewards. Newman himself had led the last struggle for the ancient quasi-parental and religious character of the College Tutor and had been beaten. The University was now drifting away from its old anchorage in the Christian faith, and Tutors were fast sinking into lecturers in classics and mathematics. What, then, had the name of Tutor to do with the religious controversy?

Our good Primate must sometimes smile to think of his colleagues on this occasion. But this is always the case with combined demonstrations, in which variety is first a necessity, but afterwards a scandal. I was too busy and too far from the scene to follow the literature of that occasion. No. 90 itself, and the stronger tracts of the series, including that which compares Romish scandals and difficulties with those of the Old Testament, I had read with much interest and care. I had agreed with them, all the while trembling at the writers' audacity. The suspension of Pusey from the University pulpit, and my own article on the Six Doctors, were then the most recent of these violent proceedings, but evidently not to be the last. Thus the ground was shaking under us, and the very atmosphere seemed to be charged with destruction.

Immediately on my return alone from the Valrogers, I had to attend to the forthcoming number of the "British Critic." There were letters to be answered, much MS. to be read, and several parcels of

books to be dealt with at such leisure as I could command. In rapid succession every point of the great controversy returned again and again to me. It had now been repeatedly declared by my own Bishop, by most of the Bishops, by the University, and by some whom I loved and respected, that the conclusions to which I had deliberately assented were not compatible with a ministerial position in the Church of England, or with the performance of sacred offices in it. Newman's own retirement to Littlemore seemed to admit this. I attempted, as I resumed my work, indeed I think it was before I resumed it, to sum up the whole controversy, and bring it to a practical point, for at such a point I had plainly arrived. It was "to be or not to be" in the Church of England.

As I have related in the preceding chapter, I had found that, as a matter of fact, it is the will that decides this question. The minor issues, the details, the offences and scandals, sink to nothing compared with the current of the mind running in the direction most congenial to one's nature. Nobody attaches the slightest importance to the particular reasons which a man may allege, and even think that he has, for becoming a Baptist, or a Plymouth Brother, or a Unitarian. His new communion is more to his liking and agrees better with his religious ideas than the old one. The struggle is generally deep in a man's nature; too deep for either himself or any one else to have a true notion of. It is a battle, with confusion and din, in which he may think himself a commander, but is only a common soldier. I had been brought face to face with the great Church of Western Christendom, and now the question was whether I was to advance or retreat, when even retreat seemed denied me.

Can I swallow this? Can I take part in that? Can I say this and not be untrue? Can I do that and not be a hypocrite? Can I do something else and not find condemnation starting up from my own writings, my own recollections, nay from my old convictions not yet quite shaken off. But something I must do, and it must be decisive.

It can only have been two or three days after my return from Normandy that I wrote to Newman, and to various members of my family, to the effect that I had serious thoughts of joining the Church of Rome. At the same time I wrote to Rivington, giving up the "British Critic." My friends, of course, were shocked and grieved. Of Newman's letter I must speak from recollection. I am not sure that I have not both my letter and his reply somewhere among my papers, but I don't expect, or even much care, to see them again. If I am told that I have given an incorrect account of the reply, I will look for the letters.

Newman was surprised. From my own showing he could not think I was in a state to take a strong step. A man ought to give at least two years to the consideration of it, and to be assured that his reasons and his motives were right. In a divided state of mind I could not go on with the "British Critic," but then there was my unfinished church, which seemed providentially designed to compel deliberation. By the time I had completed it I should know my own mind better, and there would not be the scandal of leaving the work to my successors, perhaps unable to finish it. There was more to the same effect, but the advice was definite. "Think over it two years."

This was disappointing. It would indeed have been a great trouble to me to leave the church unfinished, for its extravagant scale and style made the question one between a grand success and a ridiculous failure. I should, too, have been sorry to plunge a poor man, as my successor would probably be, into a costly and troublesome work. Yet, had Newman expressed approval, or the merest acquiescence, I should have gone over at once, with what consequences I can hardly venture to imagine.

After the lapse of thirty-nine years, which is more than half my whole lifetime, I do not find it easy to recall the state of mind, or even all the circumstances, under which I formed this resolution. Possibly, just as a man's own neighbors can often understand his movements and motives better than he does himself, so I may now have arrived at the distance of time necessary to an impartial judgment on myself.

I believe I was seeking rest. I was distracted and wearied with discussions above my measure, my faculties, and my attainments. I disliked the tone of disputants, all the more because I easily fell into it myself.

The Church of England was one vast arena of controversy. Ten thousand popes — the lay popes ten times more arrogant, unreasonable, and bitter than the clerical, and the female popes a hundred times worse than either — laid down the law and demanded instant obedience. Everybody was always being called upon to defend his opinion, if he ventured to have one, and was not allowed even to dream quietly. He had to show a reason for everything, though he might be the first himself to feel that he had no reason to show for a cherished belief.

The tendency of the mass, not only of the people, but of the Church and of the academic world, was negative. This negation was at once impudent and hypocritical. The opponents of the "movement" were always charging upon it hypocrisy and concealment, at the very time that they were conscious of an amount of skepticism and downright unbelief that they could not venture to avow, as their own mouth would be stopped thereby.

But there was also that which most will think to the credit of the Church of England. The English Churchman, on his own theory of spiritual life, and by virtue of his position, must be always fighting for the truth, and actually the member of a Church militant. He must be supposed to have won the truth or captured it out of the hand of many foes. Now, so far as regards the great truths of Revelation, all this was to me pure misery. I wished to live and let live. I wished to think as I pleased and let others think as they pleased. Only my sense of justice made me cry for fair-dealing and equality.

But should I get that in the Church of Rome? That is a question, and it is a question that few Protestants see the whole of. They do not even see the whole meaning of their own words. They charge Rome with depriving men of the right of private judgment. Why, this is to relieve them of a task generally above their powers. It gives them a harbor of refuge from a continual storm. They are to be no longer answerable for their opinions. So as they conform and obey, the Church of Rome will not be always putting them into an arena to fight wild beasts. I really think it would have suited my

nature to accept all the decisions of the Church of Rome in a quiet lay fashion, and then turn my attention to matters more in my own line. Yet even if thus I had escaped shipwreck, I might have rotted in harbor and gone down.

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "BRITISH CRITIC."

Rivington, to whom I gave no reason for my sudden withdrawal, was very kind, though evidently unprepared and much concerned. I think he wrote to Newman, who declined to name a successor. I was not myself the least prepared for Rivington's decision to discontinue the Review. Of course that only shows my stupidity, for there was nothing else to be done. The "Christian Remembrancer" immediately took the place of the "British Critic," and a large part of the readers of the latter were consoled for their loss. To Rivington, however, it must have been a serious matter, and I was much grieved on his account. His way of taking it then and long after deeply impressed me. There was not even a suspicion of reproof or complaint in his words or his looks; and he never made any allusion to my runaway horses, Ward and Oakley, or to any of the articles to which exception might justly have been taken. He could not have been kinder to me if I had so edited his Review as to drive the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" out of the field.

Some years after I was residing for a few months at Hampstead, and came across Rivington, with whom I had some pleasant talks. He asked me to dine more than once. The last occasion was one which under ordinary circumstances should have been

singularly happy and brilliant; a white day in any man's life. It was a dinner to authors and writers. As I was not a member of any club, it was almost my first introduction to the literary world. Many of the names were new to me and have passed out of my recollection. There were, however, if I remember right, Montgomery, of Percy Chapel, and Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln. The conversation seemed in a suppressed tone, discursive, and seldom rising above the usual colloquy of a man with his next neighbor.

The fact was, a terrible blow had just fallen on English literature. This was a funeral feast over scores of promising works, born to die at once, some indeed never to be heard of, so I have been told, but to pass straight from the press to the vat. It was the year of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All the 'ologies, all the arts and sciences, histories, travels, fictions, facts, light literature, heavy literature, everything that man can read, perished in that fatal blight. Mrs. Beecher Stowe had found the Garden of Eden before her, but she left a wilderness behind, and in this wilderness I was now sitting down with a score of the chief sufferers. I had no business there, for I belonged to the camp of the destroyer. I had been absorbed in the book, I had shed tears over it, and devoured every line. I had been, and was now still more than ever, rather strong against slavery, though I could not hold it to be quite incompatible with the Gospel.

The common affliction was only alluded to once or twice, as a grief too big for words. I have forgotten the book, except just a few names. I never read it a second time, nor did I read any other work of Mrs.

Beecher Stowe. I went to a reception given to her at Willis's Rooms, when she seemed to me a weird, uncanny creature, more French than English, and her husband a remarkably fine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, and no improvement upon it. There can be little doubt that the book greatly exasperated the ill-feeling between North and South, and so contributed to the Civil War, and the extinction of American slavery.

Many years afterwards I was involuntarily reminded of the Hampstead dinner by a horrible story in one of Dickens' Christmas numbers, not very suitable to the season. It was a Parisian euthanasia. A physician opened his house from time to time to self-invited guests, who sat down to a succession of the greatest achievements of the French cuisine. But in every dish there was poison of one sort or another so skilfully dispensed that the operation of the whole could produce nothing worse than a good night's sleep, from which, however, the guest would not awake again. It was in fact a dinner of suicides, seeking a painless extinction. The company were bound to keep up one another's spirits, but that was not easy, for they had only one future, and that was a blank. The only topic they had in common was one they could not talk about. Yet talk they must. Every now and then it was evident the speaker was suddenly pulling up, and changing the line of his remarks. As the story ran, the doctor's manipulations were not entirely successful. Though he watched his patients closely, interdicted dishes they were running on, and ordered some counteractives, there was a dreadful scene or two.

So far as I remember, on this occasion Rivington

was quite successful, and no stranger would have gathered from the conversation, and the looks of the company, that they were sensible of any profounder affliction than the ordinary dulness of a large and miscellaneous dinner party.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

WHERE LANDED.

I WAS now under a direction, which to me was a command, to wait for two years before a final decision. Two years are not too long for a consideration affecting one's eternal happiness, and the present and future happiness of many. But I had always found it not easy to concentrate my attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes. There was sure to be some irrelevant idea shooting right athwart the range of my speculations. It is so invariably the case that, sometimes in charity to my poor self, I have tried to account for it physically. Was it a peculiar working in the organ of vision? Had I a bee in my bonnet? I know the Provost, who himself could work his mental apparatus with perfect regularity, thought sometimes I was light-headed. I can, however, return to a point again and again. My time, too, was now entirely occupied, and it was very soon apparent that I was taking two years, but not employing them as directed.

I cannot remember when, or how, Newman told me what must have been in his own anticipations, indeed in his own theory of the spiritual work to be done, that if I was ever to go over, it would be, and indeed ought to be, by a superior act of volition overruling and containing my own. The Almighty would give me the opportunity and the call, as well as the

power, and the mode of conversion. At the time itself I was so far from interpreting the injunction of two years' waiting correctly, that it gave me a fresh assurance that Newman himself did not in the least contemplate the possibility of himself taking the step. I could not realize his sitting down deliberately to give two years to working out the problem. The fact was he did not intend to work out any problem at all, but to wait for further light from his Heavenly Guide.

In the "Apologia" Newman describes himself as true to the law of his nature and his life from the hour of his conversion in very early years. By a special inspiration he received that faith which he long held in common with Anglican believers; and by a special inspiration also he finally received the submission of heart and mind to Rome. From one change to the other, it was one regular spiritual growth.

There was at one time an apparent deviation from this course; I mention it with the greatest humility, and should not venture to mention it were it not that a chance criticism by a writer of great keenness and occasional justice seems to agree with it. Allusion has been made above to a very important paper on the points of difference between the "Evangelical" and the "Anglican" systems, which Newman circulated amongst his friends; it must have been immediately after completing his work on the Arians, in 1832. The tendency of that paper certainly was not to encourage any waiting for conversions of any kind, or any belief likely to discourage inquiry or to weaken the will. It suggested the idea of a man, a theologian of the old dogmatic type, with all the materials of knowledge lying before him and about

him, working his way by the use of an enlightened reason through the maze of texts and authorities. In such a maze had Newman been when he wrote this paper, and in a field quite new, now for a twelvemonth. The vast work had been spread out before him, and he had had but little time, indeed little occasion, to consult the workings of his own heart upon this copious ingathering.

Stanley's remark is that Newman had not yet got into the spirit of the Fathers when he finished the book on the Arians. It certainly is, with some notable exceptions, less eloquent and less moving than his other writings. It had been undertaken and begun as a light, handy volume, meant to beguile the dulness of an idle hour, and it became such a rock as Ajax himself might vainly strive to throw. All the Fathers and all the Church Councils were to be marshalled in Anglican order and costume, and marched before us as we sat at our firesides. It was terribly outside work, and possibly the iron, indeed the very rust of it, entered into Newman's soul. It might be in this stage of deviation, like the faulty joint occasionally found in the pine, noticed by Shakespeare, that the above paper was written. I, too, was thinking just as I was doing, and what I was doing was on the table before me — pen, ink, paper, piles of books, and stray memoranda.

No doubt Newman's reply did urge upon me the spirit of self-humiliation and discipline in which such an inquiry ought to be conducted; but I soon found myself not at home in a state of expectancy, in which I must not trust to that ordinary reason which had hitherto been my very fallible guide, but wait for an enlightened volition.

In the abstract, and in regard to other people, I had long recognized the predominance of will in matters of faith; that is, of will formed by circumstances, habits, traditions, and prejudices. In so doing I had always pitied the unfortunate persons, indeed the vast multitudes, who had lost either the whole truth, or a large part of it, through the fatal dominion of a vicious or ill-educated will. The will itself, one is told continually, is corrupted, obstinate, and wayward. It is thus the worst enemy of truth. Yet through the will I was now to attain the truth; that is, through the inspired will I was to attain that truth which only comes by inspiration.

All this time my unfinished church stood before me, the flint and stone walls temporarily protected by rough red tiles, and not likely to be completed, or even proceeded with, in two years, or even in ten. That told for unlimited delay. Then there arose the question whether I could conscientiously finish the building for the Church of England while I was entertaining a doubt of its authority. Upon this came the larger question, "Could I go on ministering in the Church of England, with a crippled faith in its position, its Articles, its order of worship, its rites and ceremonies?"

Of course I was not so unreasonable as to expect ever to quit the Anglican communion in a way quite satisfactory to those I was leaving behind, for no man has done that yet, the British public being quite resolved there shall be something wrong in the manner of doing it — some treachery, some concealment, some want of proper feeling or good manners. But if I was to do at all what would be horrible to many kind friends, I must do it as well as I could.

As I returned to the question over and over again in that month of September, alone as I was in Salisbury Plain, I felt more and more that there must be a call of some sort or other. In my own case that would not be such a call as the Evangelicals suppose to be necessary — a sudden, distinct, and overpowering conviction, plainly coming direct from Heaven. In days long before this period I had occasionally had fits of deep despondency, or rather of deep disgust, with earth and all earthly affairs, yet I fear without a very palpable reaction towards the Source of all true happiness. Let saints describe their pits of despond as they please. My misery took the material form which prompted the old cry of "Vanity, vanity; all things are vanity." My mind dwelt on the mansions reduced by fire to cinders, or by neglect to rottenness; on estates wasted and overrun with weeds; on the labors of a life reduced to nothing in an hour; on imaginary wealth discovered to be waste paper, or jewels discovered to be counterfeit; and all the disappointments to which matter is liable. The only result of these sensations, deep as they sometimes were, had been a certain careless and cynical indifference to money, land, position, and the ordinary objects of ambition. But I doubt whether they ever made me a bit the more spiritually minded.

My call to Rome, if it ever should be, must be one written in circumstances, and be intelligible alike to myself and to my friends. Some will smile at such an idea, but the truth is the call of circumstances is all the call the great mass of mankind, specially of my own countrymen, have ever had to Rome, or to any other communion. They are where they are, and what they are, by force of circumstances. They

may flatter themselves they are exercising private judgment, and that they have selected their own beliefs; but the intensely national feelings of our people, and their strong secular leanings and complications, necessarily mould them in traditional forms. If this be true, is it a slur? Is it a disadvantage? Is a man the worse Christian for being a Christian after the manner of his fathers, and of those about him? As it is the will of the Almighty with regard to the greater part of mankind, we must speak charitably and reverentially of a law which however should rather humble us than be made a matter of vain boasting. Civilization and high culture are not so far from nature, or so great an improvement upon it, as to be entitled to pronounce its dictates foolish or wrong. Plainly, it is better that people in general should accept the religious forms and ideas, the words and the customs they find, and should abstain from disturbing others accepting them, unless upon a very great and evident call.

If this be so — if indeed it is the order of Providence — it follows that forms, words, and customs cannot have the terrible significance which controversialists are apt to give them. There cannot be so much virtue, or so much mischief, in either the positive or the negative side. It cannot make so very much difference whether a man believes the consecrated wafer to be the Body of Christ, or believes it no more than what came from out of the oven; whether he invokes the Saints and the Blessed Virgin, or believes that they cannot hear him, and that they can do him no good; whether he believes there is a virtue in Orders, or nothing but edifying forms; whether he believes in a purgatory or a dead sleep till

Judgment Day. A man may I hope be "liberal" as regards such questions, which certainly have a lesser place and rank in Revelation.

Moreover, these and other still more questionable beliefs of the ante-Reformation Churches are widely accepted in a very substantial way by many who would refuse to acknowledge them in formal language. Religious people live amongst the saints of all ages, making their choice indeed, as the Roman peasant or devotee does also. Religious people of all names hear with love and awe the command given from the Cross, "Behold thy Mother;" and it is certain that the elevation of the sex, which cannot be said to be less evident now than it was before the Reformation, is due to that natural worship which the heart cannot but give to the Mother of our Lord.

Far and widely antecedent to the whole matter of Revelation is the fact of beliefs and practices being natural to all men. From nature man has learnt to dream, and so to believe, in a Maker and Preserver, in sons of God, in angelic hosts, in ministering spirits, in messengers of peace or of woe, in threads of destiny running through the web of human affairs, in Divine interventions to rectify the balance of earthly forces, in that day of retribution that only arrives to be further postponed, and in that restitution of all things that must one day surely come. From the beginning of the world nature has taught the sacrifice for sin, not only for known sin, but for some indefinite burden pressing on families, nations, and the world. From nature man has learnt to believe in mysteries of which he can but touch the merest fringe. From her he has learnt to believe in a peopled air, in shadows that hover over the tombs, in

spirits that soar to the skies, in souls that wander through the dark passages of the earth, or crowd the shores of the hateful stream, or that live in rapture, or in agony in a nether world. Nature has taught men that the same Power which exults in endless variety of creation, and ever baffles research, may make the bread that perisheth the seed of eternal as well as temporal life.

So vast is the school of Nature, so various her lessons, so numberless the institutions founded upon them, and so inveterate the fond beliefs of man, that Pagan and Christian philosophers have alike exhausted all their art, and labored still in vain, to nip faith in the very bud and extinguish natural religion. Conyers Middleton has proved beyond a doubt the identity of all that we in England call Roman Catholicism with Paganism. The ideas, the sentiments, the very objects, the rites and ceremonies, all substantially the same. So far it may be said that the Church, when it went into the rude village populations, adopted their pagan faiths and observances. But then arises the question whether these Pagan faiths and customs are utterly wrong, without foundation, without benefit.

If the family likeness between Paganism and mediæval Christianity is to be held fatal to the latter, that argument goes very far. The whole of Christianity comes under the condemnation. Conyers Middleton, like many other writers before and after his time, only went to a certain point, but he implanted in a congenial reader an impetus which carried him much further. The Creation, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the glories of Heaven, the Judgment Day, are all Pagan ideas. Are they therefore incredible?

The elder dispensation left much to the personal piety and private opinion of the very various citizens of the Jewish Commonwealth. They might believe or not in a future state and a judgment to come. They might believe or not in a Divine Presence — at least it is certain only some did believe in it. They might believe or not in a Divine Victim, in a Heaven-sent King, and a suffering Messiah. They were permitted to exercise their own choice between a Theocracy and a Monarchy of the vulgar earthly pattern.

No theology, even with the encouragement and assistance of philosophy, can define what is necessary to a good moral faith and what is inconsistent with it. A wide range will ever remain for the exercise of private judgment, which in its negative capacity is belauded as the most valuable of liberty's prerogatives. I, too, am a citizen of no mean city. I, too, claim the right to exercise my private judgment wherever Nature speaks and Scripture leaves me free. All around me are engaged in bold investigations. If investigation is not to imply a foregone conclusion, I am ready to take my part in it, but I am not ready to pretend inquiry, with an intention to reject and disbelieve.

ADDENDA.

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I see it stated that the Newmans resided for a time in Bloomsbury Square, and that in that way the future Cardinal and the future Premier, Lord Beaconsfield. may have been playmates. The difference between ten years of age and six years of age would not signify, for Disraeli was a singularly precocious and engaging child. The house occupied by the Newmans for some years was No. 17, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square. Had I inquired more, or remembered better, I might have been able to say more of early family acquaintances. The chief names I do remember are Mr. Mullins, Mr. Levy, Mr. Capel, and Mr. Ellis of the Bank of England. The first was a blind clergyman, a good scholar, a good preacher, and a kind friend. He had surmounted his difficulties sufficiently to be able to say from memory the whole of the Church Services, including the Psalms, and to talk well on the topics of the day. But, strange to say, he had not learnt resignation, and he felt his infirmity with keenness and even bitterness to his death. Such people are rather to be pitied than blamed. In all the ranks of industry there are those who labor and groan, and who will endure, so long as they be allowed to vent their accumulated griefs now

and then. Their spirit is sufficient to give nerve to their working frames, but not to give wings to their souls or cheerfulness to their tongues. Mr. Levy was, I think, on the Stock Exchange, a man of high literary attainments, and an accomplished musician. At a later date he occupied a house on the west side of Russell Square. Upon his death, and the consequent sale of his effects, about 1848, I bought one of his dinner services as a memento of the Newman acquaintance, and, for a friend of mine, bid up to a hundred guineas for a fine organ.

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William James Copleston was nephew of the Bishop of Llandaff, and uncle of the present Bishop of Colombo. He will be long remembered by Oriel men for his useful and agreeable qualities, but chiefly for the light and pleasant way in which he bore what really was a great trouble and inconvenience. One of his legs had always been dwindled, useless, and liable to painful sores affecting the whole system. The doctors at last told him frankly he had better have it off. Without saying a word to anybody he went up to town, and wrote in a few days to say that he had had the operation performed. I believe the amputation was very high up. From that time he was always having new cork legs, costing a good deal. He walked as a lame man, not worse; and rode like other people. Upon the whole he managed so well that people did not always remember his mutilated state. Denison one day said, "Copleston, don't you find your ankles ache this cold weather?" He replied, "I 'm thankful to say I don't, for I 've six of them." His horse fell with him on Burlington Green. Some

one coming up found him lying on the turf with a leg under the animal, and was horror struck. "Is n't your leg crushed?" "I hope not," Copleston replied, "for it cost me thirty guineas." He was always so cheerful that I could scarcely say there ever was a shade of sadness about his expression; but when I saw him late in life it was too plain that he had gone through a good deal of suffering. As a conscientious and painstaking man he would not spare himself in his duties as Rector of Cromhall, and would no doubt suffer in consequence. The Copleston family has remarkable qualities, which have yet perhaps to take a higher part and make more show. Some one has said that genius is an aptitude for taking trouble about things, and there can be no doubt that the moral part of our nature contributes to its formation more than the intellectual. The very qualities which in the opinion of some people tend to stupidity and dulness, such as sympathy, patience, and love of work, have the largest share in the development of the higher faculties, which really are stifled without them.

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Copleston's Lectures or Prælections on Poetry are a great classical work, in a language which few can read without more labor and time than the pace of life now allows. Why have they not been translated? Even Copleston had to complain latterly of the *vacua subsilia* before him. Milman smuggled into his Lectures his own English translations of the choruses in Aristophanes and other bits, and in this way secured good audiences. His delivery told as much as the translations themselves. Keble overshot the mark in his extreme desire to be perfectly distinct and intel-

ligible. He made such pauses at all the stops that he broke his sentences to pieces, and put so many stumbling-blocks in the way of attention. I remember, however, being amused as well as interested by his claiming Homer as the poet of old country life, who might have learnt all his facts, his pedigrees, and his legends from persons corresponding to the old family servants left in great houses to show them to strangers. As to the matter of Copleston's Prælections, though I read a good deal of them with Newman, I have to confess that I remember best what at the time I could not quite agree with, and have since much objected to. The ancients, Copleston says, had not the idea of the picturesque. They do not describe objects that most prove the skill of a modern painter. This I think true only so far as that their taste for the picturesque was less developed than ours. The taste is cultivated by the painter, not the sculptor. By the time we have seen many houses, trees, gates, animals, bridges, roads, or what not, faithfully represented as the worst of their kind, and in the worst possible condition, we begin to admire them when we see them in matter of fact. It is the same with singular features of scenery. But a scholar may easily collect a great number of epithets and single words in the classical writers that at once bring a whole landscape to the eye.

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I am told that upon hearing of the College decision, either before or after the actual dismissal, the father came down to expostulate with Copleston, and got into a long argument with him. To the charge of disgraceful intoxication he replied that drunken-

ness was not necessarily intoxication. There were four kinds of intoxication, and it was possible for a man to be drunk neither disgracefully nor injuriously. My own experience is that it is a great mistake to tell people drunkenness will make them fools and poor men. In one parish at least within my knowledge the only men who made their fortunes and retained their natural shrewdness to the last had never been known to be quite sober. Drinking degraded them and made them knavish, tricky, selfish, and generally unprincipled, but did not prevent them from making their way in the world and being even clever talkers. Drunkenness puts a man into one long dream; but if that one dream is money-making, he will be sharper for that purpose than his neighbor with more things to care about.

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Among other morning callers at Shrewsbury was Dr. Darwin, father of Charles R. Darwin, who has just closed a long career of meritorious, and, as far as it goes, beneficial work. Dr. Darwin was, I think, the biggest man I ever saw out of a show, for though not so tall as Carus Wilson, he was much stouter. When he entered the room it was like the door coming upon you broadside on. But what most struck me was the small soft voice that proceeded from this mountain. Erasmus, so I used to hear, had great faith in the instincts of even the human child, enfeebled and vitiated as they are supposed to have been by civilization. His plan was to let his children eat and drink what they liked; so they ate much fruit and drank bowls of cream. The general opinion was that he had carried this too far, and that

it had told injuriously on the constitutions of his children. The one who lived and died at Breadsall Priory, near Derby, was a very tall fellow, but not unwieldy or over stout.

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"Themes" are part of a very long story in my life, indeed beginning before my life. In a question upon which people differ even to soreness I will give some facts, which to me are most interesting. But it is a long story, and it is not a few pages that will see the end of it. I must begin at Oriel. Not more than a dozen of the undergraduates took pains with their "themes." At least, not so many had the distinction of reading their themes in hall. The readers were myself, John F. Christie, Sackville U. S. Lee, now Canon of Exeter, and Francis Trench, elder brother of the Archbishop of Dublin. I am doubtful about Holford, Sir John Duckworth, Algernon Perkins, J. Richardson, Charles B. Pearson, and some others. They might have read in hall once or twice. The tutor had to overhaul the "theme" before it was read. Newman never flattered me. I don't think he ever gave me to understand that I had a good style, or any style at all, or indeed that style was an object in a theme. He used rather to touch my *amour propre* in this matter, and he frequently reminded me that what a writer thought his best things were generally his worst. These "themes" I kept for many years, and I never looked at them without being deeply impressed with the truth of Newman's comments. No doubt a "style" is generally an affectation and a trick; a vehicle for paradoxes, if not the disguise of nonsense. No sensible tutor would

encourage the formation of a style. He commonly finds points of far more importance to insist on.

One day, after reading in hall, I was sent for by Provost Copleston. He had been present at the reading. I should say that he had always shown a kindly interest in me on the strength of Russell's recommendation. On this occasion he at once asked when, and how, I had acquired my style. What practice had I had? I could only reply, School-themes and letter-writing. Who had been my favorite author? I am pretty sure that this question was suggested by Copleston's very acute and practised ear detecting an eighteenth-century ring about my compositions. My answer was like too many answers I have given in my life. It was truth, but not the whole truth, or the most important part of the truth. I said, "The 'Spectator.'" I certainly had read it more than any other English classic, but the book which I had returned to over and over again, and read every page of, was not likely to be known to Copleston, any more than to my readers. It was the "Country Spectator." My special interest in the book, and the singularity of the story, as well as the length of it, would have made it scarcely possible for me to do justice to myself had I answered the above question with entire and literal truth.

I must now go back a long way. In the decade before the French Revolution there were three Blue-Coat School boys enjoying at the same time the closest intimacy and unique educational advantages. These were Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, Charles Lamb, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The first of these was senior in school standing by about two years, but they were all there together five years.

They were of a very small class of Grecians, and they had a master to themselves. He was a man of learning and taste, who read and did what he pleased with his handful of pupils, as they might be called; taking it easy and giving them easy times; consulting their taste for novelty, and feeding them, as it were from hand to mouth, with a bit of this favorite author, and then a bit of that. The master of the lower school was much the same sort of gentleman in his way, doing what he liked, and letting the boys do much as they liked. Nobody wished the boys of the lower school to be educated above the requirements of the counter or the desk. Middleton went to Cambridge, leaving his friends at the school. Immediately upon taking his degree he was ordained to the curacy of Gainsbro'. On arriving there he at once made the acquaintance of my father, and in a very short time started a weekly sheet with the title of the "Country Spectator." My father was then only nineteen. At the age of fifteen he had been brought home from Kirton Grammar School, to the great grief of his master, to succeed his own grandfather in the management of a very important business. He had the confidence and kindest wishes of the town, for the grandfather had been for many years one of its most useful and popular men; though not a lawyer by profession, much employed to arbitrate, compose difficulties, and make wills. My father must have been, what he always was, a very pleasant companion, and Middleton was with him every day, calling him "Harry," and making a schoolfellow of him. He freely disclosed to my father his feelings about the townspeople, especially where he felt he did not receive the consideration he de-

served; and affectionate as he was to my father, the impression he left was that he was generally stiff and proud.

Of course I should be gratified to be able to detect that my father had some hand in the work. But I cannot. On the contrary I feel very sure that Middleton brought the idea, the thoughts, the characters, and everything short of the MS., from Cambridge, or from some vacation experiences, or from even an earlier stage of his existence. The characters don't fit into Gainsbro', which is a tidal river port, much given to speculation in Baltic produce, and not an ordinary country town. I remember the place perfectly well as it was only twenty years after Middleton's time, and as I write this I can recall the sound of the "Mill on the Floss," and a good deal more. Middleton had some local contributors, and he may have adapted his old stores to the circumstances of the place. But one thing is conclusive as to the long incubation of the work. The first number is that of October 9, 1792, and the thirty-third and last is that of May 21, 1793. Throughout the whole series there is not the slightest allusion to the terrible events at the neighboring capital. Everything, too, indicates that the writer had expected to be located in a village or some small market town. I should say that the whole work is an echo of Addison and Steele, that had been for many years growing into shape, and that the writer could not now get rid of it except by publication. It is, however, a charming book. I believe I read it with more pleasure than the "Spectator" itself. It was my earliest idea of good writing. It seemed to have an intrinsic value. Such was my appreciation of it that in my frequent pecu-

niary distresses at school, a dreadful thought used to occur to me. As the book was almost unknown, I thought I might safely copy some of the papers and obtain something considerable by the sale to a periodical. Nothing would ever have induced me to do that. It was a wicked thought, and no more. But it shows my opinion of the book. I regard it as a tradition of the "Spectator," and I have to thank it for bringing the "Spectator" home to me.

The "Country Spectator" was, as they say, the making of Middleton. The religious biographers make a good story of Tomline, then Bishop of Lincoln, hearing of his faithful discharge of his parish duties, and resolving to promote him to a larger sphere. The fact is he saw some numbers of the "Country Spectator," and at once laid hold of the writer and sent him to Norwich to take charge of two nephews. In due time he gave him church preferment. I can remember that even at the age of eleven, at my Derby day-school, despairing of other success, I was pining for the opportunity of essay writing. This and the usual paper work was the most I did at Charterhouse. I was the only one of all our family who took to the "Country Spectator," or realized its existence. Yet several of the family must have felt, without knowing it, a sort of undercurrent or electric wave coming through Middleton from the sweet little côterie at Christ's Hospital, for, from very early years, they enjoyed no writer so much as Charles Lamb.

I must confess to a certain fascination in tracing the threads of moral and mental influence, be they silver, gold, silk, or some common fibre. Surely, in these may be seen the hand of the Almighty ever

preparing His servants for their appointed work. It is their very nature to escape vulgar eyes, and be only known, or best known, by those who are most concerned. Very trifling incidents indeed, that might easily pass unnoticed, have affected my course; some, indeed, my existence. I am thankful that I was born at a place which contributed to me very early experiences in the lines of my future occupations. In my childhood I used to walk down the Trent to meet the "Egre" or "Bore," as it is called, in the Severn. I used to watch the building of ships and see them launched; in particular the Trent, one of the first vessels sent this century on an Arctic expedition. I remember seeing an iron bridge shipped for Calcutta, and cannon balls for our wanton and abortive landings in the United States in 1813-14. I remember the Pressgang, the Volunteers, and the rejoicings for our Peninsular victories. I early ranged about the Old Hall ascribed to John of Gaunt, and heard of sad stories connected with it. Before the days of steam, after witnessing a tremendous storm at Bridlington, I passed a night and was nearly wrecked on the mud banks of Trent Fall up the Humber. I saw the arrival of the first steamer that ever came up those waters, and a very clumsy affair it was. Besides events nearer home, I heard the newspapers read as they brought news of Waterloo; and very soon after that was initiated into the difficulties then besetting home government. Even my infancy was amongst ingenious and good-natured people. To a nursery companion of mine a very competent authority ascribes the invention upon which the concertina and the harmonium are based. From a child I was a good listener, if there was anything to attract attention.

My father saw many of the people connected with the trade and enterprise of the town. In this way I used to hear a good deal of the whale fishery, many Gainsbro' people having shares in whalers or relatives on board. Nothing then did I long for so much as a chance of an encounter with a whale. I used to hear also of a less recognized but still common industry; that is, chartering rotten ships and sending them into the Baltic heavily insured, to sink or swim as might be. Then I heard of the vast "warping" operations; that is, the reclamation of marshy land irregularly flooded by the Trent, by allowing the tide to enter, deposit its rich mud, and then quietly retire till wanted again. More, much more could I say, but one thing only will I add. A lingering attachment for a young lady brought home an Indian chaplain, who remained in England, and by whose advice my father sent me to Charterhouse, and then asked Russell to obtain my admission into Oriel. The evolutionist will allow that these things have been opportune for me, and he is not in a condition to dispute that they may have been providentially ordered and controlled. Slow as I am in the powers of acquisition and expression, I never could have done anything without the timely and abundant aid of surrounding circumstances, interpreted frequently by a parent who early regarded me with a special interest and more than my due share of affection.

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On consulting Fergusson's works, I find I must qualify what I have said in the comparison of the circular curve with the catenary in the matter of domes. The inner dome of St. Peter's is no more spherical

than the outer; indeed the only difference between them is that the outer dome is larger, and rises from a base three or four yards higher. Fergusson's illustrations are not quite large enough for exact measurement and calculation, but so far as I can estimate, the curve is obtained by dividing the diameter at the base or spring of the dome into three equal parts, and making the dividing points the two centres. This forms a Gothic arch of a very ordinary character, but interrupted by the "eye," or aperture for the cupola. The arch is that which runs through Westminster Hall, appearing in a very grand form in the timber roof, and in all the windows. If one can imagine the great window over the north, or principal entrance, revolving round a perpendicular dropped from the point of the arch, that will give the very form of the double dome of St. Peter's. As the two domes are rigidly connected at the cupola, the resulting curve, in the matter of forces, is a very complex problem. But the domes approach the spherical form too nearly to support the cupola a second without an abundance of metal ties. The dome of Sta. Sophia, at Constantinople, as well as the much smaller dome of the ancient building called the Lesser Sophia, is spherical, but very far short of a whole hemisphere. The centre of the dome is three or four yards below its actual base or spring line. The curvature thus leaves the walls at a great angle. Such a dome is quite safe, but it must spring from a firm base secured by strong ties or by very heavy abutments, the latter being employed in this case, as one sees in the familiar photographs of the exterior. Every bit of masonry in the building, every wall, every vault, is made to contribute to this abutment.

Early in 1833, Hurrell Froude was some weeks at Malta, from which he went to Rome, and immediately set to work studying the Pantheon, especially as to its economical conditions. At that very time, as I now read in Fergusson, a village mason, with the aid of a local architect, was about to put in execution a long-designed and long-prepared plan for a church, at Mousta, a walk from Valetta, which was completed in 1860, and which Fergusson classes as the third dome in Europe. It was built without scaffolding, and over the existing church, which was not removed till the new church was completed. The mason and the architect must have been well acquainted with the domes of the Pantheon, Sta. Sophia, and St. Peter's, for they have improved upon all three. For safety, and economy of material, they have avoided the spherical form. As at St. Peter's, they have obtained the required curvature by describing it from two centres, dividing the diameter of the dome into three equal parts. At Sta. Sophia, as above stated, the true centre of the dome is three or four yards below its actual base, and at Mousta, the two centres are about that much below it. The village mason very wisely dispensed with a cupola, and provided an immense quantity of abutment. Under the circumstances it is a prodigious achievement. If Froude did not hear of the design, the fact of his head running so soon on a very similar modification of the Pantheon, is one of those instances of ideas "in the air" that everybody has often experienced. The building itself was only commenced that year, but Froude might have seen the drawings for it, which had been many years in preparation. He might at least have heard the talk about it. Froude observes

on the stones being laid horizontally on the dome of St. Peter's, as in the building of a common wall. That might be to avoid the necessity of scaffolding. At Mousta, Fergusson says, each successive course is notched on to the course below.

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The fact of so many men of great power and high promise suddenly relinquishing the wide field of literature and philosophy for the narrow path of theology, of a more or less polemical character, has hardly yet been duly and accurately estimated. The gain is before the world in the copious library of the Oxford movement in all its stages and branches. What has been the loss? "Very great," will perhaps be the answer. But then comes the question, who is answerable for the loss? They that did not join the movement were far more numerous than they that did. Till the appearance of the "Tracts for the Times," in autumn, 1833, there was nothing to distract general attention from the studies of the University such as they were at that time. There were then many thousands of Oxford men all over England, still comparatively fresh from Oxford, and full of its culture. These men had brought with them to Oxford the special tastes and mental discipline of many great schools, conducted by the best scholars of the day. They had been well drilled in all the Greek and Latin poets — epic, lyric, and dramatic; in historians and philosophers, in antiquities and in criticism, in composition, in philology, and in ethnology. I remember regarding with something like awe the knowledge this man had of Homer, another of Greek plays, another of Cicero's Letters, another of Herodotus or of Livy,

another of Terence. They were really familiar with these authors, and could quote them largely. The greater part of these men carried their literary acquirements to spheres where there was nothing to curtail their free development and full use. Immediately after that date there ensued an immense extension of our scholastic system in the same lines as the old, with the same course of classical and mathematical studies. It cannot be said, then, that classical literature has not had a fair field, and its full share of golden opportunities. I have lately heard it estimated that there are now ten scholars to one in the comparison with the last generation but one. But what has this scholarship done? What results has it to show? The poetry, the philosophy, the politics of the country have generally left the old classical models. The lines of thought have ceased to be classical. The chief arena of the country has been Parliament, and if classical ideas and classical allusions could still emerge and hold their ground, it would be there. For years and years the best, or at least the most popular and the most powerful, scholars in the country did their very best to keep up the pleasant old freemasonry of classical thought and illustration. That very best consisted in the annual use of some hundred quotations, every one of them familiar to even a fifth-rate scholar, who would not even call himself a scholar. Scores of men ranging free over the whole surface of literature, with the aid of excellent libraries, could not produce at the most more than half a dozen new quotations a year. The exhibition became disgraceful. Lord Sherbrooke pronounced classical literature self-condemned, obsolete, and no longer suited to English wants or the English

character. As the Muses could not be entirely banished from the society of gentlemen, he tried old English ballads instead. Why he gave that up he best can say. The final result is that the classical quotation, illustration, or allusion is gone. A great statesman, strong enough to do and to say anything, now and then brings up a quotation from some unknown depth, but the classical vein has been worked out. Never was there so much classical education, and never was there so little to show for it, or so few who could be called good ripe scholars.

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I will venture to add here several phenomena of the skies above that have much impressed me in different ways. Of the first phenomenon I have to say that I did not see it; nevertheless, what happened told on me as much as if I had. In the spring of 1820 there was to be a great eclipse, beginning about noon. We were released early from school that we might observe it with due preparation. I had half an hour or so to wait. Sitting down in my father's library, with my back to the book-case, I dived with my hand backwards into the shelves and took out a volume which turned out to be a very old number of the "Monthly Review." I opened it at random, when the first words that caught my eye were, "If any one of the present generation should live to see the great eclipse of 1820, he will have the opportunity of observing," etc. The writer went on to describe the "beads," the "flames," the "protuberances," and the "corona," since more accurately ascertained. Now, with our common telescope and our smoked glass we were not likely to make out

these objects, and we did not. So, assuming the warning to be providential, what did it mean? As I had not the appliances, and could not do the very bidding, it did not seem intended to make me an astronomer. What then did it mean? I can only say that it made a very deep impression on me, and that was that He that ruleth in the heavens was then very near to me, and that He guided my hand and opened that book, and thereby assured me of His constant presence and aid.

The next phenomenon I did see, and when I read that the strongest and bravest men are unnerved by an earthquake, I am not ashamed to confess that for a few seconds I was myself in that condition. Some of us were at the Waylands, at Bassingham, and there was a comet to be seen, if we could only find it. We stayed very late in the garden, taking our stations before the different windows to scan the heavens all round. The servants knew what we were about. As the search was fruitless we went indoors. Before tea was over the servants rushed in to say the comet was come. We all ran out, and there, right across the blue sky, from the east horizon to the west, was a broad arch as white and almost as bright as the full moon. For some seconds or breathings, if I breathed, I felt that this was coming down upon us, with what results one could only tremble to think of. It remained and was harmless. It was a "northern light," and nothing more; but the momentary impression remains to this day, after more than half a century.

Twenty-one years ago I had the converse experience, for I was in the tail of a comet, without knowing it, though noting the effects, which were

very remarkable. I and my wife were at Paris on Sunday, June 30, 1861. We had dined with friends, and they took us a drive on the Bois de Boulogne. I sat by the driver that I might look about me. The hour was not late, and I was struck by finding night closing in. There was a murkiness in the atmosphere not like a summer evening. Looking towards Paris I was surprised to see a brilliant primrose, or rather gamboge, light over the horizon. Considering and disposing of several solutions, I settled at last that it might be the illumination of some public gardens, but I was not satisfied with that. In the midst of this brilliancy, and outshining it, was a flaming torch of this yellow light, very little above the horizon. What could it be? There was no evening star, even if that had been the direction for it. Was it a fire balloon? But it had no perceptible motion. I kept entreating the attention of the gentleman and two ladies in the carriage to these unaccountable appearances, but with the result that has uniformly attended similar attempts. One of the most entertaining gentlemen in the world was there, and what could the skies show in comparison? I think it was only on Tuesday morning that I saw by the English papers that this was a comet, and that we had probably been passing through its tail. This, too, has left a strong impression upon me. It is not the fear of collision or combustion; for this particular experience rather goes to show that comets are harmless things. It suggests to me the infinite treasury of new forces at the command of Omnipotent Wisdom. Who knows what mysterious yet powerful elements may not have been contributed by this sudden, near, yet almost unnoticed visitor?

I have had a similar experience of an earthquake; that is with a clear perception of the effect, without even guessing the cause. We were at Grindelwald in 1851, in the same hotel as Bishop Wilberforce. There was not room for me to sleep at the hotel, and I was sent to the minister, whose maid-servant understood the arrangement and conducted me to my bedroom. I had just got into bed when there was a knocking at the door. I must pay my two francs down, the minister having frequently lost it through the carelessness of the hotel people. I had nothing but sovereigns about me, and it was only after a long negotiation that the minister consented to take a sovereign in pawn. By this time I had become aware of the fact that there was a baby in the house. In the middle of the night I was waked by a movement that I could only compare to the brandishing of a sword or the flicker of a flame. My first idea was that a whirlwind had caught the house, or some violent gust. I opened the window, and all was still. It was a calm moonlight night. Then I thought of an avalanche. At last I settled down to the conclusion that the minister's baby had fallen out of bed. When morning came, however, I examined the walls and ceiling for cracks, and found none. At dinner people were talking of the earthquake there had been in the night. It is not mentioned in the notice of Bishop Wilberforce's Swiss tour, curtailed by his biographer, no doubt to give room for what he deemed more interesting matter. As soon as I knew it had been an earthquake, I felt very deeply impressed at the thought that the huge Alps all about us had been flickered like a candle and brandished as a sword. I felt them to be nothing in the Almighty hand.

Some years after this I saw the terrible destruction done by an earthquake in the valley from Visp to Zermatt. No doubt I should have trembled and cowered as other men had I felt that earthquake, but it could not give me a more awful lesson than I received at Grindelwald.

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From the day I went to Charterhouse, in 1820, I heard and felt very strongly the fate of the Carthusian monks, massacred by Henry VIII. for refusing to abandon their spiritual allegiance to Rome. Many years afterwards, at a Founder's Day dinner, I heard Sir R. Peel, after giving a very grand tribute to the memory of Sir Walter de Manny, whom all England mourned at his death, make some touching and sympathetic allusions to these Carthusian monks, whose blood he felt a consecration of the ground.

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The visitation of cholera at Oxford, in 1832, was a great shock to local feeling. The University had been thought safe from pests, possibly because Courts had come here to escape the plague in London. Oxford was thought to deserve the immunity, and it was as much relied on as the supposed exemption from earthquakes now enjoyed by Rome for a thousand years or more. A lady, nervous about cholera, took refuge at Oxford, and inquiring for airy and cheerful lodgings, was directed to some new houses on the Cowley Road, occupied by Magdalene College servants. Her landlord brought home a quantity of fruit and sweets as his share of a Magdalene "gaudy." She partook of them freely, had the cholera and died. The porter at

Oriel College, a former servant of Copleston's, was proud of his college and University. "To think of Birmingham, that vulgar place, having no cholera," he would exclaim indignantly, "while there is so much of it at Oxford!" It seemed to shake his belief in a Providence.

Faith and Science.

I have mentioned several times the frequent collisions at Oxford, not between faith and science, but between the religious tone and the prevailing scientific tone. From my earliest recollections of Oxford no one ever received the least discouragement in the prosecution of scientific studies. Discoveries were welcomed freely. Buckland's lectures were always well attended. I went to several with Robert Wilberforce. In the lecture-room Buckland would speak of theories as pegs to hang facts upon; and would confess to changes or modifications of his theories. I believe I have seen lately a very different account of the formation of "coprolites" than that expressed in the name, and enlarged upon in one of his lectures that I attended.

I cannot recall Keble introducing science at all. It would be his nature to let it go its way so as it let him take his way. But the scientific men were triumphant, and would insist on winning and claiming triumphs. They were not content unless they tied you to their chariot wheels. It would not be at the beginning of a journey that Keble would deliver the dictum I have quoted, as to the whole creation, just as we see it, being done momentarily. It must have been at the end of a journey, when he had been so tossed and battered that he could only say something to stop all further discussion. His was the case of

Calvin, who burnt Servetus, not for his heresy, but because the man, who had come to Geneva for the purpose, worried him so incessantly that it became a question which was to kill the other, and Calvin, having work to do, preferred to be the survivor.

Froude, I am quite sure, would have accepted all the legitimate conclusions of science. What he combated was gratuitous theory, having no other object than to put further from us all ideas of creation, preservation, and moral government.

Newman, as a rule, — indeed I cannot remember an exception, — would have nothing to say to physical science. He abstained from it as much as he did from material undertakings and worldly affairs generally. He would be impatient of it, as of something in the way, not worth precious time. He did indeed resent very warmly the tone of scientific men, who would challenge, insult, revile, and extort submission, or claim to have struck you dumb. There were men in those days who might be supposed to have read nothing in the Bible except the first chapter of Genesis and a few of the most amazing miracles.

Dr. Prichard's works on the origin and history of the human race excited much interest; and my Oxford friends were amused, but not at all scandalized, at the theory, which I believe Dr. Prichard subsequently abandoned, that Adam and Eve were black.

Dr. Buckland's life was shortened by an act of needless irreverence, as I must call it. When the British Association met at Salisbury, they gave a day to Stonehenge. Buckland stood on the altar stone and delivered an address. For many years the place had been possessed by a family named Brown, who had constituted themselves the rightful cicerones, and

who, to strengthen their claim of possession and add a trifle to their fees, had invented and printed a theory that Stonehenge was an antediluvian structure, and that a slight rising of the ground on the west side of some of the outer stones was the result of the Flood coming that way upon them. Buckland might well have let this alone. But the pamphlet had been put into his hands by some injudicious person, and his eye had recognized in it the imputed action of the Flood. So he could not resist the opportunity of a few skits at the Flood, the ark, and the family in it. The day was very cold, and there was a drizzling rain, which Buckland and his hearers just endured while he was speaking.

But Mrs. Brown, a tough old lady, who had long spent her time in all weathers at Stonehenge, and who might not have ventured to maintain her theory unless provoked to it, accepted at once the challenge on the Biblical question. Mounting another stone she stormed at Buckland as an atheist and a good deal worse, for so long a time that the whole company, bound to the spot, were perished with wet and cold. They must hear her out, and they did. Buckland went back to Salisbury chilled; was immediately taken very ill, and fell shortly into a sad state from which he never recovered till he died.

In my time at Oriel Edward Denison was a man of science. Strickland was and became an eminent geologist. He sacrificed his life to the pursuit, for while he was making a hurried inspection of some remarkable strata in a railway cutting near Retford, he was surprised by a passing train and killed. Austen, now better known as Goodwin-Austen, was a man of science, and published works on the fauna of the deep

sea in our part of the world. I cannot forget his showing me in his garden the fossil of a huge nautilus that, finding itself left dry by the receding waters, had devoured some dozen small slugs in the same evil case, and had probably been choked by one too many for it. This might have occurred, he told me, twenty-five thousand years since, but the chances were that it was much longer ago. All the Wilberforces had a strong leaning to science.

At the visit of the British Association which I have referred to, the University showed its feeling in the choice of a preacher. This was Mills, of Magdalene. He was a literary man, and something of a philosopher, but not a scientific man or a theologian. The pursuit of all knowledge — that of natural science not the least — was, he said, the school of the Christian virtues. Humility he put foremost, as the first requisite of the learner. A devotee of science had to go through a long apprenticeship and long years of patient labor in the observation, selection, and collection of materials. He had to begin with no theory; to be in no haste to make a theory; to be ready to give up a theory; and ready also to learn from others. He would find his materials increasing on his hands, and his views taking a larger compass. I forget whether the image is to be found in the sermon, but he left on me the impression of a philosopher bowed to the ground with a continual examination of the new wonders revealed from its surface and its inner depths. Much was expected of Mills, but he died young.

What I have myself to say about Materialism is, that it cannot define itself; it cannot account for itself; it can tell of no beginning; it cannot do with-

out forces or laws, whichever they are to be called; yet it cannot say how these laws are enforced, or how they were ordained. Its philosophers only place a little further off in time and space the problems that puzzle an ordinary child. Grant the mighty, pregnant, progenitive atom, the mustard seed of the whole living world. How came the atom here, and whence came its powers? Is all things out of nothing a greater miracle than all things out of a mote in a sunbeam; that is, supposing the mythical mote to have found a sun ready to light and warm it?

What is even more, because more horrible to think of — indeed, almost maddening to contemplate — is that Materialism not only annihilates itself, but is already annihilated. On its own ground it is nothing, and we are nothing. By the only laws that the Materialist recognizes, the entire universe, as far as the telescope can reach or guess it, will at a sufficient distance become a galaxy, then a nebula, and then pass altogether out of sight, disappearing in a vast Nothing. Even a good Christian, who has not yet faced the dismal thought, may shudder to reflect that the awful work of our salvation has been all done in a speck which cannot be called anything at all in the comparison with infinity. The mere philosopher has nothing to say against the conclusion that all human affairs, enormous and overwhelming as they seem, are but the incidents of an atom in the infinite scale; briefer than the story of a spark from the forge. But the whole moral and spiritual nature revolts from such ideas. A good man, nay a sane man, will rather believe, as Henry Martyn sometimes did, that mathematics are a diabolical illusion than that they are all the revelation given to us. There must be

something else than physical science, if all it tells us is comprised in the sentence that, whether in space or in time, we are nothing. Religion, at all events, makes something of us. It makes us the lords of creation and the heirs of immortality.

The Charge of Scepticism.

A large part of the public appears to be amusing itself with a question which I am utterly unable to treat with the calmness and impartiality expected from those who are to take part in it. That question is, Does Newman really believe a word that he says? There is even something like an elaborate design to win from Newman, or at least from his friends, by all the arts of the most refined flattery, a complete surrender of faith in return for such gifts and such attributes and honors as were never before heaped upon any one man. If it be only admitted that the thing we are all fighting about is just nothing at all, that theology is brain work, the Bible a legend, and that Newman knows it, then it shall be conceded, nay it is already conceded — for a large part of the price is already deposited at the feet of the Cardinal — that he is the most wonderful man the world ever saw. He is the very premier of the human race, in intellectual subtlety, in eloquence, in command of language, in acuteness and tenderness, in the wide range of his sympathies, in elevation both of character and of thought, in his contempt of vulgar prizes and gauds, in his acquisition and marshalling of facts and ideas, in all that makes a man as much greater than kings and conquerors as they are greater than common men. The bidding is actually rising. The Cardinal is becoming daily a greater man in

all that mortals can appreciate; he is promised the effulgence of Apollo, the shield of Achilles, and the spear of Ithuriel if only he, or those who can answer for him, will declare that at heart he is nothing at all.

What these ingenious writers wish to believe, and wish all the world to believe also, is that Cardinal Newman ever has been, and is now, the abject slave of a craven terror and the showy headpiece of a creeping thing. His honor indeed, or his vanity, is to be saved just so far that he is not to be set down as a wilful and deliberate impostor. He is simply flying from the terrible conviction he cannot get rid of, namely: that Christianity is an old wives' fable. This, they say, is the spectre that has ever pursued him from the battlefield of the Arian controversy, not any special misgiving as to the Monophysite character of Anglican theology.

To represent what passes conception, strange images are employed. In the midst of the very splendor of Newman's genius, one writer sees a small dark spot conveying to the writer the comfortable assurance that Newman's faith is the same as his own — none at all. Another writer perceives that Newman is fully aware that he has nothing to stand upon, and that if the natural order of things be left to its proper course, he must descend to the common abyss. Newman, however, he proceeds to explain, has laid planks across this abyss, and standing upon them invites us to share his basis as if it were everlasting, though he knows it to be only a mechanism of his own. Anyhow, whether by argument or by illustration, it must and shall be made out that the Cardinal is, and always has been, essentially a sceptic; indeed far more of a sceptic than they who confine their

doubts to such matters as traditions and writings. He has betaken himself, they say, to this fabulous stuff because he doubts about everything else. He has renounced nature and humanity, and taken refuge in a dream. Labor as he will, talk as he will, he can never really persuade himself that the dream is a reality. He is now therefore nowhere; not in nature, not in humanity, not even in a dream, for a dream is nothing.

Something must be allowed for the extreme, indeed the passionate, desire of all unbelievers to add to their strength by recruiting their ranks. They are always assuring the world that such and such a one, hitherto credited with a strong, healthy faith, is at heart an unbeliever, putting some disguise on his real convictions. He must be an unbeliever; it follows on his own premises; it is impossible such a man can really believe what his position or his circumstances compel him to pretend. Scanning his composition, and seeing deeper into his nature than he can see himself, they discover the true secret, the very backbone of his system. It is a doubt, they inform the world; or a basis which the man himself has manufactured, and knows to be good for nothing but to serve the purpose of the hour.

I cannot but give my impressions for what they are worth. Young people are said to be physiognomists and judges of character. They know a true man. During the whole period of my personal acquaintance and communication with Newman, I never had any other thought than that he was more thoroughly in earnest, and more entirely convinced of the truth of what he was saying, than any other man I had come across yet. This conviction, I have

to say, was to a certain extent unconscious on my part, for I cannot remember ever to have entertained the question whether Newman did really believe everything he professed to believe. There never occurred anything to suggest the contrary. I have mentioned that he had read Tom Paine and other infidel writers; that he kept them under lock and key, and lent them out cautiously; but it never once occurred to me that they might have left a sting behind. The question of miracles Newman had discussed at great length in his paper on Apollonius Tyanæus. So he had treated Christianity as a question of evidence as well as of probability.

I now see, what perhaps I might not have seen so clearly at that time, that the dread of unbelief may have given greater activity to belief. It might be that having once caught sight of that spectre, and found it for a moment gaining upon him, he had resolved never once to abate the speed of his onward progress, never even to look behind, never even to indulge in any earthly abstraction that would give the foe the least advantage.

It may be said that a man who has to fly from an object is still its victim, and that it is really his master, and the rule of his life. There are, indeed, those who think that faith is a thing for a man to rest upon and be thankful, and that this in fact constitutes its great value. But a very little thought on the common condition of human life will show that faith is not a fixed state but an active course. We are always running away from something, or protecting ourselves from something. We are always in the case that if we sit still somebody or something will be down upon us, and if we are not on our guard

somebody or something will overpower us. Dread of hunger compels some, dread of shame others, dread of contempt others; dread of nothingness or of themselves constrains a large part of mankind.

There can be few Christians who have not at some time had a fearful reminder of the sure pēnalty of idleness. Every schoolboy has had to write an essay on *Non progredi est regredi*, or *Si brachia forte remittis*, etc. It may be said that St. Paul himself, notwithstanding his express revelations from Heaven, yet had to stretch his hands to what was before in order to escape from what was behind.

Newman filled up his whole time, taxed his whole strength, and occupied his whole future. In so doing he reduced retrospection to very narrow compass, to a few faces, to flowers on a bank or a wall, to a fragrance or a sound. Perfumes he said brought back the past, and so did distant church bells, but with the scent and the sound the past departed from him. Employed all day, and with much interruption, he would find his eyes heavy when he wanted to glean a little night work after an interrupted day's harvest. He applied to the doctors. How was he to keep himself awake harmlessly? I think, on medical advice, he tried a preparation of camphor for this purpose.

Newman never took solitary walks if he could help it; for he would work and be doing good while at his exercise. For the same reason he would never take a meal alone if he could help it. Studious men know there are two sides to this question. Russell, my Charterhouse master, used to tell his boys as they went off to Oxford, "Go to as many wine parties as you please, but avoid breakfast parties." He found they unsettled a man for the day. But even at that

risk Newman would not be alone and left to his own thoughts when he was neither studying, nor writing, nor praying. So, putting things together, we might say that he was always flying from a void, as well as from the temptation to rest.

This continual pressing forward and this eagerness for activity told on the direction of his studies and his works. He strode or bounded over thousands of smaller matters that occupy the scholar of the present day. It is with difficulty that I recall a single critical question as to the text, the translation, the chronology, the authorship, the canon, or the harmonizing of the Scriptures. I do not think that during the time I saw much of him he would ever entertain such questions as the authorship of the historical books, the dates of the several Psalms, or whether there were two Isaiahs, or whether the Book of Daniel was written after the events prophesied, or who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. He would not afford the time for inquiries leading, if not to a disappointment, at least to a barren fact of no great weight in the grand scale. It may be said that he refused to inquire where the loss of time would be great, the benefit doubtful, and the call not peremptory. But this is another thing from refusing to inquire from the dread of a negative result.

Newman's character and circumstances alike prevented him from pursuing the special activity of such men as John Wesley. For as long as I can remember him he would have shuddered at the very thought of founding a sect or creating a schism. He desired to modify the Church of England as others have modified it; the Reformers, for example, Laud, for example, and others nearer our time. It would

not have suited his nature or his habits to go about from town to town, telling the people everywhere they were in bad hands and must take care of themselves, forming them into communities and putting ministers over them. From first to last he had the deepest reverence for Bishops as such, and the greatest dread of anything that might interfere with pleasant relations to them. Having been on very intimate terms with Lloyd while Professor of Theology, and then on good terms with Burton, Newman looked with dismay to the possibility of antagonism with their successors. When the Chair became vacant he wrote at the foot of a note he had occasion to send me, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and tell Christie to do so." I doubt if I was long on my knees in that matter, but I am sorry to say I have no doubt that for one reason or another I never communicated the message to Christie. The truth is that Newman wished to avoid collision and controversy as much as possible.

We may then allowably ascribe this not only to the natural gentleness which shrank from giving pain, but quite as much to a dread of the trials which faith itself might have to encounter in the storms of life. In those storms it is inevitable that the issue is frequently changed and the greater question subordinated to the lesser question, perhaps a personal quarrel. When that is the case it is no longer the faith that is contended for, but some petty triumph; and faith itself is jeoparded when something else rules the hour.

Some of these writers discover a practical confession of real unbelief in what they are pleased to describe as the fictitious, that is fabricated, character of

the Cardinal's arguments and style. I must speak with due submission to those better read in his later works, but I suspect these writers are forgetting that faith is an imaginative and creative power. As it believes what it does not see or hear, and cannot indeed truly conceive, so it has no choice but to fill the void with what may be called its own forms and outlines. Faith has no choice but to accept the best materials it finds, put them together as they will best agree, and make the most of them. It will always be building castles and cities, and filling the heavens with the most glorious conceivable counterparts of all that earth can show. Faith will ever be supplying the virtues, the graces, the order, and the happiness which reason tells us there ought to be below, but which observation tells us are sadly wanting. Faith, believing in the Omnipotent, the All-wise, and the All-good, will always be asking why the great plan for the intelligent settlement of this world has so conspicuously failed; and how the failure is to be repaired. If it tries to answer the question it must consult what oracles it can, and interpret as best it may. All this is constructive work, and sometimes very hazardous scaffolding indeed — mere planks over the abysmal darkness. Faith knows it has to stand a few criticisms. It replies that it does what it can; but that anything is better than to be a mass of organized matter, with no more life or soul than depends on the transitory relations of certain molecules to one another; or than may possibly depend on causes unknown altogether, and not to be even inquired after.

To the Cardinal's own Oxford contemporaries who did not pass over with him, the most marvellous event of his life must be his miraculous admission, not to

say absorption, into the Roman Communion. A miracle, for such this was, is not to be argued about, or even to be spoken of except reverentially. No one can answer for another's impressions, but I have to confess that the Cardinal's account of his on the occasion reminded me of the Roman lyrist's when the tutelary goddess of his city took possession of his soul: —

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit.

To myself it must remain a mystery, if only because I have had no such call. But there is no disputing that myriads of very reasonable men and women in all countries and ages have had the like call, as they have understood it, to some holier walk of life and some stricter profession than they had known before. The sensation indeed has been different. Some have been drawn up towards heaven, if indeed they have not found themselves in the third heaven; some have felt heaven descending into them; some have remained in long ecstasy; some in sad abasement; some in sweet companionship with spiritual beings. We have no right to question the fact of such sensations. As little right have we to say that they are the creation of a disordered mind. We cannot deny that where they are God is also. But the fact, that is the mass of like facts, is large and heterogeneous. All communions, unless indeed that of the Anglican Church is the one happy exception, have contributed largely to the chapter of miraculous conversions. In the last century Bishop Lavington thought "to kill two birds with one stone," as they say, by "The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared." It was a thoroughly English work, designed to make English Churchmen quite satisfied with their own

even temperament and well-regulated position. He did not, however, win the thanks, or even the respect, of either Wesleyans, or Papists, or English Churchmen, for while the two former have accepted the charge of enthusiasm, the last have never quite sanctioned the repudiation of it. They are too well aware that Establishments are not fanatically disposed, and they don't much care to be told it.

For my own part, while I have to deplore the loss of some thousands of good and learned people from the Church of England, and the estrangement of personal friends, I cannot but recognize the hand of Providence in the event. The Roman Catholic population of England has immensely increased during this century, chiefly by the influx of Irishmen for whom there was no religious provision, and but few people of a better class disposed to help them. Important as the fact was, and strongly as it might appeal to the religious feelings of the country, it had no place whatever in the Oxford movement, and was then regarded at Oxford as a matter with which the Church of England had no concern. To supply the spiritual needs of the wretched Irish colonies established in the worst quarters of our cities and towns, was about the last thing thought of. Providence has brought these things together, and has made Oxford contribute abundantly to the spiritual needs of the poorest Roman Catholics, on the very eve of losing its own distinctively religious character.

As to the future, who will venture to forecast that, when every year of this century has only supplied a fresh proof of human shortsightedness? It is to be hoped and prayed for that the loudest talkers will not be taken at their own word. They that talk of driv-

ing troublesome Church people into the more congenial region of the Roman pale can hardly have realized the too possible, if not too probable, fulfilment of their wishes. What indeed would it be for any considerable proportion of the wealth, the education, and the zeal of this country to fall into the ranks of Rome? That they are even inclined that way, as some think, is believed to be a mischief and a scandal. How then if they should do that, the very threat of which is injurious? But, it is said, they would at least be open foes, and we should all know what they are at. England boasts that she can meet her enemies in the field. Rash indeed is it to court collision with unknown numbers, unknown combinations, and indeed unknown circumstances. We are not so successful just now in getting over our little difficulties as to justify such confidence in our future treatment of any that may occur. Everything warns us and calls us to moderation, and to mutual toleration.

I have referred to two events that never were thought of in any mutual bearing till Providence had brought them to bear one upon another, — the large outpouring of wealth, culture, and faith, out of the English into the Roman Communion, and the vast increase of the poor Roman Catholic population in England. I will venture to point out two other events that may well be considered side by side for such light as they may throw the one upon the other. These two events are the legislative exclusion of religious doctrine, and of the open Bible, from the course of education given in our public elementary schools; and, on the other hand, the practical independence for all purposes whatever now secured by the Irish peasan-

try. Our poor English serfs have submitted without a struggle, and not a few have lost their Christian birthright. The Irish peasantry, in their own fashion, have fought the battle of both populations, and so far have won the day.

The new idea of Cardinal Newman as a mere dialectician and orator is so utterly repugnant to all my thoughts and feelings about him that I am tempted to add a letter which I have early referred to. When, as I have mentioned in the introductory chapter, I returned all Newman's letters, I lamented that I had not seen this for many years, and concluded I must have lost it. I was deceived by the most important matter of the letter not appearing on the first page. Newman had a better recollection of its contents, and, finding it among the rest, returned it. The letter was written just fifty years ago, while Hampden was delivering his Bampton Lectures, and Newman himself was deep in his "Arians."

Oriel College, *May* 13, 1832.

My Dear Mozley, — J. Marriott has taken Buckland, in this neighborhood, on his going into orders in the autumn, but, the curacy being vacant in June, the place will be several months without pastor. Stevens has told me this, and on my hinting to him the possibility of its suiting you for this interval wished me to write to you — so I do. The place you know from our Wadley excursions. You distinguished yourself by racing up the lime groves with Wilberforce, and rested under the fragrant firs. The population about 600 (?). The distance twelve miles from Oxford. There is a cottage which is used as a par-

sonage for the curate. I hear you are thinking of duty, else I should not have mentioned it, considering your late illness. It has been very unfortunate that you were obliged to give up your engagement with Round, but all is for the best. I am truly rejoiced to find your desire for parochial employment has not diminished, and your opinion of your own health not such as to deter you. For myself, since I heard your symptoms I have not been alarmed, but some persons have been very anxious about you. I trust you are to be preserved for many good services in the best of causes. I am sure you have that in you which will come to good if you cherish and improve it. You may think I am saying a strange thing, perhaps an impertinent and misplaced, and perhaps founded on a misconception, yet let me say it, and blame me if it be harsh, namely, that, had it pleased God to have visited you with an illness as serious as the Colchester people thought it, it would almost have seemed a rebuke for past waste of time. I believe that God often cuts off those He loves, and who really are His, as a judgment, not interfering with their ultimate safety, but as passing them by as if unworthy of being made instruments of His purposes. It is an idea which was strong upon the mind of my brother during his illnesses of the last year, while he did not doubt that his future interests were essentially secure. I doubt not at all that you have all along your illness had thoughts about it far better than I can suggest; and I reflect with thankfulness that the very cause of it was an endeavor on your part to be actively employed, to the notion of which you still cling; yet I cannot but sorrowfully confess to myself (how much so ever I wish to hide the fact from my

own mind) that you have lost much time in the last four or five years. I say I wish to hide it from myself, because, in simple truth, in it I perceive a humiliation to myself. I have expected a good deal from you, and have said I expected it. Hitherto I have been disappointed, and it is a mortification to me. I do expect it still, but in the meanwhile time is lost as well as hope delayed. Now you must not think it unkind in me noticing this now, of all times of the year. I notice it, not as if you needed the remark most now, rather less, but because you have more time to think about it now. It is one especial use of times of illness to reflect about ourselves. Should you, however, really acquit yourself in your own mind, thinking that the course you have pursued of letting your mind take its own way was the best for yourself, I am quite satisfied and will believe you, yet shall not blame myself for leading you to the question, since no one can be too suspicious about himself. Doubtless you have a charge on you for which you must give account. You have various gifts and you have good principles; for the credit of those principles, for the sake of the Church, and for the sake of your friends, who expect it of you, see that they bring forth fruit. I have often had — nay have continually — anxious thoughts about you, but it is unpleasant to obtrude them, and now I have hesitated much before I got myself to say what I have said, lest I should only be making a fuss; yet believe me to speak with very much affection towards you. Two men who know you best, Golightly and Christie, appear to me to consider you not at all improved in your particular weak points. I differ from them. Perhaps I am exaggerating their opinion, and

men speak generally and largely when they would readily on consideration make exceptions, etc. But if this be in any measure true, think what it implies? What are we placed here for, except to overcome the εὐπερίστατος ἁμαρτία, whatever it be in our own case?

I have no great news for you from this place. Poor Dornford is laid up with a low fever. Wood has left us, and in a week or two commences the law in London. The few days he was in Oxford after the decision of our election were sad indeed: they made Froude and me quite uncomfortable, not as not fully participating in the act of the college (of which doubtless Ch. has given you an account), but from the notion of W.'s going. Under any circumstances it is a painful thing on both sides, when a man leaves residence and parts from his friends; but I am not to lose him, as we are to be very regular correspondents. Wilson is in residence this term, good fellow as he is. What a pleasant thing it would be to have more fellowships than eighteen, *i. e.*, if we could always have such good men to put into them!

Ever yours very affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.

THE END.

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